FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897. | VOL. XLVIX.—No. 15. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN this issue is given the seventh of the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It is of the Shoveller Duck; and is noteworthy as one of the most animated of the wildfowl pictures left us by the great artist. The plate illustrates one admirable characteristic of Audubon's work, its truthfulness to nature, living nature. His portraits are the delineation of birds as he saw them in the woods, on the marshes, in the air. In all the hundreds of plates never a one suggests the stuffed specimen; all are instinct with life, whether the study be of action or of repose. To his bird paintings Audubon communicated that absorbing love of the gladness and living joy of nature which controlled his life. Ornithology as represented in his great work is not the museum classification of the closet naturalist; it is the bird world of song and color and motion.

OCTOBER.

EVERY season has in it that which is beautiful and useful, though the mawkish mind may be always able to find something of a gruesome turn and not to its liking.

The springtime has come, the poet of prose or verse tunes his lay in glad strains, and all is high lights and glad imagery. Summer comes, and again joyous pæans arise in praise of nature, the bountiful, the beautiful, the eternal. The autumn comes, and the songs change. There are those who see the natural fruition in nature, a beneficent provision for her earthly children, and there are again those who see only the lugubrious signs of a year which is dying.

The sad October days, indeed! The days when the air is cool and bracing; when the golden, dreamy light of Indian summer, softened by its tinge of haze, illuminates an earth laden with fruits and foods, all in glorious coloring; when the north wind and the south wind alternate in the gentlest of comings, the one feebly struggling to get possession of the earth, the other reluctant to yield.

The sad October days, indeed, when the squirrels are merrily flitting from tree to tree, gathering in a winter stock, and whose speed and nimbleness and cunning tax to the utmost the skill of the hunter who pursues them fairly; when the ruffed grouse, proud in his full beauty of color and vigorous strength, plump of form and strong of wing, can take his shadowy flights through the densest thickets, wherein but few of the sons of men can cope with him in fair warfare; when the quail glean the fields and woods for the best foods, full of the courage which comes from the strength and self-confidence defying pursuit, whether it be from the setter or pointer whose beauty of color rivals that of his prey, or whether it be from the hunter in the full panoply of his craft; when the rabbit races with a dash born of contempt for the pursuers whose bugle notes make the woodlands full of a new melody, or, if it be on the plains where the long-legged jackrabbit makes his home, the scene is changed to one of silent flight and swift, fierce, silent pursuit.

And the cooler waters, with their silvery yet darker glintings, hold denizens which are stronger and more daring, ones fiercer in their pursuit of prey and more desperate in the warfare which they make either to gain possession or to avoid being possessed. Whether the sportsman take in hand either gun or rod, he will find the offering of the October days a matter for gratitude and not for reviling.

And if he, the sportsman or the man, or if she, the sportswoman or the woman, wish to forsake the places of bricks and mortar, of struggle never-ceasing and of turmoil of wheels and bells, what season is better than the October season for pitching one's tent in a setting of autumn tints, mellow light and pure air? In days when nature is preparing for a rest from her labors; when, at every hand, tree or field bears the bounteous product of her fruitful efforts; days which are cool and bracing, making the chest expand and the spirits rise; days when the nostrils are conscious of inhaling an exhilarating stimulus and the pulse are accelerated of their own volition; days when there is a spontaneous impulse to seek the woods or fields or waters in quest of fur, feather or fish, as did man's progenitors of the primordial days of life.

In the October days are the bountiful and the beautiful, all the promises of the springtime and the summer time fulfilled. There is store in plenty for the winter there, sport for him who loves the best that land and water can offer, and all in the richest coloring of the year, and all these the October days offer freely to man.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson makes an ingenious and quite practicable suggestion that special strains of domestic fowl should be developed for plumage adapted to use on hats, to take the place of song bird decoration. The barnyard fowl now contributes largely as it always has to woman's headgear, but the notion of developing by selection a plumage particularly designed to catch woman's fancy is original and happy. Why not go a step further, and following the example set by ostrich farmers, domesticate and breed for its plumes the egret itself? The bird is readily tamed and takes to domesticity; we have published accounts of tame egrets in Honduras and Nicaragua; the commercial rewards certainly are sufficient to repay the enterprising Yankee who shall establish an egret farm.

An extraordinary game decision is reported from Virginia. Because of the destruction of quail in the severe winter of 1895–6, the Legislature in 1896 enacted a law forbidding entirely the killing of quail for two years, which included this present autumn. With a view, we are told, of testing the constitutionality of the law, a citizen recently went quail shooting, and when prosecuted made defense that the two-years close time was an unwarrantable restriction of his rights and privileges as a citizen and landowner. The court sustained him in the contention. Owing to the fact that the Commonwealth was a party to it, the case is not appealable to a higher court, and the decision will stand. This leaves Virginia without a quail law, although it may be assumed that the Legislature will enact a law when it shall assemble in December.

What particular advantage there may be in a Virginia game law, however, does not appear, if the principle established by this decision shall hold; for precisely the same authority, and no other, which empowers the provision of a two-years close time empowers an annual close season. If there is no warrant for the one, there can be none for the other; if a two-years close season invades private rights, so, too, does a close season of nine months in the year; if the one is overthrown by the courts on the ground of unconstitutionality, so also must the other be held repugnant to the Constitution. In short, if the ruling of this lower court shall hold good, Virginia may say good-bye to game protection; and if Virginia, other States, too.

The fact is that the decision is bad law. No principle of jurisprudence is more firmly established than the right of a State to legislate for the protection of game, and to exercise its jurisdiction even to the point of an absolute prohibition of the taking of game for any period it may be judicious to prescribe. Said Mr. Justice White, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Geer vs. the State of Connecticut, the italics ours:

> While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rests have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the fact that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from this common ownership, is to be exercised like all other powers of government, as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the Government as distinct from the people *or for the benefit of private individuals as distinguished from the public good.* Therefore, for the purpose of exercising this power the State, as held by this court in Martin v. Waddell (16 Pet., 410), represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The common ownership and the resulting responsibility in the State is thus stated in a well-considered opinion of the Supreme Court of California: "The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; *and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it,* or traffic and commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good."

The close term extending over a period of years is a common and familiar feature of game protection in the several States; there are now in force numerous laws of this tenor, by which in the West buffalo, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, female deer and other species of large game are given immunity, and in the East deer, quail, imported pheasants and other species have been protected and are now, for such periods as may be considered expedient to insure the recovery of a depleted indigenous supply or establishing of a new species. Whether or no every long term is conducive to the advantages sought may be questioned, but we are not aware that the point has ever before been raised of the authority of the State to enact and enforce such laws; nor do we doubt that if the Virginia case were one which could be reviewed by the higher courts the decision would be reversed.

There is a deal of wisdom in the contention made by Dr. James in his paper before the American Fishery Society, that neighboring States should have uniform laws for the protection of fish. Without concert of action on the part of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the Delaware River cannot be made to yield its most fruitful supply of fishery resources; and so of numerous other waters subject to the control of several States. But however desirable national laws might be for such waters, it is outside the province of Congress to legislate respecting them, and the attainment of uniform laws must be sought in State legislatures.

This is the third paper we have published from the proceedings of the recent Detroit meeting of the American Fisheries Society. They have been taken from a copy of the report of the meeting furnished to us by a member, our application to the secretary for a copy having been met by the response that the society had voted to restrict the report exclusively to the members. This is decidedly an error on the part of the society. If its papers and discussions have any practical worth in fishculture and fish protection they should be given the widest possible publicity, and the society should welcome the offices of a journal like FOREST AND STREAM, in presenting these papers to thousands who would otherwise never hear of them. The American Fishery Society is and should be educational in its aims. It is made up of men who are in the public service. Publicity for its proceedings should be sought, and no light-hid-under-a-bushel policy resorted to.

Julius Delmotti, of Somerville, N. J., has been the unconscious recipient of much sympathy within the past few days because of his harsh fate as a victim of the stringent enforcement of the Jersey game law. Delmotti's case as reported in the newspapers is this: He is an honest hard working man, who has been care-taker of the place of William Van Buren, a New York business man, who lives in the summer at Mount Bethel, on the Watchung Mountain, in New Jersey. Moved by a love of pet birds, and all unknowing of any statute to the contrary, Delmotti caged five robins as pets. When advised that this was contrary to the law, he immediately set them free; but the relentless game protector haled him before a justice, and despite his protestations that he had erred unwittingly, and had set the birds free of his own volition immediately upon being apprised of the law, he was fined the full penalty of $20 each and costs, and in default of the payment of $107 was put into jail, there to remain one day for $1, until the crime should be expiated. He would be an unfeeling man indeed, who could read this recital without indignation, and it is certain that the enforcement of the letter of the New Jersey law in such a way would excite only repugnance to the statute. It was a case, one might say, where the justice should have exercised his discretion of imposing a fine for one bird only, or of suspending sentence; the law would have been vindicated and no injustice wrought.

The cold truth, however, is that any sympathy expended upon Delmotti has been misplaced and wasted, unless he may be pitied for having trusted to the bad advice and council with which Van Buren misled and victimized him. When Deputy Game Protector Ten Eyck found that the Italian, with the usual weakness of people of that race, had been trapping birds, and proposed to prosecute him, Van Buren announced that he would take care of him, and the two set in to defy the law. Both Van Buren and Delmotti were sued. They secured counsel and made their fight. Van Buren shook off his responsibility and was acquitted, and Delmotti was convicted and fined. The case was appealed and Delmotti gave bail for his appeal, but his bondsmen subsequently surrendered him, and he is now in jail. He is not there for a term of 107 days, since the game law provides that the imprisonment for violation of the fish and game acts shall not exceed ninety days, nor did his offense lie in keeping the robins as pets, since there is no prohibition of that in the New Jersey law. As has been said already, if it had not been for Van Buren's part, and for Delmotti's having injudiciously taken Van Buren's advice, the Italian would probably never have seen the inside of the county jail.

AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE SHOVELLER DUCK.

Natural History.

THE SHOVELLER DUCK.

(*Anas clypeata*, LINN.)

From "Audubon's Ornithological Biography."

THE Creoles, of Louisiana, are well acquainted with this species, under the name of *Micoine*, the etymology of which I am unable to trace. In that country it arrives, both from the westward and from the eastern inland districts, along with the blue-winged teal, or at the commencement of autumn. It associates with that species, to which, as well as to the green-winged, the mallard, the dusky duck and the gadwall, I should consider it very nearly allied, notwithstanding the peculiar expansion of its bill. The shovellers remain in the lower parts of Louisiana during the whole of the winter, and depart, along with the blue-wings, between the end of April and the middle of May. There, in early spring, they resort chiefly to ponds, where they feed on grasses and their seeds, as well as at times a small kind of onion, the bulbs of which they pull up from the moist grounds on their margins. This may, perhaps, to some seem strange, but I have long since made up my mind to learn from nature, and believe what is, rather than what philosophers imagine ought to be. Having fed through the night, they collect toward dawn into large bands and betake themselves to the margins of sand bars on the Mississippi, where they spend the greater part of the day. At other times I have found them swimming or wading along the muddy margins of ponds and streams, immersing the head and part of the neck, while alternately moving the bill to either side, in the manner of the roseate spoonbill, sifting as it were the contents of the soft mud or water, and ejecting the substances unfit for food. Repeated inspection of the stomach has shown me that the shoveller is not more nice as to the quality of its food than the mallard or any other of the duck tribe, for I have found in it leeches, small fishes, large ground-worms and snails. They never, however, I believe, feed by semi-immersion, like the mallards and teals; nor do they dive unless hard pressed, or when in a sportive mood, when they will dash for a moment beneath the surface.

This species is generally considered scarce in the United States, and I believe it is so, for, although many pass northward and breed in the fur countries, a greater number spend the summer months in the Texas and the districts further westward. It is, however, abundant on the streams of the Rocky Mountains, as well as on the tributaries of the Columbia River, where it was frequently observed by Dr. Townsend during summer.

We have no ducks in the United States whose plumage is more changeable than that of the male of this beautiful species. While the female is sitting on her eggs, he undergoes a moult, after which he appears mottled, and seems as if inclined to assume the garb of his partner. From this period, the beginning of July, until late in November very few finely-colored males are to be seen, and only such as have not mated that season, in which case they do not moult until the beginning of winter, as if to be the sooner ready to associate with females on the approach of the next breeding season.

In the Carolinas, this species, though found during winter in the rice fields, is not abundant; more than three or four being seldom seen together. In our Central and Eastern districts they are rather rare, and a male in full dress is not to be obtained without difficulty, although I have seen some in the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

The shoveller walks prettily, and I have often admired its movements in the puddles formed by heavy dashes of rain in our Southern corn-fields, where I have found it in company with the wood duck, the mallard and the pin-tail. Its flight resembles that of the blue-winged teal; and in tenderness as well as in flavor, it rivals, as an article of food, that beautiful bird. No sportsman who is a judge, will ever pass a shoveller to shoot a canvasback. It is rarely, however, found on salt-water, and that only when compelled to resort thither.

In the beginning of May, when I was in Texas, I found shovellers breeding in considerable numbers. The males had already left the females, and were seen on the sand-bars of the Bay of Galveston up to the River San Jacinto, but none of my party discovered the nest. During the autumn, they are to be seen on the waters adjoining the Ohio, and generally in ponds in company with the bald pate or American widgeon, when they become very fat, and afford delicious eating. At this time I have been often much pleased, when on perceiving a flock of eight or nine of these ducks, probably members of a single family, and cautiously approaching them while they were busily engaged in searching for food, with their heads and necks immersed, I have obtained several of them at the first shot, and as the survivors flew off, have succeeded in procuring one or two more. On such occasions, they rise almost perpendicularly to the height of 15 or 20ft., and then fly off in a direct course in the manner of mallards.

DO SNAKES CARE FOR THEIR YOUNG?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our non-venomous snakes are all oviparous, and I have never seen, read or heard of their evincing any care of either their young or their eggs. But our venomous snakes bring forth the young alive. The little ones are often found near their mothers, and stories have been told that, on the approach of danger, the mother will open her mouth and the young will run inside. Naturalists, however, entirely discredit the story, and in fact the general attitude of all our venomous snakes on the approach of danger, is that the danger is all to the other party. Their "Monroe Doctrine" seems to be neither to seek nor to avoid a fight. And, generally, they—like the Guard at Waterloo—even permit the other fellow to fire first. That is where they make a mistake.

But, among the "snakes I've met," I have found a single instance of a behavior so different that I can only account for it on the supposition that the snake was a female with young.

It was in September, 1858, on the emigrant trail along the south side of the Platte River, in Nebraska. I was returning from Utah with a company of engineer troops, and was shooting ducks along the river bank late in the afternoon, some distance behind the command. I had suddenly realized that I must hurry to be able to reach camp before dark, when my pony came upon a very large rattlesnake lying across our path in the high thick grass. When we were within some 12 or 15ft. the snake ran slowly off to the right, giving me a good view of it. It was about the largest I had ever seen, and I decided to kill it and get its rattles, so I watched closely to see where it stopped. The grass soon hid it, but the shaking of the high grasses showed it still going for such a distance—some 80 to 100ft.—that I feared I would not be able to find it, and I hesitated if I should lose the time necessary to hunt. But the desire to get the rattles prevailed, and I dismounted and picketed my pony, and began to prepare my gun to kill it. I had a muzzle-loader with the right barrel empty. I did not wish to waste shot, and I decided to blow its head off with a heavy paper wad, so I put a charge of powder in the right barrel, and, resting the butt on the ground, began to roll up carefully a heavy wad, using both hands. Suddenly I heard the snake begin to rattle, and I saw by the shaking grass that it was coming rapidly back to me. Before I could get the wad ready I saw that I did not have time to ram it down and cap before it would reach me. So I had to drop the wad, and picking up gun in my left hand I began to feel for a cap in my right vest pocket.

By the time I could get the cap the snake was so near that I began to motion at it with the gun in my left hand, as if to strike it, so as to make it stop long enough for me to get the cap on. This had the desired effect. The snake stopped within 6ft. of me. It did not coil, but with body contracted and head and tail erect its rattle sang as I never heard one before or since. I quickly capped, and holding the gun as a pistol, by the small of the stock in my right hand. I slowly advanced the muzzle to about a foot from its head and fired the blank powder in its face. It did not tear the head, but it blinded, and the snake rolled over and writhed and twisted in all sorts of mixed contortions. I watched for a chance, and with butt of my gun came down on its back, breaking the spine. The rest was easy. I was disappointed and surprised to find only ten rattles and a button. I have seen as many on snakes less than two-thirds as large. This would indicate that the snake was a female, as females are usually larger than males of the same age.

It did not occur to me at the time to search in the grass for young ones, which I have ever since regretted. For I have always believed that it was the maternal instinct which, first, led this snake to go off slowly, to such a distance, to lead the intruder away from her young, as the female quail will do; and, second, to return to defend them, when she saw me stopping right where she had left them, and both the going off and the coming back are equally and utterly unlike a big rattlesnake's normal behavior. JACK HILDIGO.

GRAYTOWN, Nicaragua.

CHANTICLEER VS. EGRET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few years ago, through the medium of this far-reaching paper, it was my lot to call attention to the possibility of breeding fur animals for profit. I have heard of quite a number of fur farms that have sprung up since, and to some extent in consequence of my article.

I would now like to call attention to another chance for small capital and large enterprise. We are all in sympathy with the movement and endeavors of the Audubon Society. The thousands of good folk enrolled as members are doing good work, but so far they have not accomplished a certain object that is of great importance, and one which has received exceptional attention—viz., arresting the extermination of the plumed egrets.

The case is briefly this: Each egret bears a bunch of plumes worth more than its weight in gold; there is no danger in going after the birds; little capital is required for the expedition, and its character is such as to commend it to a certain class. The commercial demand for these plumes continues, and in my opinion there are but two things that can save the birds that bear them:

First—A complete cessation of the demand, which I see not the slightest reason for anticipating.

Second—The discovery of a cheaper substitute. It is well known that the discovery that silk would felt saved the beavers from extermination this century, and I venture to predict that whoever invents a substitute for heron plumes, will not only save the birds but will make a fortune.

There is good reason to believe that those skilled in the handling of celluloid have experimented much but fruitlessly in the attempt to produce a celluloid plume. I think there is a simp'er though a slower solution of the question. It is this: Develop a breed of barn fowls that shall grow plumes.

This suggestion may provoke a laugh from some, but not from those who know the boundless plasticity of our barn fowl in the hands of a skillful breeder. When we remember that breeding has produced a fowl with tail feathers 18ft. long—has produced one whose head and neck bear no feathers at all—has produced another whose head is smothered with long feathers—and has already produced one whose every feather is a silky plume, we find it not difficult to believe that a breed might be made with plumy tail, the more so since several varieties seem to stand ready for development in the desired direction.

Pure white Dorkings and the silky fowls offer a good groundwork for the breeder to start on. It is no uncommon thing to see a white Dorking whose hackle and tail coverts are so meager in the web and so open in texture as to be quite plumose. These peculiarities could be seized on and developed by judicious breeding with a rapidity that would surprise any one unacquainted with such matters, and the question solved.

Finally, it should not be forgotten that no great outlay is required. The fowls would continue equally good and profitable for table use, so that the increased value of the feathers would be an item of clear profit.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

123 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

The Linnean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 12—Frank M. Chapman, "The Mammals Found Within Fifty Miles of New York City."

Oct. 26—J. A. Allen, "The Origin of the Migration of Birds."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMER. MUSEUM OF NAT. HISTORY.

Buffalo in the Yellowstone Park.

COL. S. B. M. YOUNG, acting superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, in his annual report estimates the number of buffalo in the park at twenty-four. He says he has consulted with the superintendent of the National Zoological Park, as to the advisability of corraling them in the park with a view of their preservation and increase, but that the idea has been abandoned, as adult animals die under even slight restraint. Colonel Young estimates $350,000 as necessary for next year's improvements in the park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PACK-BASKET, RIFLE AND ROD.

Part I.

"The natural life in the woods, the strong day's work,
The blazing fire at night, the sweet taste of supper, the talk, and the
Bed of hemlock boughs." —*Whitman.*

IT came at last, the long-anticipated day, when the fetters of business were snapped and commercial problems were left for other brains to solve. Farewell, for a blessed season, to the sounds of brawling traffic, to newspapers, politics and all the ignominious details of our watch-consulting and train-catching existence! Away to the land of the trout and deer, to the forest camp and the cedar boat!

The Adirondack air was like wine, as my friend L. and I stepped from the train at Spring Cove on that fair August morning on our way to Blue Mountain. The St. Regis River glimmered in the sun, the tamaracks were ablaze with jewels of dew, the tall spruces rose like spires against the sky, and the great hills towered in majesty above us, making a picture which I doubt not will be recalled with a mixture of pleasure and regret on winter nights in the future.

It was an encouraging thing to see deer tracks in the moist margin of the road as we drove to the hotel, and when after a four-mile drive through the woods we arrived at the quaint old log hostelry, it was a solid satisfaction to shake hands once more with the burly and jovial proprietor, Darwin Day, and to see the picturesque figure of our guide, Will Martin, standing, rifle in hand, framed, as it were, in the doorway. The day was given up to unpacking our duffle, laying plans for the morrow and targeting our rifles to see if they or ourselves had lost accuracy during a long period of enforced inactivity. Our objective point was Lake McCavanaugh, four miles distant, near the shore of which Camp Saint's Rest was awaiting our occupancy.

To provide for the comfort and internal wants of three hungry men who plan to make a protracted stay in the woods involves some physical exertion at the outset, and I wouldn't like to say just how much the pack-baskets weighed which we shouldered next day; but if the packs were heavy our hearts were light, and as "the labor we delight in physics pain," we waved a cheerful adieu to our friends and soon crossed the threshold of the forest.

I believe it is John Burroughs who speaks of "the ground-loving foot," and the phrase is a significant one. Certainly, to one who for months has walked on granite and bluestone, there are few things more grateful than to get his feet on the grand old earth. Moreover, a clean forest trail is the most delightful of all paths, and we would have been blind to the beautiful and picturesque if we had not enjoyed the tramp from Blue Mountain to Lake McCavanaugh. The brown streak winds around the precipitous sides of the mountain through a noble forest of maple, ash and yellow birch, avoiding huge, moss-covered boulders, crossing little fern-lined brooks of ice-cold water, and deer trails leading down from the hills above, threading its way through wild, selected spots where the spruces grow thick among the ledges, and the close-cropped "witch-hopple" bushes show that the deer have wintered here; leading us up onto the high ridge above the lake, glimpses of which we get through the balsams and hemlocks as it shimmers in the sunlight far below; and descending at last into the sunny valley where nestles the snug little log camp, just as we three left it almost a year since.

Standing in the door of this sylvan lodge, hearing the sound of the little brook as it sang among the ferns, smelling the fragrance of the balsams and feeling the freedom and the restfulness which are the gifts of the mighty forest, I could readily believe that in some such spot the king of poets must have stood when he said: "This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing, peopled towns."

It is astonishing what a hold a simple camp of logs and bark may get upon our affections, and how vastly superior to the most luxurious homes its rough exterior and homely appointments may sometimes seem. Why is it that a man is compelled to live in a house costing $5,000 or $10,000 when a $50 house suits him so much better? Whoever solves this problem and provides a remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs will become the patron saint of all hunters and fishermen.

We have a cast-iron rule that, barring salt pork, no meat shall be brought in from the hotel, and that the woods and waters must supply our needs in this direction. Therefore Martin and I took the rods and started for the lake to win our dinner. The deep gutturals of the frogs among the lilypads suggested that if the trout failed to rise we would still have our feast; and so it turned out. The trout disdained our flies, but the frogs seemed to regard an ibis or an oriole with favor, and fifteen big fellows were soon sprawling in the boat. And such frogs! None of your sputtering, scurrying sort, but huge, bellowing batrachians, half as big as a muskrat. I wonder if people really know how much fun there is in catching frogs with a fly. I have seen fishermen turn up their noses at the thought of descending to so low a level, but, later on I have seen these same fishermen so absorbed in the pursuit of this unique game that they forgot to come in to dinner. The "frog chorus," which at the time of our arrival at McCavanaugh would have made a Yale crowd turn green with envy, became gradually fainter during our stay, and finally ceased as entirely as I have known it to do on the Manhattan Field when Princeton kicked a winning goal. We dined royally that afternoon, and thenceforth there was never a day when we were not at least one meal ahead in our supply of fish, flesh or fowl.

Before dark a big balsam was felled, its bushy top was reduced to a great aromatic pile of fine browse, and the bunks were filled a foot deep with it, shingled on, ends up. The man who has never yet slept on a properly made bed of balsam tips has yet to experience the keenest luxury of repose.

We failed to get a shot on the lake at dusk, and jacking having become a lost art under the recent law, we decided to try a moonlight hunt, a species of "shining for deer" which Albany legislation will have difficulty in preventing. A mile below us, on Stony Brook, was a small clearing

where some old lumber camps had been burned. Several big deer trails led to it, and the ground was literally hashed up with tracks. It looked as if a herd of deer had been spending the summer there. Martin, L. and I reached this spot at dark, and seating ourselves on some charred logs awaited developments, of which there were several. First came the punkies, something less than a million of them; but a liberal application of tar-oil on our hands and faces stopped their fun. Then a pair of "saw-file" owls discovered us, and flitted about, squeaking their disapproval of our presence. A hedgehog wheezed and grunted in the raspberry bushes; then there came a sharp rustle in the thicket, and the child-like scream of a rabbit proclaimed a nocturnal tragedy, in which a fox was probably the heavy villain. Finally the moon, which had been struggling through the clouds on the horizon, shone out in sudden splendor, and the whole face of nature changed. The inky brook became a stream of silver, the charred logs and stumps of the old lumber camp assumed strange fantastic shapes, and the gloom of the forest gave place to a subdued glory, which softened the rugged outlines of the hills and bathed the hemlocks and spruces in its gentle flood. Surely it could not have been intended that men should sleep on such a night as that!

Our admiration of moonlight effects was interrupted by a cracking of twigs on the other side of the brook, a sound which every still-hunter knows, and which makes his blood leap. But just as we were expecting to see a deer come into the open, a succession of loud snorts informed us only too plainly that his antlered majesty had winded us and would never show himself. He made noise enough for a whole herd of deer, blowing holes in the atmosphere and smashing around in the brush until, as Martin said, it sounded as if there were "half a dozen Frenchmen in there clearing up land." Convinced that such a racket would drive all the deer in the vicinity to another county, we started up the trail for camp.

The natives in the Adirondacks have a way of utilizing old wood roads wherever they can, to save the trouble of cutting out trails; and as these roads are almost invariably on the lowest land, and only intended for use in the winter, when everything is frozen solid, they make the worst possible trails for the hunter, being boggy, overgrown with bushes, and full of low stumps and exposed roots. Bad at any time, their general cussedness is best realized at night. The Stony Brook trail is no exception to this rule, and when we got back to camp, after midnight, covered with numerous concentric layers of mud, and with a few square inches of skin missing from our legs, we decided that it was violating the spirit of the law to attempt to kill deer with the moon for a jack—especially on Stony Brook. Besides we didn't need a deer anyway. That night I dreamed of falling out of the top of a hemlock tree and being impaled on the sharp stubs of a dead spruce, which sank with me out of sight in the soft ooze of an Adirondack wood road.

Just before daylight I woke Martin, and we went down to the lake to see if anything was stirring. It was still too dark for me to see distinctly, and when Martin, pointing to the further shore, said, "There's a deer over in the cove," I could not at first make it out, although I had always prided myself on my eyesight. I presume, however, that as Martin is partly nocturnal in his habits, he can see all right in night. We got carefully into the boat and headed for a point toward which the deer was feeding. Every time its head was raised we were motionless, and when it was lowered again the boat seemed to make noiseless leaps toward the shore. It was as pretty a piece of paddling as I ever expect to see. As we neared the dusky figure of the deer I found myself getting

"Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting."

Suddenly the deer lifted its head, craned its neck toward us, and then looked toward the woods. A slight shake of the boat admonished me that there was no time to lose, and, holding just back of the shoulder, I "unhitched." With a mighty bound the deer cleared the bushes skirting the shore and disappeared before I could get in another shot. "That's our meat," said Martin, and when I expressed some doubts, "You'll see," was the laconic response. We landed, and entering the swamp found "our meat" within 30yds. of the water, stone dead. I was very sorry to find that it was a doe, but my disappointment was tempered by the fact that she was dry and had no fawns dependent upon her. It was also a satisfaction to find that the lead had been placed exactly where I had intended, and there was considerable comfort in having the meat supply assured so early in the game.

At 5:15 the deer was hanging in front of the camp, and while Martin was preparing to celebrate the occasion with a breakfast of liver and onions I put the seventh notch on the stock of the good old Marlin.

The camera was brought into play, and the first deer of the season was made a matter of record. The camera is indeed a most valuable adjunct to the camp outfit, enabling one to bring the woods and waters home with him, so to speak; giving to many a wild spot, where the foot of man has never trod, "a local habitation and a name"; furnishing endless themes for conversation and reminiscence, and incidentally revealing some of the facts and secrets of the wilderness to skeptical friends, whose experience of the woods consists of viewing it from the porches of the big hotels.

In another paper I shall attempt to give a further account of our adventures and successes, hoping it may give to others as much enjoyment as their articles in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM confer upon me.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

PASSAIC, N. J.

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THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

I.—Buffalo Killing by the Cheyennes.

As told by White Hawk.

IN presenting an account of the methods by which the Primitive American Hunter captured the animals on which he lived, and of the ceremonial which often accompanied this capture, some introduction is needed. At best it is difficult for the civilized person to comprehend how the savage exists, but when this savage is the man of the Stone Age, the task of putting one's self in his place becomes doubly hard.

The American of the Western plains was, as a rule, a meat-eater, and depended for subsistence on the flesh of the wild animals who shared with him the country which he inhabited. These animals furnished him food, clothing, shelter, and, in large measure, the implements which he used in the vocations of his daily life. Unless he captured them, and in sufficient numbers, death by starvation must be his lot. Something of the difficulties that the Primitive Indian had to face I have endeavored to show in my book, entitled "The Story of the Indian," from which a few paragraphs may be quoted:

"It is difficult for us who dwell among the civilized surroundings of this age, to realize how severe was the struggle for existence of primitive man in America; what the condition of the Indian was in the days before the white man had come, bringing with him firearms which kill at a distance, and horses which can overtake the buffalo. To comprehend this we must stop and think, trying to move ourselves some centuries back to the time of the stone age, when the people, wholly without knowledge of metal, slew with weapons made of flint the wild beasts on which they subsisted, and moved from place to place on foot, carrying their simple possessions on their backs or on the dog travois.

"In those days the securing of daily food must have been a difficult matter for many tribes, and the laying up of provisions for the future doubly hard. The great beasts, so easily slaughtered by the rifle or even by the iron-headed arrow, shot into them at close range by a mounted man, must have been well-nigh invulnerable to the stone-headed arrow. The tough, thick hide, covered with a close mat of fur, presents resistance to the keen edge of a modern knife, and could have been pierced only by the best arrows of that day shot at very short range; and if the careful hunter crept close enough to drive the blunt-headed shaft deep into the body, the great best, irritated by the prick of the puny dart, instead of running away, might turn to fight the one who had injured it. Often, no doubt, the man kept out of sight and shot arrow after arrow into it, for there was no sound to alarm it, and it could not tell whence the hurt came; but let the animal learn the cause of this pain and the man was in great danger, for a wounded buffalo was a terrible antagonist, swift of foot, resistless in power, only to be avoided by the exercise of that cunning which has ever given man the mastery over the brute. In that age of stone the contest between wild man and wild beast was not an unequal one. The beast was the stronger, the quicker, the better armed of the two. Man's advantage lay altogether in his intelligence.

"Long before the time of the bow and arrows, there must have been a day when for these men—the ancestors of the Indians whom we know—the capture of such a great animal as the buffalo was an impossibility, a thing altogether beyond their power to compass, and not to be contemplated; a time when the food of the people consisted of the fruits of the earth and the small animals, those which are so numerous, so timid, and so lacking in craft and wariness, that even feeble man, armed only with his club—the first weapon—could circumvent them. In some of the tribes there still persist traditions of those earliest times, when arms—the bow and arrow, the shield and lance—were unknown, and many of the practices of those ancient times have endured even to the present day.

"Since his armament was so inefficient as to make the capture of game at all times uncertain, and since the effort to secure it was often attended with danger, it must early have occurred to the Indians to devise, for capturing food in quantity, some method which should be more certain and more safe than the bow and arrow. The problem was long pondered over, and the first steps toward solving it, no doubt, took the direction of improving the traps and snares which they employed for the capture of the smaller animals; and the evolution of the pen with the extended wings, into which the buffalo or antelope were brought and captured whole herds at a time, was slow. On the other hand, in those early, as in more modern, days, the Indian's whole study was the animals among which he lived. Constantly engaged in watching them, and trying to learn how they would act under particular conditions, he knew their habits better than he knew anything else. Long before the traps, so successfully used, were devised, he must have known of the existence in buffalo and antelope of that curiosity which made the trap feasible, and which, to the animals, proved so self-destructive."

In different books that I have published on the Indian I have described some of the methods by which some tribes of Indians captured their game, but in these papers I shall refer only to some of the ways of the Cheyennes, a tribe whose migrations brought them less than 225 years ago to the plains of the West and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. What their original starting point was is not well determined, though the investigations of Mooney and others show that they came from some point east of the Mississippi River.

This is the way in which the old men tell us that the buffalo were captured in ancient times, the narrator being White Hawk. It is to be remembered that the evolution of these different devices was no doubt slow, and that no memory of this process would remain among the Indians. Tradition would tell them that at different periods in the tribal history different methods of capture were employed. This being the extent of their knowledge, it is very natural that they should attribute the devising of improved methods to dreams—in other words, to supernatural assistance or advice. Like most primitive peoples the Indians are firm believers in dreams. Like the prophets of old, they often received in sleep suggestions from supernatural sources—were warned in a dream. Such visions—the Indian says—are sent us to tell us what is going to happen, and the advice which they convey must be obeyed.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

White Hawk's Relation.

In those days the arrow point was made of stone. There were birds, and so they got feathers for their arrows so that they would fly straight. Men were out from the camp all the time looking for food. When any of these men found a herd of buffalo, twenty or thirty or forty, they would come back to the camp and report to the chief. Then all who had bows and arrows would get ready, and go with these men to near where the buffalo were, and would form a big circle as far off as possible from the buffalo, but entirely surrounding them. The side of the circle to the leeward of the buffalo and the two other sides across the wind were formed first. The windward side was formed last. Then the people would begin to close in on the buffalo, until, as the circle grew smaller, the people would be closer together. When the buffaloes began to smell the people, they would run away; but those toward whom they ran would would yell and toss their robes, and the buffalo would turn, looking for another place, and from being always turned back they were soon running in a circle. When the people got pretty close, all those who had strong arms to pull the bow and who could shoot straightest and the most active young men would charge in among the buffalo and begin shooting their arrows at them, while the buffalo were running round in a circle, not trying to break through the line of the people. The old men say that sometimes they would kill a whole herd in this way, none of them breaking out. At times a few would break out and get away, but often they killed them all.

The people had dogs, and when buffalo were skinned and cut up they packed meat on their dogs, and then every man, woman and child able to walk would carry a pack to camp. They left nothing behind, but carried everything in. Even the bones were carried in, and the entrails, for buffalo were hard to get and were only had occasionally, so nothing was wasted or left.

Later, after they had learned to surround the buffalo in this way, some old man was told in a dream of another and better way. That he should take the wing of some large bird, perhaps an eagle and perhaps some other big bird, and that the people should take their lodges up on to the prairie and pitch them in a circle, leaving an opening at one side. When the buffalo were close, two old men, each carrying one of these large wings, should go out toward the buffalo and wave the wings in the air, beckoning to the animals, and that these would come toward them. They did this, and as the buffalo came toward them, the men moved away and the buffalo followed, and so the men led them right into the circle of the lodges, where the people killed them all. The buffalo seem to be gentle and would not run, but would stand about, waiting to be killed.

In later times, another man had a dream about this. His dream said to him: "You shall take your people and have them make a large pen out of wood and brush, with a gap in one side, and a chute with diverging wings running out half a mile into the prairie, a solid fence which shall hide the people from the buffalo. Then you shall take certain young men of the camp and go out with them on to the prairie and you can bring the buffalo into this pen."

The man had the people build the pen and the wings as he had been told, and took his young men and told them what to do and went out and led the buffalo into the pen without any trouble. After that they could always go out and bring them.

Before they set out to bring the buffalo, the old man told his young men to strip naked down to their moccasins, and to paint their faces, arms, legs and bodies red all over with red dirt. The medicine man and another old man, each carrying a wing, went before the painted men singing their mysterious songs. The painted young men were divided into two equal parties, and followed these two old men, behind them and outside of them, on either side. When the old men got near the buffalo, they beckoned to them with the wings, and soon the buffalo began to come toward them. When they began to come, the old men walked toward the chute in front of the buffalo, and on either side of them, but a long way off, walked the two parties of painted young men. The young men did not sing, but if at any time the buffalo tried to turn aside from following the old men, in either direction the young men held their hands up to heaven and waved them in a certain way, and the buffalo turned back. When the old men had led the buffalo in between the wings, the opening into the chute was filled by the medicine man's companion and by the two parties of painted men who stood on either side of him in the gap, and all sung. The young men who had been chosen to do the killing had been hidden behind the walls of the chute, and after the buffalo had passed them they climbed over this fence and followed them, hurrying them into the pen. While they did the killing, the painted men stood there at the gap of the chute, and kept on singing until all were killed.

When the buffalo that were following the two men who called them with the wings, got near the gap into the pen, the medicine man walked a little to one side of the entrance into the pen, still singing and waving his wing toward the entrance, and the buffalo walked right in. Then, while the young men walked up and formed a line in the entrance, the medicine man walked along the fence, and outside of it around the pen to the back opposite the entrance He stood at the back of the pen and sung his mysterious songs all the time while they were killing the buffalo, and when they were through killing he sat down on the ground and stayed there till they had finished the skinning and cutting up and had taken the meat all home to camp.

The best pieces of the meat were selected for the men who called the buffalo, and the painted men had the privilege of going into the pen and selecting for themselves the next best portions of the meat.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A MOOSE HUNT IN THE SOU'WEST.

THE starting place of nearly all fishing expeditions that have for their objective point the famous salmon pools of the Sou'west Miramichi is known as Hayes's Bar. Boiestown is the nearest railway station. It would be entirely feasible for the fisherman to have his canoes and men meet him at Boiestown, but this would mean that the guides, who reside at the Bar, must drop down the river nine miles or so and then fight the rapid current for an equal distance before the journey up the river has been fairly begun. Nearly every one prefers to save time by driving up from Boiestown. The skill and strength required on the part of the guides to stem the current of this swift-flowing stream will not fail to command the admiration of the lowest orders of human intelligence to be found even among those who claim the name of sportsmen. Yet the native of the Bar picks up his long spruce pole, vaults into his canoe, and resumes his everlasting battle with the river with a light heart. He knows the name of every rock and ripple from the Bar to the Forks, and just how to thread his devious course through the rocky shoals and foaming rapids. He can tell you within a yard of where the salmon lie in different kinds of weather and at different times of the year. He has lived upon the river ever since he was a boy. He has speared the salmon pools by torchlight and been chased by the wardens since he grew to the stature of man, and he will continue to spear and be chased, despite all the laws that men may devise. He is poor; he has a large and ever-increasing family; his employment, save when the lumber season calls him to the woods, is of an intermittent sort, and he feels that the river belonged to his father's father and now belong to him.

But lawless though the native of the Bar may be, according to the dictum of those who sit in the seats of the mighty and make the laws for him; thinly veiled though his contempt may be for the wandering evangelist, or "sky pilot," as he calls him, who ever and anon makes a feeble attack upon the forces of evil intrenched at the Bar; quick though he is to resent all injuries, real or imaginary, by resorting to his fists, those who employ him on the river will find his manners mild and his honesty beyond dispute.

Many times in the years that have run like the river have I embarked at the Bar to try my luck with rod and reel, but on Aug. 25 last my friend Arthur Shute and I were not on piscatorial pleasures bent. We had only a single trout rod upon which we relied to lend an agreeable variety to the larder. The real object of the expedition was moose, for be it known that when your correspondent was fishing on the upper waters of the Sou'west in the early days of summer, divers and sundry moose, doubtless pursued by the flies and heat, had revealed themselves to us on the shores of Miramichi Lake. I decided to revisit the lake as soon as the season opened and order up moose steak and onions. It would take about three days to pole the loaded canoes the distance of forty miles from Hayesville to the outlet of the lake, and in case of rain or freshet perhaps four or five. The balance of the time could be profitably consumed in locating camp and looking up the "sign."

Now, certain men who were wise in the lore of moose warned us not to put our faith in Miramichi Lake. They said that the moose that we saw there in July would be conspicuously elsewhere in September, that they would have ceased to frolic among the lilypads and would have betaken themselves to the hardwood ridges, that they would be heading north; in fact, that Miramichi Lake was not a popular resort for moose anyway. We decided, however, to proceed to Miramichi Lake and ascertain the frozen fact for ourselves.

Well, the episodal itinerary of our voyage up the river were not of special note. The weather was ideal all the time except the night that we were snugly housed at Burnt Hill, when it rained very hard and the river rose a foot. There were one or two occasions for "invidious apprehension," when the canoes hung poised on the brink of the swirling rapids of Slate Island and seemed half disposed to return to Hayesville. There was just one thing that happened on that trip up the river that was so peculiar and so impossible to believe that I desire to have it here set down in honest print, so that when I am good and old I may read it over again and perhaps be persuaded to fully believe it myself.

We were camped that afternoon at the mouth of McKeil Brook, where is one of the three great salmon pools of the river. Two men were up the brook fishing. Arthur and I were laying around loose on the bank communing with nature and Myrtle Navy plug. A big horned owl slid across the stream on noiseless wing and lit on the limb of an old rampike, or at any rate a middle-aged rampike, within 5yds. of the tent. He sat there blinking solemnly at us and otherwise acted in a very oblivious manner. I reached for the shotgun, but on fishing the ammunition out of my venerable valise found that the river had gone into the valise and the shells would not go into the gun. Now, my friend Arthur is a youngish man of a very optimistic turn of mind. He remarked to me that it had been revealed to him that he could catch that owl. He arose and seized the trout rod, made a running noose in the line, let out about 40ft. of string and prepared for business. It seemed to me as a perfectly unbiased spectator in the front row of seats that I would be safe in betting a year's salary on the owl.

Even the most intimate friends of Arthur will admit that he is not an artist with a trout rod. Howbeit, the first cast he made for the owl was marvelous for the eccentricity of the event. The noose settled fairly and squarely over the head and around the neck of the owl, and one of life's concentrated moments was forthwith ushered in. A nebulous mass of claws and feathers, surmounted by two disks of flame, shot upward from the limb, and the line hissed through the reel as though a 20lb. salmon was in tow. Arthur was surprised, but hung firmly to the rod. The owl went straight up at first, but soon the pressure of the line upon his neck seemed to hamper his steering apparatus, and he began to describe a bewildering series of parabolic revolutions overhead. He kept a full head of steam on his propellers all the time, now losing his balance and lurching heavily to the ground, and then, as the pressure of the line slackened, pulling himself together for a more determined fight. At last his gyrations caused him to encircle the rampike with the line, and also one of the upper limbs thereof. Here he seemed in imminent danger of being hanged, whereupon Arthur ascended the tree, took off his vest and threw it over the owl, brought him down safely, and the noble bird is now an object of much interest to poultry fanciers in the city of Fredericton.

On the following day we poled up to Lake Brook, the outlet of Miramichi Lake. We decided not to camp at the lake itself, as being too contiguous to the game, but to pitch our tent at the mouth of the brook. It is about three miles as the nighthawk flies from this point to the lake, and the brook is navigable for canoes the entire distance. After you ascend the brook a mile or so it assumes the form of a long, winding deadwater, where the deergrass and pond-lilies are abundant, and where, in the month of July last, the sight of moose or caribou by fishing parties was a matter of almost daily experience. The lake itself is three miles long, and nearly a mile in greatest width. It has a beach of pure white sand at the eastern end and a clean, pebbly bottom, and is one of the most beautiful of the numberless woodland lakes of the Province of New Brunswick.

In the afternoon we cautiously explored the brook for sign. The result was disappointing. A few fresh trails of moose were found at the upper end of the deadwater, but a careful examination convinced us that they were produced by a cow moose and her two calves. Bear signs were numerous. Whether from this or some other cause, it was evident that the moose had for the most part deserted their summer haunts. We did not go clear to the lake, but stopped at a place known as the Gueggas, where the waters of the brook tumble boisterously through a rocky defile hardly 5ft. wide, making a descent of at least 6ft. in a distance of 15 or 20yds. It is a wild-looking place to take a canoe, but the Hayesville men had no fear of it whatever. While the tenderfoot contingent stood on a big rock at the foot of the rapid one of the men, Bob McCoy, poled his canoe single-handed up as well as down the Gueggas just to show how easily it could be done. There is said to be no previous record, however, in the annals of the Bar, of the ascent of the Gueggas ever having been made by a single polesman. The usual method is to haul the canoe up from rock to rock.

Monday and Tuesday were devoted to a careful exploration of the lake and all its inlets. An occasional moose or caribou track of recent date was found, and once we heard the peculiar bark or cough that forms the only vocal sound ever uttered by the caribou. It was too early in the season to call for moose with any hope of success, and it looked as if we might prowl around the lake for many days and not see a decent pair of horns except by the merest accident.

Next day was Sept. 1, and though somewhat subdued over the absence of game at the lake, we felt a degree of thankfulness that we had been spared the sight of a big moose before the arrival of the legal hunting season. From this time forth, our quest of game was attended by a righteous sense of duty. In the meantime some fine hauls of trout were made at Half-Moon Cove, on the main river. Just where the river caroms off an uncompromising bluff and bends abruptly to the north, a cold, clear mountain brook pours in, whose mouth is concealed by a riotous tangle of alders. At and below the mouth of the brook, the river seemed to be fairly alive with jumping trout. They hardly deigned to notice the fly at first, but as the declining sun threw the forest shadows further and further across the pool, they began to rise in earnest. In less than two hours' fishing, eight dozen trout, averaging ½lb. in weight, and occasionally reaching 1½lbs., were taken. The entire catch was cleaned and carefully smoked by the cook. A week later their flavor was hardly to be distinguished from that of newly-taken fish.

It was on the occasion of our second visit to the cove that the crisis of the expedition was reached and passed. Our trip had been an unmitigated success in every sense but one. There was still the aching void for moose. On the morning of the 2d we poled up the river again to interview the speckled inmates of the cove. The sun was shining brightly, and only a faint suspicion of mist curled upward from the surface of the water. As the canoes approached the cove a large bull moose was discerned crossing the river between 200 and 300yds. ahead. Precisely what happened then I have been vainly endeavoring to recall ever since. I can recall some of the salient features, but not all. I remember that I thought the moose was 300yds. away, that I shoved the sights of the Martini up to that figure, that the first shot plowed up the water beyond the moose, and then I shoved them down again. The second shot hit the moose and he stopped and faced us for an instant, then turned about and made for the same bank from which he had emerged. I remember that Arthur, in the other canoe, fired several shots, and that I fired about the same number; that the men were distributing the English language around in a very reckless way; that they were trying to hold the canoes steady for us to shoot, and at the same time poling for dear life to overtake the moose; that the moose by this time had reached the further shore and was endeavoring to ascend the bank, and I seem to remember that a number of people, whose identity is lost in the limbo of forgotten things, kept making remarks like these:

"Boys, he's done for! He can't git up the bank!"

"No, he ain't! The bank's too steep. He's just lookin' for a place to git up!"

"Now, give it to him! I'll hold the canoe!"

(Bang.) (Bang.)

"That's the stuff! That last shot fetched him!"

"No, it didn't! Shove her over! Shove her over! Look, he's swimmin' up the shore!"

"Keep back, Bob, or you'll git the top of your head blowed off!"

"Boys, were goin' to lose him. He ain't hurt a mite! Shove her over now, quick!"

(Bang.) (Bang.)

"Look! Look! He can't git up! He's our moose, sure."

"No, he ain't! He's only lookin' for a landin'!"

"Oh, give it to him now, boys! He'll be in the bushes in a minute!"

"Say, lemme out of this cussed canoe!"

This last classical observation emanated from the undersigned. I jumped into the river waist-deep in order to get a standing shot, and then discovered that I had no ammunition. I shouted to Arthur for a cartridge. That precocious youth had been calmly smoking a corncob pipe through all the disturbance and banging away at the moose at every opportunity. It was his first experience, and he acted like a seasoned veteran. He tossed me a cartridge, which I fired, and am inclined to think it did the moose no good. At any rate, he immediately dropped with a splash in the water, and when we reached him he was floating with the current. He was a four-year-old bull, very large for his age. His horns had a spread of 40in. He was towed down stream about a quarter of a mile to a little grassy island that offered a convenient landing place, and there hauled ashore by the united muscle of the party. Five Martini bullets had passed clear through the animal, all well centered, and any one of which would doubtless have finished him! We hung the meat up at the camp and smoked it all that day and night. The next day we made a rapid run down river to the railway station at Boiestown and brought the entire outfit to Fredericton. And so it was that the wise men were justified of their wisdom, but the chosen people got the moose.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 10.

A TRAMP AND A CAMP.

As we had camped on the Upper Chateaugay Lake in the Adirondacks several vacations in succession, a change was wanted in 1896; and after talk, it was agreed between Clark and myself that we should make a circuitous trip into the woods, starting from the old camp, and after wandering seventy-five or 100 miles, returning in a circle, like the lost man, to the point whence we had set out. Arrangements were accordingly made with our guide. The camping outfit was gotten ready, and when the wished-for day arrived, we left the city for the upper Chateaugay, where we spent the first night in the pleasant hotel on Indian Point.

Leaving the Point next day, we took the Ragged Lake trail leading west over Hardwood Hill and Ragged Lake Mountain, Martin, our guide carrying the boat on his shoulders, and Clark and myself each with a well-filled packbasket and our rods and rifle. The trail was a good one, but it was mostly up hill or down; and our loads, to which we had not yet become accustomed, compelled us to stop frequently to rest. One rest was a long one. For almost without warning the sun went out of sight, the forest became dark, and rain began to fall. We leaned one end of the boat against a tree, and scurried under it, luggage and all. Here we staid until the rain was over. But the stop was not without interest, for such a storm in the dense forest was something novel. The brightness of the morning had quickly given place to a deep gloom, pierced at short intervals by sharp flashes of lightning which almost blinded us as they came, and as they passed away left the gloom more intense than before. The rain first pattered, and then poured on the roof of our little house; but we were snugly housed, and kept quite dry while we watched the play of the lights and shades among the trees.

Just before sundown Ragged Lake was reached, a long and narrow sheet of water about five miles west from Indian Point. In a few minutes the boat was launched, the luggage loaded in, and we were off up the lake to the proposed camping place. But before it was reached another storm appeared over the mountains, and it was evident that to prepare a camp that night would be wet and unpleasant business. Seeing a column of smoke curling from the trees at a point on the west shore, we rowed across, and had the good luck of being welcomed by some campers that had room enough and to spare. It rained all the evening and most of the night, but we were in comfortable quarters, and after a hearty supper chatted around the fire until bedtime.

Next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and the day was a beautiful one. Of course the trout were first to claim our attention. All day long we fished for them—at the head of the lake, foot of the lake, and middle of the lake; also up the principal inlet and down the outlet. But our string was small—just about enough for supper. The following day, however, the fishing was better. Going far up the inlet, some cold spring pools were found that proved to be well stocked. The trout were good-sized, too, the best ones weighing nearly a pound each.

But fishing was only part of our proposed sport. The rifle was brought along for the purpose of shooting a deer. As hounding and stalking were out of the question, there was no feasible method left but jacking. This was adopted. And each evening found us floating about the head of the lake, the inlet, and small ponds above, anxiously watching and waiting for deer. But in vain was the watching. Deer were heard, but not seen. They didn't even come near enough to give us the buck fever. If we shivered at all, 'twas only with the cold.

Sunday came; that quiet, peaceful, restful day in the woods. Early in the morning Martin left to make a trip to Indian Point for the purpose of replenishing the larder. Four of us were left, Clark and myself and the Rev. Mr. T. and his son, the proprietors of the camp. During a morning stroll beside the lake some blueberries were found by a couple of the party, who thinking they would go well for dinner, picked a quart of them. As the day was very pleasant the dinner table was set outside of the shanty in a clump of birches. The berries were dished out by an impartial hand, each being served a half pint, which he sweetened and creamed to his taste. For, thanks to a club house down the lake, we had cream for dinner that day. Right delicious were those berries. And we young sprouts dipped our tin spoons into them and ate them down with the baked potatoes, speckled trout and brown bread. But not so the Rev. T. He allowed that he was not accustomed to "mix things," and that he always "saved the best of the wine till the last of the feast." When ours were all gone, therefore, his well-rounded dish still sat before him ready to serve his purpose of topping out a hearty meal. The substantials finally put away, he lifts the dish of berries from the table and draws back a little to enjoy his dessert. But as he takes the first spoonful, ye living birches, what do we behold? With as wry a face as ever toper made, and with words as strong as would well become a clergyman even in the forest wilds, those berries, dish, spoon and all, go flying over his head and rolling down the mossy bank, even into the lake. Alas, for his dessert! our sugar-bowl and salt-cellar were just alike—two paper bags sitting in the middle of the table.

Monday morning found us again on the move; this time for Plumadore Pond, by way of Round Pond and Salmon River. The carry of several miles to the latter pond was easily made before noon. Here lunch was eaten. Then across to the outlet, down which we paddled in a few minutes into the river. It was our intention to spend the night at Wine Shanty, a landing pretty well up the river, whence there was a short carry to Plumadore. But we had not gone far up the river when some green cedars were encountered, felled by malicious hands directly across the stream.

These continued at short intervals for several miles. So close together were the obstructions that we would scarcely get under way in the free water, after cutting through one, before another would be in sight. Thus the afternoon was spent in heavy work, instead of easy rowing and fishing; and darkness overtook us still chopping our passage. The jack was lighted, however, and placed in the bow. But finally the stretches of open water began to grow longer, and the snags smaller and less difficult. Our hopes of making Wine Shanty for the night really began to brighten. But as the boat swung around a bend, the jack shone upon a pile of logs and brush across the stream a few rods ahead, that appeared the largest and most difficult of all. So we at once landed and prepared an open camp for the night. Soon after supper we stretched ourselves before the fire upon beds of balsam boughs, which, after the hard day's work, seemed downy indeed. For a few moments we watched the stars twinkling through the foliage and then fell asleep; only to be awakened, however, at about 4 o'clock in the morning by rain falling in our faces. The camp was at once abandoned. And hurrying into the boat, without breakfast, we again pushed up the Salmon. What was our chagrin, upon reaching the huge snag that had blocked our way the night before, to find that the logs and brush were not in the water at all, but were piled high upon the bank, while the stream, with a sharp turn to the right, stretched away in open water, with the cosy Wine Shanty only ten rods distant.

From this landing a carry of a little over a mile brought us to Plumadore Pond, where we expected to camp for a week or more.

This is a beautiful sheet of water about three-quarters of a mile by a mile and a quarter in size, nestled away among the mountains that rise on all sides in green-capped terraces from its very shores. Its trout are of the red-meated variety, and we found them large and gamy, most of them running at about 1lb. in weight, with frequently a 2-pounder and now and then even a 3-pounder to add variety and zest to the sport. It was truly a pleasure to catch them. No fingerlings to bother. No brush to crawl through or logs to climb over. Not even was the humble worm required, but sitting quietly in the boat guided by a master of the oar, we cast the fly upon the rippling waters while the noble fish came to their breakfast and also to ours. The early morning was their favorite time to feed. In the middle of the day, even with an ideal ripple, one would scarcely get a rise, but just after daybreak they were ready for sport.

One beautiful morning while casting on the pond I enjoyed a sight that I had never seen before, except in a chromo. Some 10yds. of line were out and the drop fly was dangling in the air about 1ft. from the surface, when a 2lb. trout leaped from the water about 15in. to the right, and coming over in a graceful curve, took the fly as it hung in the air, and disappeared again about as far to the left. For a moment he seemed suspended between water and sky, and his dark-brown back, his rich cream belly and golden sides, made a charming sight under the mellow light of the morning sun. In fifteen minutes he came to the net, but during that time he put up a fight that was worthy of his first brilliant dash.

While we rejoiced in the fishing day after day, our hunting was not so successful. Each night one or the other of us with Martin floated about the pond in search of deer, and each night the hunters returned to camp with the same old story. While always present, the deer displayed wonderful tact in keeping just out of range.

All too soon the day came to turn our steps homeward. Between the pond and the Upper Chateaugay Lake, where we had first taken the trail, there was a long carry and a six-mile paddle down the South Inlet. On the way we would naturally spend a night at the "springs," a name given to a widening of the inlet at a point where there are numerous springs, about six miles up from the lake.

Rising early in the morning on the day of our departure, we whipped the pond diligently, and procured a handsome mess of trout to carry home, to gladden the hearts of our friends. By 10 o'clock the luggage was packed, and we set out on the last tramp. At noon we stopped for an hour's rest and enjoyed a cold lunch; then on again, with occasional short rests to the "springs," which were reached a little before sundown. To our delight, we found that deer were coming in here, and we indulged the thought that still it was possible to capture one of the noble fellows. A hot supper was gotten ready and eaten, and we were soon sitting about the camp-fire discussing the prospects of the night's hunt. So swiftly did the minutes run into hours, that before we were aware it was 9 o'clock—a time somewhat later than that set for beginning the hunt. It was my turn under the jack; so leaving pard to keep lonely vigil in the open camp, Martin and I started for the boat at the foot of the "springs."

Somehow in the last tramp the door to the jack had been lost, and we found ourselves at the boat with no door. This would not do, so Martin whipped out his red bandanna, folded it twice, and tied it to the jack in front of the opening. It made the best door that old jack ever had. In a few minutes we were quietly running up "the springs." But alas! too late! A deer had gotten there ahead of us, had passed down through the "springs" and gone to the bank on the east side. Without the usual warning he bounded away into the woods as the boat glided by. But with the hope that another might come, we paddled to a point half-way up the "springs" and stopped in the shadow of the timber on the west bank, for the moon, being a little beyond the new, was half-way down toward the western horizon. From this on it was a waiting game. Our boat didn't move for four long hours, and only the strange sounds of night in the forest kept us awake. The wind sighed through the pine tops; the rabbits scurried along the shore; the muskrats sozzled in the water. Now and then a lonely owl hooted from his distant perch, and a whippoorwill piped his note in a shrub near by. Truly, it seemed as if we were the "Wills" that were being "whipped."

But the scene changed. It was after 1 o'clock in the morning. The moon had set. Only a few stars peered through the drifting clouds. Suddenly the heavy steps of an animal moving swiftly were heard at the head of the "springs." He soon struck the water, and with splashing feet came directly toward us. The boat moved up to meet him, and as the red bandanna swung to one side the jack revealed the outlines of a noble buck. In a moment his eyes caught the light. He stopped, and with head erect and every muscle tense, gazed at the unusual sight. Martin, to whom the seconds were now minutes, thinking that his 'sport" was a trifle slow, whispered eagerly: "Shoot, shoot." The sharp crack of the rifle answered his urgent command. And the deer, with one last leap, fell dead in front of the boat.

The next morning deer's heart was served in camp for breakfast. We all ate heartily. But by 8 o'clock the boat was again in the water and we were paddling down through the alders that interlock their tops over the winding south inlet.

ROBE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A MINNESOTA CHICKEN SHOOT.

IT is a peculiar thing about upper Minnesota and Dakota, that every time you want to go anywhere you have to sit up all night. When you are in New York or Chicago, or St. Paul or Minneapolis, you can start out at night or get in at morning; but if you travel out in that country, you start at midnight and you get there at midnight, no matter where you go or how you come. I figured for a long time over this with the Chief, who was out in that country at the same time, and we concluded that this funny state of affairs was one of the drawbacks of that region; and the only reason St. Paul and Minneapolis have grown to be such big cities, is because the railroads favored them by locating them at that point on the time card where the trains start and get in at evening or morning. This, we are sure, was discrimination of the rankest sort, and in contravention of the inter-State commerce laws, under which any town should be granted its inalienable right to have its trains start mornings and evenings, and not at midnight's unholy hour.

When we all arrived at Fargo after our Dakota duck shoot, we were sleepy and tired, for we had been obliged to take the train at 2 A. M. at Dawson. I noticed that Mr. Bowers was not eager to go out snipe shooting as I suggested, and somehow the Chief had changed his plans. He now said that he could not stop to take the chicken shoot with me that we had arranged; so he shook me at Fargo and went on to New York, sinking into a deep silence, which makes me fear he may be making up some of his lost sleep. On my part, I had promised to meet State Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, for a chicken shoot at Campbell, Minn., and of course I did not want to make any changes in plans. The usual hitch in train time ensued, and I found that I should have to lie at Fargo from 7 A. M. till 10:30 P. M., before I could catch a Great Northern train south out of Fargo over the Breckenridge division. So I put in the day very pleasantly with my Fargo friends, and with regret said good-bye to Mr. Bowers that night. Then I got on the train, and promptly went to sleep.

I had enjoyed a pleasant little nap, as I thought, when the conductor came along and asked for my ticket—a brand new conductor whom I did not recognize. He looked at the ticket and calmly told me that we had passed Campbell about five miles back, and that he couldn't stop the train and back up for me. Here was a pretty kettle, for I supposed Mr. Fullerton would be waiting to meet me at Campbell. Luckily that midnight business now came in handy. All the trains run at midnight up there, so pretty soon another train would be coming along, going the other way. I got off about a dozen miles or so down the road, at Tintah Junction, and after a wait of an hour in a depot full of fighting hobos, who were returning from the harvest fields, I at length arrived, about 2 A. M., again at the little town of Campbell.

Terminal Facilities.

No Mr. Fullerton appeared, and I was at a loss to know what to do, when I saw a man with a lantern, and accosted him at random. He asked my name, and so it developed that this was Mr. J. H. Jones, the deputy warden in that county, who was to take out our party to his farm and give us a shoot as his guests. Mr. Jones had had a hard time of it also, for he had expected us all a day earlier, and he had driven over and waited for us two different times till this uncanny hour of the night. This day he had received a telegram from Mr. Fullerton from quite another city, saying that he had been called away and could not get there on time. So I was left alone at midnight, abandoned by all my friends in a strange land. In such a case only one thing remains to be done, and that is to make new friends. At once I told Mr. Jones that we would have that chicken hunt anyhow, for I never had been known to go back on a shooting trip in all my life. I referred with pity to the Chief, at that hour no doubt sleeping the sleep of tired innocence somewhere on the trail to New York, and allowed that Mr. Fullerton didn't know what he was going to miss. So then we hunted up the hotel.

The hotel at Campbell, Minn., is run by a widow and her redheaded boy, and they go to bed at 8 o'clock and die till the next morning at 9 o'clock. If it had not been for Mr. Jones, who was acquainted there, I should have had to sleep on the platform that night. With difficulty he broke into the hotel, and I took possession of the bed which he had reserved for me. In the morning we had the worst breakfast ever was on land or sea; but soon thereafter we were trundling out over the hard prairie roads behind a pair of good horses, and likewise behind a pack of rattling good chicken dogs, which ranged in the good old-fashioned way, on both sides of our course as we crossed the wide stubble fields and stretches of unbroken prairie.

The Ancient Lake.

My friend, Mr. Phelps, tells me that in the neighborhood of Campbell we are upon the edge of that prehistoric body of water known as Lake Agassiz, which once upon a time occupied all of what is now known as the valley of the Red River of the North. In this neighborhood one is close to such points as Fergus Falls, Tintah Junction, Campbell, Breckenridge, and he hears of Ten-Mile Lake, Lake Christian, etc. As we drove on over these wide, flat prairies that morning my companion pointed out to me that beyond us, and beyond his farm, which was some eight miles away, there rose a rim of rough, low hills, from which a great view could be had of the surrounding level country. From this farm, I was told, the town of Campbell could be plainly seen across the prairies, and of a clear day even the town of Breckenridge, some eighteen miles away. Probably most of the dwellers in that country have not heard of, or remembered the story of this ancient lake, and do not realize that the land, apparently flat, really slopes gently up to the rim of this great lake bottom, this wonderfully rich valley of the Red, whose soil is so deep and black. When this odd old lake had filled its mission, and had gone into other fields of activity, as all earthly things must one day do, its waters drained off through the narrow, deep, dinky little channel of the Red River, but here and there there were lakes left, disconnected from the river, and even the head of the river does not reach back so far as what was once the ultimate edge of the valley at its southern end.

Somewhere to the east of us lay the divide which sends the Mississippi waters to the south instead of the north, dividing the muscallonge from the great northern pike, the redfish of the South from the whitefish of the North. All over this uncovered lake bottom the soil is so rich that the prairie grasses have grown deep and strong, and after them the wheat has come, standing tall and sturdy, so that by wheat alone man has held his own here, selling that for fire, house, clothing, everything. Meantime man has disputed with the prairie chicken the ownership of this wide valley land, which to-day is the best chicken country left in Minnesota, and perhaps in the entire West. As yet the chicken crop has not yielded, though its numbers are growing less. Still these wide reaches of untroubled grass hold the nests of the big brown fowl of the West, and still man's stubble fields are poached upon by these birds, which know also that wheat is good to eat. The heaviest bags of which I got any knowledge this fall were made not far from this same locality. This may be remembered for next year.

My new friend, Mr. Jones and I did not worry much about geology as we rode on over these wide green and yellow flats, but we kept our eyes on the operations of our chicken dogs, a liver-colored pointer and a lemon and white setter. The latter belonged to a friend of Mr. Jones, a Mr. Roberts, and I must say that had I had proper transportation facilities I should probably have stolen this dog, for she was a mighty good one. All the morning long she kept out ahead, from 200yds. to a quarter a mile, never stopping her steady and methodical gallop, and quartering the fields as handsomely as though worked by automatic machinery. The pointer was a bit jealous and did not do so well, his eyes being always fixed in envy upon his handsome running mate. Yet far as they both ran and careful as was their every motion at the faintest suspicion of a bird, we found nothing for nearly two hours. Then we put up wild two birds on a piece of stubble. These we marked down on grass, and when the first went up it hardly got well started till it fell, as badly shot up as Marco Bozzaris in the fourth reader. Another bird rose wild out of the grass, and marking this we put it up, and Mr. Jones killed it with his second barrel as it rose in front of him. After that we found nothing for a long time, until about 11 o'clock we saw the setter drop into a handsome point on a piece of grass some 300yds. ahead of us. Unfortunately the dog Brownie also saw her, and at once concluded to steal her point. This he did by means of flushing the bird, an old hen, with a wild run over in its direction. Yet again the two got a flush between them a little later, but this bird we marked and I got it as it rose strongly from a hard field road in which it was running ahead of the dogs. Then we drove over to Mr. Jones's farm, he not very enthusiastic over the morning's sport, and I by this time so sleepy that I did not much care for anything in the way of sport.

To Mr. Jones's surprise, he found waiting him at his house two gentlemen from St. Paul, Mr. J. M. Smith and Mr. F. B. Brace, who had come out for a little shoot. After dinner we all went out together, and as by this time I had caught a little nap by way of equalizing the time cards of all these railroads in that country, I felt keen enough for the fun. This time our luck changed, and before we had gone a quarter of a mile from the house we began to find birds. We now had a third dog along, Blucher, a black pointer, and between the three we covered a wide strip of country. I shall not weary readers by any detailed description of the sport, for at chicken shooting the sport is all pretty much alike. We found the birds well grown, and had full proof of the fact that they had been protected in this part of the country, as Mr. Jones had said they had been. The coveys, except those which he knew had been shot into, were full and strong, and though it was now only just past the middle of September, we found some of them quite able to take care of themselves. At best, however, this big grouse is but a helpless bird in that environment which he has chosen for himself, of flat open country, with no cover offering concealment of his flight. Those birds which we did not kill we could easily mark down, so that escape was all too difficult for them. One by one, in twos and threes and fours they began to come into our buggy boxes, until we approached the dignity of near two dozen. Some of the shooting was at long range, and offered good fun enough, though in the short range work the sport was handicapped by there being so many guns. The dogs did their work beautifully, Mr. Jones having been wise enough to tie up the city dogs of the visitors, and take out country trained rolling stock of his own and his neighbors. These dogs were in part of his own breaking, and I must say that as a dog handler and as a field shot there are few who have any business with Deputy Warden Jones. I fancy that it was his gun which was responsible for a good share of our bag.

How the Chicken Hides.

Along toward dusk in the evening we began to find birds everywhere, the cool of the evening seeming to start them moving all at once. It was nearly dark when we marked down a covey on a bit of stubble and followed them up. As we drove on and pulled up the horses near where we expected to see the dogs point, we stopped nearly in the middle of the covey, which rose so close to the horses' heads that we did not care to fire. We saw that these birds were young and not very wild, and were not surprised to see them pitch again on the same stubble field, not 300yds. away. As we walked toward them, a single bird that had tarried behind the others rose in front of me, and I killed it. Then we went on after the rest. We walked quite beyond the spot where we thought the birds had dropped, but to our surprise no bird arose, and we thought they must have run. Finally Mr. Jones called attention to the actions of the setter, which was just stiffening into a point some 20yds. back of us. We two turned back and killed this bird as it rose, about the same time that the others killed a bird just beyond us. Then we tried to find the bird we had killed, which had fallen fairly cut to pieces; but as it was growing dark we could not at once pick it up. I tramped all around over the place where we thought it had dropped, and was joined by both Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, the three of us covering what seemed to be every inch of the ground. Meantime

the dogs all showed signs of birds right among us, and at last, several minutes after we had begun our tramping there, out went the whole of the covey from under our very heels, where it would have seemed simply impossible for them to have lain so long without discovery! We cut down four birds out of the rise, doubling on more than one of them, of course, and all being empty when two more birds rose from under our noses and sailed off unsaluted. Then a still stranger thing happened. We only picked up two of the last birds killed, and we all, four men and three dogs, hunted for half an hour in the dark and never did find three of the birds, which must have been killed quite instantly, as they were young birds and the fire was close and accurate. The dogs seemed to think that their day's work was done, and none of them being trained to retrieve, they simply quit when it got dark and refused to hunt dead for us. Much as we regretted it, we had to go away and leave three nice young birds on the stubble unfound. This little incident was fairly a puzzle to us, familiar as we were with the habits of these birds, and it shows well enough the main reliance of the prairie chicken for protection, that of protective coloration. Once in the air, there is no disguising of itself possible for this bird, but many a dog treads close to where it lies and never gets a notion of its presence.

No Future for the Chicken.

We killed that day in all twenty-nine chickens, losing three, but still having a bag rightly to be called a fine one. We had a fine afternoon's sport, as we take it; though it cannot be said that we saw any great body of birds, for we killed a very large per cent. of all the birds we saw or shot at. This is what chicken hunting is to-day, not the old time sport when it was no trouble at all to bag twice as many to the single gun. As to the number of guns, the bag would no doubt have been practically the same had any two of them been out instead of four. A couple of dozen birds to a pair of guns is a good bag these days, and ought to be good enough. I really do not know of very many places in Minnesota where so good a bag as that could have been counted upon in the middle of September. Mr. Jones thought the law would be better if it opened the season Sept. 15. All of us agreed that the date of Aug. 20 means absolute extinction for the prairie chicken. It is too eagerly hunted nowadays by great numbers of shooters, and it is too defenseless for us to hope that it will ever regain much of its former abundance. A nob'e bird it certainly is, and worthy of a better fate than slaughter at a time when it flies like an owl, and can hardly keep its head out of the grass for more than a couple of hundred yards. Even as we saw this bird, wilder, and more wary and more powerful, sometimes flying to a distance of a mile or more, the chance was 100 to ten against the bird in favor of the gun. I like a day now and then after chickens, and love the air of the wide fields of the prairie lands; but of the sport of shooting these birds I would soon tire, for it would seem too much a certainty to be a pleasure. For the experience of going out and hunting them for a week steadily in a country where they were abundant, I should not now care in the least. October is the best time to have fun with them, for then they have a little fun with you once in a while.

Good Work.

I will say for Mr. Jones that he has done his work well indeed in his part of the State, and kept the birds from the sooners. He wanted very much to have Mr. Fullerton see this with his own eyes. We found some coveys, such as that found last in the evening, which had never heard the sound of a gun before. There are many strips of good chicken country where the sound of the gun is all too familiar to the chicken, from the middle of July till snow falls in the winter. In spite of all that the best protection can do, I do not believe that this bird can be kept from extinction as a game bird worth counting upon. I shall next summer view with very great reservations any early statements to the effect that the chickens are going to be abundant at any place, no matter what part of the country. I do not believe that the chicken is destined to survive in any numbers of consequence. Each season there will be a scrambling rush for the chosen locality, a few days of hurried and deadly shooting at what is left unshot by the sooners; then there will be a hiatus, of poor bags and of discouraging reports from parties who expected to get big shooting and failed to do so. As a bird to offer steady material for fall shooting, I think the chicken will henceforth be a failure. If we are to try our guns and break our dogs, we shall have to fall back on the quail and the ruffed grouse—birds which are more tenacious, and more cunning in their choice of a home. I read and hear of many good bags of chickens made at one place or another—different points of the Northwest—but this does not mean anything as to the permanent supply of the birds upon the country. In the old days we never heard of any big bags at all, because there was no news in a bag. Now we learn of such shooting with interest, forgetting the many shooters who went out this fall and had no luck at all, but came back disappointed.

I had only this one day with Mr. Jones, who entertained me very nicely, putting me in the place of one of those fortunate ones who wanted a bit of chicken shooting this fall and got it. It was a touch of the old times to see the good chicken dogs at work, and to hear the burst of wing of the big birds and to see the feathers floating off on the slant wind of the prairies. As such it was a pleasure, though nowadays it is hard to go chicken hunting without feeling a little bit sad over it—the change is so apparent from the earlier days. But one thing is sure: if this bird can be kept alive in numbers sufficient to make it a factor in our Western sports, it will be done by the work of such men as the wardens of this Northwestern country and their able deputies. It has been my good fortune to see some of the work of these wardens on the ground in the hottest battlegrounds of protective work in the entire West, and I come away with nothing but confidence in them and admiration for them and their success. If they do not win, it will not be their fault. E. HOUGH.

1426 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Mississippi Quail.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss.—The crop of quail is good. The dry weather was favorable to them. Some are full grown and some cannot fly yet. There are very few squirrels, there being no mast for them. Turkeys are few and far between.

S. N. A.

A TIGER HUNT IN COSTA RICA.

Big preparations were being made for our Christmas dinner of roast pig with apple-sauce, venison chops and other dishes, and it was impossible to escape the odors from time to time wafted in fragrant breezes from the outside kitchen. All the doors and windows were of course wide open, because in Costa Rica we do not know what winter is, and there is hardly any change in climate the year round. As I was sitting at my desk, thinking of all the good things for dinner, one of my men comes hurrying up with gun over shoulder and dog at heel, to tell me that he has that very morning and not a half hour before, seen a tiger pass through the bottom of the farm and enter the bush about a mile from the house. He had seen the tiger carrying a young one in its mouth. Would I get my dogs and gun and hunt her? Well, yes, I would, and pretty quickly, too.

My neighbor, Mr. S., was easily induced to join the party, also a friend of his who was staying with him. So in all we were a party of four, including the man who had seen the tiger. Mr. S. had a repeating shotgun, his German friend a rifle which would not go off, our guide a double-barreled shotgun, and myself a .44 rifle. It took us about three-quarters of an hour to reach the edge of the forest, where the tiger had been seen. Here the dogs became very excitable, taking the fresh trail with spirit. No one who has not hunted in a tropical forest can realize how hard it is to make one's way through the bush; it is a matter of patience and machete work. Our German friend concluded to sit himself down on a log and await developments, while the rest of us followed after the dogs. We supposed the old tiger would not travel far, and this proved to be a good guess. What with the barking of the dogs and the noise we made cutting the way with our machetes, the old tiger must have been badly frightened.

At about this time we heard our German friend, whom we had left on the log, calling us at a great rate, and, as we made a circle back, could hear him calling, "I hear the tiger!" and there he sat on the same log, with his old rifle that would not go off cocked, and looking pretty expectant. We all listened, and sure enough, we could hear a crying and spitting about 75yds. off in the bush. We followed up the sound till we came to a snarl of old tree trunk and vines. We cut away the vines as best we could with our machetes, and there, squeezed up as close as he could get to a big tree root was a young tiger, scratching and spitting away at a great rate, and doing it well, too! I crawled in and grabbed him by the back of the neck.

There were no signs of the old tiger; she must have been too scared to stay and see what was going on. Our German was very mad when told that his gun would not shoot, and in fact, threw the gun down on the ground and said that he would be blowed if he would carry it home; and so a peon was sent out for it. I took the little tiger home with me and kept him some time, but the facts are that the cook overfed him, and he died from the effects.

We all enjoyed our Christmas dinner that day, including the little tiger, who had his share.

A week later we had a calf killed by a jaguar, but that is a different story. They are all cowardly, and will not show fight to a man unless badly wounded. The black panther is also found here, but is quite rare; on the other hand, the jaguar is common enough.

This country is rich in game, and should be better known.

FRED S. LYMAN.

HACIENDA LA COLOMBIANA, Costa Rica, Central America.

THE JACKSON'S HOLE ELK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a very fortunate thing that the FOREST AND STREAM expressed its views on this matter so plainly, and brought it before the public notice so promptly; and there is no doubt that this highly-esteemed medium is thoroughly sincere in the view it takes of the matter, which is now open for discussion, and which should interest everyone, and be entered into with a determination to suggest some plan to protect the elk from the fate of the noble buffalo, almost extinction.

The writer is equally in favor of enforcing the game laws to the letter, as these laws are supposed to be made by men who thoroughly understand the habits of the animal and study its protection. But every sportsman knows (many of them much better than those who write the laws) that many of the game laws and conditions in a number of States are positively ridiculous. A very serious condition is going far to fast aid in the final extermination of the elk. The great inroads of civilization over the prairies and through the West soon thinned the buffalo out to an alarming extent; but this was due largely to wanton slaughter, when every cowboy would ride his mustang to one side of an advancing herd and empty his revolver into the poor beasts as fast as he could load and fire, leaving dozens of dead and wounded animals on the plains to rot or be eaten by the wolves.

An entirely different and more serious condition the elk have now to contend with, and one that will have to be considered with great importance in framing a law for their protection in the future, notwithstanding the remarks of other old residents of Jackson's Hole, who (when they were told in explanation that Joshua Adams had taken pity, corraled and fed some of the starving elk), stated that it was unnecessary, that the elk thrived in Jackson's Hole long before Adams settled there.

I am acquainted with Mr. Adams and with Mr. H. K. Glidden, the manager of Moose Head Ranch. They are hard workers, very energetic and very successful, which accounts for the jealous remarks of their less successful neighbors. Let it be understood that I am not upholding Mr. Adams for violating the law, if he has done so. The very remarks of these narrow-minded old settlers proves the very point that is so disastrous to the elk. It is just this fact, that before Mr. Adams and dozens of other settlers came into the elk country and fenced off all the best feeding grounds in the beautiful valleys for their cattle, that the elk did thrive. They are obliged to come down from the mountains in consequence of the heavy snows and seek their food in the valleys, to find their winter feeding ground nature made for them fenced off for the benefit of cattle and for the starvation of themselves. This condition does not only exist in Jackson's Hole nor in Wyoming alone, but in nearly all the best Elk countries. In my business I am in touch with all the guides and hunters of Montana and other States, and the same story comes forward in the following heartrending words: "Elk died of starvation by thousands last winter, valleys being mostly fenced off for cattle." One man writes that he found nearly 200 one morning in with the cattle stealing hay from the large stacks. Many were so weak with hunger they could scarcely stand.

With all due respect to the game laws, it seems, under such conditions, the laws of humanity would be uppermost in any good man's mind, and no one would blame Mr. Adams or any other man to open the bars, take in the starving elk and feed them. It would seem that even if they were furnished to public or private gardens and preserves it would be much preferable to the present and what appears a much worse future condition.

WM. W. HART.

NEW YORK.

VERMONT COVERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After thoroughly beating through many of my favorite covers with Bruce M., I am more and more convinced that this is an off year for game birds in this section of our country. We have not found half a dozen young ruffed grouse and very few old birds, which we have allowed to go unshot at, preserving them for seed. In many of the woodcock coverts we did not find a single bird; in others one and two birds, all old birds.

In company with Homer Lovering, Esq., of East Perkshire, Vt., we visited a new ground where he was sure that we would find a few brace of woodcock. We arrived at this cover in a heavy rainstorm and saw signs enough to convince us that there were birds there. The next pleasant day, Sept. 18, we took along the colored wing-shot, Tom Anderson, and again visited this ground. We inquired of a nearby resident if there were any woodcock in his vicinity. "Oh, yes," he replied, "there are some hollow stubs over in that lot where they breed, and my brother got seven or eight one day." Thanking him for the information we passed on, and remarked that we were not after that kind of woodcock. We could write an interesting tale of the few hours' sport that we had that afternoon, but for the fact that the grippe has left us so enervated that we have not energy enough left to tell the truth in full detail; though it does make us snicker when we think about our two companions shooting the same instant at the same woodcock, and hear Homer sing out, "I hit him; he's my bird!" "All right," says the redoutable Tom, blowing the smoke out of his gun, and turning the white of an eye in our direction, "you can have the bird, and done take the glory too." Tom gathered in the next bird, which we kicked out from under Bruce's nose. Then they began to make remarks about our empty pockets, etc.; and it again makes us snicker when we think how the "old gentleman" went in, and snapped every other bird before H. or Tom could raise their guns. "It's the old hound that is the surest trailer"; on him nail your flag for sure victory nearly every time.

These were flight birds, and we took them all away with us. That evening, a nice little supper with our genial host put us in good humor for our ten-mile drive home.

Yes, Awahsoose, gyascuti were formerly quite common here in northern Vermont, and when the cars first began to run in our county, many a night gyascutus's shriek set numerous hairs upon end and the cold shivers up and down many a spinal column. There is now living in this village the son of a man who said that he would go "clear over to Plattsburgh" to see even the skin of a tornado that had done so much damage in the woods about there. In hunting the gyascutus the hunter should bear in mind that this animal has the power to eject a wad with great force and accuracy, even around a corner.

Our club offers a reward to whosoever in this State, outside of the county of Essex, kills by fair, legitimate still hunting, a deer with horns, and $10 a pound for the rump steak if it has a turnip's flavor. Out of some forty more or less deer that have been seen during the past summer in this section the writer has traced them down to a single pair, a buck and doe, that have been roaming about the county among the farmers' cattle, creating a great deal of talk and excitement among the rural inhabitants. If either is shot it's ten to one that it will be the doe that will be potted.

STANSTEAD.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 25.

BAGS.

IN the course of last year there appeared in a sporting contemporary Lord de Grey's wonderful record of game killed from 1867 to 1895. In yet another journal the present Kaiser William's record up to May, 1896, was published. Comparison, of course, is out of the question, but in placing the Emperor's figures by the side of the Earl's, we realise what a marvelous shot the latter gentleman is; for the Emperor is no mean sportsman, and yet his figures look very mean when placed side by side with those of the heir to the Marquisate of Ripon.

Of pheasants the Kaiser has disposed of 7,887, to the Earl's 111,190; 407 partridges are all the Emperor can put forward, while the earl's score is 89,401; the imperial record of grouse has apparently not been kept, 47,468 are Lord de Grey's figures; of rabbits the Kaiser has shot 688; Lord de Grey killed 800 more in the course of 1893 alone; during his career he has disposed of 26,747. Hares are the Emperor's strong point. He has shot 11,466, and even Lord de Grey can only point to two and a half times as many; 2,735 snipe have fallen to the unerring aim of the Earl, and he has shot 2,077 woodcock to the Kaiser's two. The fifty-six wild ducks shot by the Emperor compare but poorly with the 1,393 that the Earl has killed; but the Imperial record of red deer is 738, while that of the Earl is 881. One thousand, five hundred and twenty-four large wild boars and 181 small boars appear in the Emperor's list, against ninety-seven pigs in the Earl's; but while the latter can point to twelve buffalo, eleven tigers, two rhinoceros and 8,494 various beasts, the Emperor can quote but one whale and 500 different sorts of game—at least in this country, but at home he can boast of seventeen foxes. Altogether the imperial bag shows 25,376 head of game, while Earl de Grey's contains 316,699.

The King of Naples in a sporting tour through Austria disposed of 51,053 head of game in the year 1793 alone—shooting twenty times as many foxes as the Emperor has done in all his sporting career. Exactly 100 years later Earl de Grey disposed of 19,135 head of game, but no foxes, in the same time. In view of the fact that some 3,000 head of game were bagged in one day at the Marquess of Ripon's moor at Stutton last year, the great record of the Duke of Rutland, who in one day in the October of Waterloo year killed 125 head of game, does not look a very formidable bag for five hours' shooting, although early in the century it was considered to be a prodigiously fine achievement and worthy to be quoted with the forty-one and one-half brace of partridges that Lord Kingston shot at Heydon on Sept. 1, 1810, between sunrise and sunset, thereby winning a considerable wager. For wagers to be made on "bags" was quite a common thing early in the century. In

1811, for instance, a Mr. Clark, of Wollingham, Suffolk, made a bet of 50 guineas that he would kill and bag 47 shots out of 50; as a matter of fact, he killed 59 birds in 60 shots. It is also recorded about this time that a gamekeeper in the employ of Sir H. Mildmay, for a considerable wager, "hit a cricket ball, with common shot, twelve times successively, between the wickets, bowled by Harris, one of the sharpest bowlers of the Hambledon Club." Can it be possible that the expression "bagging a brace" when a bateman retires the second time from the wicket with a nought to his discredit arose from this conjunction of gun and cricket-ball?—*London Standard.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

War at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—Yesterday was the date originally set for the public auction sale of a large lot of confiscated game by State Warden Loveday, but after deliberation the latter determined not to put the game upon the market at just this time, when the opening of the season for the general sale of game will bring down the prices with a run. The bulk of this game was taken from the Monarch Cold Storage Co., which delivered up 1,500 grouse at one time, on last Saturday afternoon. Other dealers, commission firms or cold storage companies who have contributed lately to the property of the State in Mr. Loveday's hands are Lalley & Sweeny, A. M. Lynch, A. L. Brown, F. M. Smith & Co. and others, who have for the most part been tackled because they found themselves unable to resist the temptation to handle prairie chickens and grouse ahead of the season, as a great many of their neighbors have been doing. Most of these men are taking their medicine all right, with exception of Mr. Sweeny, of Lalley & Sweeny, who objects to being fined or interrupted, and threatens to do and cause to be done all sorts of things, the least of which is the uncovering of a system of favoritism to which he darkly alludes. He threatens to expose, undo and make evident all kinds of persons and things, unless the warden agrees not to "persist." The assurance of the average game dealer on South Water street is something Homeric. The whole business system of the street is so honeycombed with the commercial dishonesty of years that the continuous violation of the law is looked upon as a matter of course, and its disturbance regarded with resentment. If Warden Loveday is able to go straight through South Water street from front to back and rip it wide open and show its condition of moral decay and business degeneration, he will do a work which will put him at once at the head of the game protectors of this country, and make him one of its most talked-of men. That would be a work well worth a man's while. It would be an honorable calling, to break up this dishonorable pursuit.

War at Koshkonong.

Grim-visaged war has shown its front at Koshkonong Lake, Wis., the most famous canvasback country of this part of the West. This time it is the market hunters again. The members of the Blackhawk Club of sportsmen, who have grounds upon the lake shore, have long been regarded with anything but favor by those who in their selfishness and love of fair play want the whole thing for themselves. Under the lead of a certain Milwaukee "hero" these malcontents, or soreheads, whichever title prove most accurate, have organized a hundred strong to fight the Blackhawk Club men. Messems the fight will be mostly of the balloon ascension order, mostly operated by hot air.

War at Tolleston.

The fight goes on still upon the lands of the devoted Tolleston Club, on the southern edge of this city. Last Friday the old-time threat of blowing up the Tolleston Club's dam was carried into effect, and the drainage of the club marsh has been going on since then, much to their damage. It is not yet decided what will be the course of the club in regard to the rebuilding of the dam, but heretofore it has always been the policy of the club to meet such efforts with a quieted and dignified but none the less firm and steady course of persistence in its regular lines.

War in Utah.

The White River Utes are this week getting ready for one of their big game round-ups, regardless of the past and of the warnings of the white men interested in preventing the certain butchery of large amounts of game The Indians say that their ancient right was to kill all the game they wanted to, and they are going to keep on doing that still. They claim that their treaty rights also allow them to do this, and disregard all talk of the abrogation of such rights. The agency authorities are doing all they can to keep the hunters on their reservation, and the officers of the law in Utah and Colorado are trying to aid in heading off the outbreak from the reservation into the game country, where there may be a clash between the reds and whites.

Organizing.

Warden Sharp, of Utah, is trying to effect an interstate alliance with Warden Swan, of Colorado, the working plans to be perfected at a little convention of wardens and deputies to be held at Salt Lake City. Wardens Sharp and Swan will both go to Price, Utah, and to Ft. Duchesne, to interview the military authorities about the Indian circle hunts. A mutual understanding between wardens of States so nearly identified cannot fail to be of value.

The State of Kansas is to have an organization for the purpose of game protection, or rather at this writing perhaps has such, since the call was for a meeting to be held at Wichita, Kan., Oct. 1. The initiative was taken by the Wichita Fish and Game Club, which asks a general meeting for the organization of a State sportsmen's association. One observes with pleasure the fact that the moving club is not the "rod and gun" club of some town, and, therefore, has no savor of trap-shooting attached to the "State's sportsmen's" body. It is a curious fact of history that most rod and gun clubs have nothing to do with the rod, and that very many State sportsmen's associations have little to do beyond trap-shooting. Wichita has lately been showing much good fruit from the hard work of the State Warden, Dr. Shults.

Soaked.

A few more cases of soakings come to hand this week. At Spokane, Wash., Rev. Evan P. Hughes, pastor of the Congregational Church of Hillsboro, paid fine for killing illegal birds. Let him not be cast down over this, for he has good company.

At Salt Lake, Utah, last week, J. F. Ehbert was fined $8 for killing ducks and snipe out of season.

On the train bound east overland in North Dakota last week were two gentlemen of Oxford, O., their names C. Widerman and Fred. Carmeier. On the same train was a pleasant sort of man with whom they scraped acquaintance without much trouble, and him they advised that they had just had fine shooting at a point in North Dakota out beyond Jamestown, and that they had been altogether too shrewd for the State Game Warden, and had not taken out any non-resident licenses. They didn't believe in such a license, anyhow, and thought it defrauded them of many of their inalienable rights. And then the pleasant stranger introduced himself and his star as the State Game Warden, Mr. George E. Bowers. They reluctantly separated themselves from fifty of their inalienable dollars and went on back home. They regret their predisposition to converse with strangers.

Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, writes me that the non-residents are coming in very fast out in his country now, and he is having his hands full in watching a good many widely separated points for persons who try to evade the license law.

Migrations of Game.

Owing to dryness of the country in parts of central Illinois, the quail are making quite an extensive migration to the South this week, and have appeared in numbers at many towns in the lower part of the State. This migration of the quail in Illinois and Missouri is something to which I have often called attention before, and it is one of the odd but well-recognized facts regarding the wild game of those regions.

A big movement of gray squirrels is going on up in Wisconsin just now, and at Baraboo, Wis., last week, the squirrels had appeared in hundreds. This is the first squirrel migration seen at that point in eight years, and one of the largest ever noted. The local paper calls attention to the fact that it is only the gray squirrels which migrate, and says that the fox squirrels remain in the country where they were born and reared. The migration is expected to last about two weeks in passing a given district, and no one knows how far to the South the little animals will go. The last two years have been very good squirrel years in lower Wisconsin, as I can personally testify. What will be the next two years no one can tell, as sometimes one of these big movements will clean out the squirrels over a large strip of country for quite a time.

Migrations of Sportsmen.

The twenty-fourth annual trip of the Jerome Marble hunting party of Worcester, Mass., in the hunting car Yellowstone, is now in progress in Minnesota and Dakota. Following are the names of those who accompany Mr. Marble: A. W. Gifford, Arthur E. Gifford, Mrs. A. B. F. Kinney, V. D. Kenerson and wife, Lester Kenerson, Worcester; T. L. Sturtevant and wife, L. H. Sturtevant, Miss L A. Putnam, Quincy; W. E. Harmon and Miss Helen S. Griffiths, Lexington; John M. Johnson and G. Pearce, Norwich, Conn.; Lewis Eddy, Dorchester.

Mr. J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, N. D., writes me as follows regarding shooting parties at his town: "Mr. Chas. Raymond and son, of Chicago, are here for a hunt. They only intended to stay one week, but the shooting is so good they will make it two weeks. Mr. Eddy and party of eight, from Boston, will be here Oct. 5 for a hunt and have asked me to take charge of the party. The northern birds are just beginning to come in, and it makes fine mixed shooting, ducks and geese."

Mr. Gokey adds a little story of a happening in the goose pits last week, when he had out a tenderfoot who had never before shot at geese: "A big bunch of geese was coming in," says Gokey, "and when I gave the order to shoot I saw this young man jump up, when the geese were right over him, and let off both barrels in the air, and then he began to yell. I got out of my blind and went over to him, and found him white as a ghost and trembling. I hardly blamed him for yelling. I got two geese out of the flock as they came in, and one of these, a 12½lb. honker, dropped right on top of him as he had his gun in the air and struck him on the chest, knocking the gun out of his hands and nearly scaring him to death. He roared so you could have heard him a mile."

Gokey says a good many fine bags of canvasbacks have been made, and that the shooting is as good all round as could be asked by anybody.

Messrs. W. P. Hilliard, E. C. Copelin and G. E Marshall, of Chicago, are just back from a hunting trip, where they were in camp some eight miles north of Herman, Grant county, Minn., about 200 miles above St. Paul. They had a team, driver and cook, and were out two weeks, killing in all above 700 ducks, one day killing seventy birds. They had the finest shooting any of them had ever known, and say that the sloughs all over that region were simply alive with ducks. They shipped 500 birds to St. Paul—for what purpose is not known. What to do with so large a number of birds as such a hunt produces is one of the problems of the hunt. The ducks killed were teal, spoonbills, mallards, redheads, and a few canvas.

Where to Go.

M. E. W., of Peoria, Ill., writes as below in search of information about ducking country:

"Will you kindly inform me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM where I can get good or fair duck shooting this fall, and how far from Peoria, Ill., and the expense of the place, best time to go, whether you can get decoys at the place or not?"

The answer to the above may be found herewith in the news of the Chicago hunters or in the report by Mr. Gokey, at Dawson, N. D. The points thus mentioned are only a few of a great many which are this season extraordinarily good in the Northwest. As to detailed information about prices, etc., it is not always easy to get this for each and every point. The Chicago party took portable boats (Kankakee model) in with them. At Dawson one can depend upon getting boats, decoys, dogs, and any material he may need, from shells on up. The regular charge there for a guide, team, wagon, boat and decoys is $5 per day. There will be many points closer home than Dawson this fall, and points even in Illinois, where the duck shooting will be fair, though hardly approaching that of the banner point in this banner year for wildfowl in the further Northwest. It is too early to speak with with any accuracy about shooting points in this State or in Wisconsin. If one can take the North Dakota trip it is time to start at once.

Chickens.

The largest bag of chickens made in Illinois this fall, so far as I have known, was made by Victory Emery and Hal Opperman, near Pontiac, Sept. 20, forty-seven birds. Most of the shooting was in the cornfields, and in one such field nineteen birds were killed. The habits of the chickens have undergone change in Illinois with the change in the environment. The chickens take to the corn as they used to resort to the grass in the early days.

Manitoba Geese.

Mr. Thomas Johnson writes me from Winnipeg that his friend Mr. George Manson, of Shoal Lake, wrote him on Sept. 28 about some good goose country near his home:

"We have a strange thing here, south of the lake, about six miles from town, between Shoal Lake and Raven Lake, every fall for the past five years Large flocks of wild geese congregate about the same place and are really a pest to the farmers. They are there now in great numbers."

A Washington Game Country.

Word of a good game region in far-away Washington comes from Mr. William Nelson, at Spokane, Wash., to his friend Mr. L. P. Good, of Chicago, who is kind enough to send the matter to FOREST AND STREAM.

"I left here with my family and team on July 12," says Mr. Nelson, "and drove to a small lake thirty-five miles from here, called Fish Lake, and camped there that night and the next day and night to rest my team a little. At the end of the fourth day I found Priest Lake, a beauty, twenty miles long by twelve miles wide at the center, but the lake is only three miles wide taking the average. Here I got a little 'jim crow' steamer, the only one up there, to take us up to the head of the lake. The best time the steamer can make is four miles an hour, but we finally got there and made our permanent camp for the whole six weeks on the lake. On Monday I started out to get some venison for my own use, but came back without even seeing one, but there was plenty of tracks. On Tuesday morning I took my boat and started after trout, and was having fine sport when I heard the water splash behind me, and on looking around what should I see but two full-sized deer, a buck and doe, standing in the lake up to their knees drinking and fighting flies. I picked up my oars and rowed back to camp, and I couldn't relish my breakfast for thinking what a fool I was for not putting a gun in the boat before I started.

"After dinner that day, I took a stroll over to a beaver dam about half-mile from camp, and walked around it, and by doing so I saw the trails made by the deer when they came in to feed. Early next morning I then took my .38 55 and started. After walking about half-mile, I sat down behind a big pine tree and waited; but did not have long to wait, for in less than fifteen minutes I heard the brush crack. I looked sharp in the direction, but could see nothing; then in a moment I heard the brush crack again, and still I could not see anything. So I raised to my feet to look again, and in doing this I stepped on a twig and it cracked, and this no sooner done than up went the head of a fine deer about 125yds. in front of me. I waited until she gave me a broadsider, and then cut loose for her just behind the shoulder. She dropped, and then jumped up to run again as I supposed, so I sent another bullet after her, and down she went again. Now, what do you think? I had not only killed one, but two! I ran to bleed the last one, thinking that it was the first one shot twice; but after I had bled this one, I looked back and saw the grass move, so went there and found that I had two dead deer instead of one. I had not seen the second one until after I had killed the first one. I was sorry for this for I did not want so much venison at once; but I got the two out and dressed them, and by hard work succeeded in giving half of one away and we used the other one and a half by being very good to my two bird dogs, and then it is no trouble to keep meat up there ten days by putting it into sacks and hanging it in a tree out of the sun. It needs two sacks to keep the flies away from it, for they will sting through one. I first put it into a cotton sack and then the cotton sack into a gunny sack, and that is too much for the flies to sting through.

"I had been at the lake less than a week and had trout, grouse and venison. What more did I want? I thought that I would put in a few days catching trout and salt them down for my next winter's fish, and so I did. I soon caught and put down 100lbs., all I cared to bring home. Then what I was to do was the question. After our venison was getting low I thought I would go over to another meadow about two miles from camp and kill a caribou, but they are too slick for me. While I could see plenty of tracks, I never could get near enough to see the great reindeer, for he was too cunning and could scent a man too far. So I had to give up that, but not until I had worked very hard.

"On the whole, I had a very delightful trip, and it did me lots of good, and I only wish that you could have been with me. When I tell you that it is no more trouble to kill a deer up there around Priest Lake than for a farmer to go out and kill a sheep, I am telling you the truth; and as to taking trout out of that lake, it is too easy, and the strangest thing about it is that the trout are all of one size. They are from 1½lbs. to 1¾lbs., and take the fly very wickedly, jumping above it and then turning down; and then comes the fun, as they fight from start to finish, often jumping their full length out of the water six to ten times before you can land them. After we had been there about four weeks, I thought that we needed some more fresh meat, so I went after another deer, but by this time they had quit my first meadow, from the fact of our being so close, dogs barking, our shooting, etc. I went up on the side of a small mountain and waited on a trail one afternoon, and after being there for about an hour and not seeing anything, I started to cross a small ravine, and jumped only thirteen in one bunch. They were lying down in the shade. I picked out a large buck and pulled the trigger, but still he went on. I gave him another, and this time he fell, but only to get up and go on again. I still kept pumping lead into him until I had hit him twelve times before I killed him, the last shot breaking his neck. I could not have shot so many times only I was on one side of the ravine and he on the other, so he could not get away. He was a very large deer and I was forced to cut him up before I could get him out. This was the last deer I tried to get. If you will join me up there next summer I will guarantee that you will have the sport of your life. Think of the good it does a business man to get away from the cares of life for a month or two. I was gone about seven weeks and had a bully time from start to finish."

Hurt by a Grizzly.

On last week Alexander Tolman, of Marion, near Pocatello, Idaho, while out hunting near the head of Rock Creek, was unlucky enough to meet a she grizzly with cubs, and he wounded the mother. The bear charged him and struck him over the head, then bit him savagely and mangled him in a fearful manner before she left him lying unconscious,

He crawled a quarter of a mile before he was observed, and is now lying at the point of death. He was bitten almost into pieces by the beast, which he had enraged by wounding it in the head. The story comes by despatch from Pocatello to a Chicago daily. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

JUST one month of the legal season in this Province has elapsed, and already a good many of the big game hunters have returned from the wilds.

The party consisting of Carl Pickhardt, Dr. A. Caille and Dr. F. Krug, with their three Maine guides, Vince McKenney, John Francis and Michael Francis, reached Fredericton yesterday from the Gueggas lakes on Little Sou'west waters. They had been out just three weeks, and brought back the heads of three moose and three caribou. The moose heads were all good specimens, measuring respectively, 54, 48 and 46in. Mr. Pickhardt was warm in his praise of the country, also of the .30 30 Winchester.

Prof. Waite, of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, has returned from his trip on the Nor'west with Arthur Pringle. He shot one moose and two caribou. One of the caribou had exceptionally fine antlers. The Professor reports that he saw altogether on the trip thirteen moose and fourteen caribou.

Fred Harris, H. F. Hunter and Ralph Johnson, of Boston, emerged a few days ago from the Cains River region. They got no moose, but bagged a bear and lynx, and narrowly escaped taking in another bear.

Lieut. Hincks, of the Royal Berks Regiment, spent his vacation of two weeks on the Nepisiguit River. He shot two fine bull caribou.

John Bodkin, of Kingsclear, a veteran English sportsman, is back from a four weeks' tour of Cains River and the sou'west. He brought in two caribou; no moose.

Henry Allen, a guide from Maine, formerly a resident of this Province, two weeks ago conducted a party of Lawrence, Mass., sportsmen into the Little River district. The party is still in the woods. They have sent out the carcass of a very large moose.

The gentleman who went out with Tom Pringle on the nor'west would have slain a fine moose, but at the time the moose arrived omitted the formality of loading his rifle.

George H. Warrington, Cincinnati, and J. Henderson, New Haven, have returned from Miramichi Lake. They had no callers with them and failed to connect with a moose. Mr. Henderson is coming again in November and will try the Dungarvon.

Local sportsmen have had more than usual luck with deer up to the present date. Among the fortunate are Duncan Glasier, George Hoeg, Wm. Walker, George Worth, and Percy and John Powys.

There is still some doubt as to whether the prohibition against the export of the "carcass or part thereof" of big game from Canada applies to the shipment of the green head. Some of the customs officers construe the section in one way and some in the other. The matter has been referred to the Department at Ottawa, who have not, as far as I can learn, yet rendered a decision. Mr. S. L. Crosby, the well-known Bangor taxidermist, says if the export of green heads is prohibited, he is coming to Fredericton to set up a branch establishment. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 1.

A Virginia Test Case.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent decision has been made in this State with reference to the game law of the State, which is perhaps of interest to sportsmen all over the country.

Owing to the unusual severity of the winter of 1892-93, the number of birds (quail) was materially lessened, and the next Legislature thereafter passed, very wisely, a stringent game law prohibiting the killing of quail for two seasons after the passage of the act. The time limit of this act expires on Jan. 1, 1898.

In a section of the State where quail are now reported to be very plentiful, a test case was made. A prominent sportsman shot a bird on his own land. He was promptly taken before a justice of the peace and was fined $10. An appeal was taken to the county court. The court promptly discharged the accused, holding that the law is repugnant to the constitution of Virginia, in so far as it undertook to prohibit a man from shooting birds on his land—for two years—this being an unreasonable restriction of a citizen's right.

Prominent legal talent was displayed on both sides.

This judicial decision is of serious import to those sportsmen of the State who have long been striving for the increased protection of game, which, otherwise, will soon disappear. D. H. LEAKE.

EAST LAKE, Va., Sept. 29.

Illinois Association.

PEORIA, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the first regular meeting of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association, the president announced the following gentlemen as the Law Committee for the term of 1897-98: R. S. Mott, chairman, 108 La Salle street, Chicago; S. M. Booth, 86 La Salle street, Chicago; Daniel Raum, 413 Y. M. C. A. Building, Peoria.

Board of Directors as follows: G. N. Portman, chairman, 120 N. Adams street, Peoria; C. J. Sammis, Peoria; William Ohl, Peoria; Charles Bartson, Peoria; R. D. Clarke, Peoria.

Roll call showed the following present: President H. H. Fahnestock, G. N. Portman, C. J. Sammis, William Ohl, Charles Bartson, R. D. Clarke and G. F. Simmons. The Board of Directors and officers held quite a lengthy discussion as to the best means of keeping up the interest of the Association, and to ask the assistance of the sporting papers in their behalf.

The secretary was instructed to prepare a circular letter to send out to the clubs, urging them to join the Association, and assist in every way to make the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association one of the best it has ever had. G. F. SIMMONS, Sec'y-Treas.

Deer Plentiful in Muskoka.

TORONTO, Sept. 11—"The prospects for deer this fall are very promising," said Deputy Game Warden Lawrence, of Muskoka this morning. "There never was such a good outlook. Never before have so many deer been seen at this time in the year." The Ontario Government is anticipating a large increase in the number of hunters in the region, and has decided to increase the staff of officials in the district.

Golden Plover at Barnegat.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to query of Sam'l J. Fort M. D., of Elliot City, Md. in the last issue of your valuable paper, would say that I shot a golden plover on the beach near Barnegat Bay inlet, on Sept. 20, 1897. The bird seemed very tired and was undoubtedly traveling south. I had the bird mounted.

ALBERT SCHOVERLING.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Game Laws in Brief."

THE current edition of the *Game Laws in Brief* (index page dated Aug. 1) contains the fish and game laws for 1897, with a few exceptions, as they will continue in force during the year. As about forty States and Provinces have amended their laws this year, the *Brief* has been practically done over new. Sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. on receipt of price, 25 cents. All dealers sell it

THEY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.

THERE seems to be a propensity in men to tell of what they have done. Fishermen talk of the fish they have caught, the sport they have had; hunters of the game they have shot, and the difficult shots they have made; scholars of the books they have read; mathematicians of the problems they have solved; and so on through the whole range of human occupation and human pleasure.

But no fisherman tells of the fish he didn't catch, of the sport he didn't have; no hunter of the game he didn't shoot, of the difficult shots he didn't make; no scholar of the books he hasn't read; no mathematician of the problems he hasn't solved. All our "tales told by the camp fire" may be indexed in Virgil's line, "All of which I saw, much of which I was."

I heard a fellow tell of shooting at a goose at 212yds., measured with a tape line, and shooting her square in the eye, with a muzzle-loading rifle, and swear he aimed at her eye. I'd have believed him if he hadn't put on the 12yds., or if he'd have made it 225yds. But that twelve has an air of exactitude that arouses one's incredulity. Just 36ft., you know.

I heard another tell of shooting two pheasants and a woodcock at one shot from a rifle with a single ball. Here the woodcock caused me to be a doubting Thomas. I'd have believed him if he'd left the woodcock out.

Last summer I heard of a fellow catching a 4lb. black bass, a 6lb. catfish, a 5lb. carp, and a big turtle, on a gang of hooks, at one and the same haul, with a Japanese cane pole and without a reel. I'd have believed this, for I'm very credulous of fishing stories; but three things were in the way—he didn't give the weight of the turtle, he didn't tell what kind of a line he had, and he was so careful to tell us that he had no reel.

And so I might go on telling such things by the hour, but I don't want to do it. Life is too short, and your readers might think that I was drawing on my fancy for my facts. Let me tell you of a few things that I've failed to do, of a few shots I haven't made, and maybe somebody will join in in the same vein, and by and by you'll have a history of events of which we can only say, "They ought to have been."

Years ago, when a boy, I shot a muzzle-loading rifle, and was a good shot, too. One day I was out in the woods and saw a sitting rabbit not 20ft. away, pulled on his eye with a dead rest, the gun cracked and the rabbit ran as if he were scared to death. I had not touched hide nor hair of him. Why? I don't know; never did know.

Another time with the same gun and a friend who has long since "passed into the shadow," I was out after squirrels. We had several each, and were on our way home, when my friends remarked: "It's your shot, and yonder's a crow's nest. I've often got a squirrel by shooting through a crow's nest; try that one."

I glanced through the sights, the ball went true to its aim and passed through the nest, but no squirrel sprang from it. I've always thought I ought to have had that squirrel, that he ought to have been there, but he wasn't, nothing only an abandoned crow's nest, dead twigs, dried leaves, dust, ashes, disappointed hopes. Many a time since, when thinking over some visionary scheme, I have abandoned it as only another old crow's nest, which didn't need the waste of a shot to tell me that there was no squirrel in it. I was riding through the woods one day, not so many years ago, a Winchester lying across the pommel of my saddle, a .38 Winchester, with which both before and since I've broken glass balls from a trap, twenty straight, when a deer came bounding along, a five-spike buck, and stopped not 80yds. away, with its left side toward me. I think it didn't see me. I took up the gun, held my finger against the trigger to shut off its click as I cocked the weapon, aimed fair behind the shoulder, as easy a shot as man ever had. The gun cracked and the deer ran off untouched. He should have been shot through the heart. Buck fever? Oh, no; I don't get it. I've killed too many deer even to feel joyous over seeing one. Why did I miss? Call up the "Angel of the Odd" and interrogate him; maybe he can tell you; I cannot.

Early one morning in Missouri I was riding along a road over what had been a prairie, when at some distance ahead I heard the peculiar call of the prairie chicken, and presently came on them sitting on the rails of a worm fence. I had a .32 6in. Smith & Wesson revolver, one of the old pattern rim-fire long with square handle, "to go at a touch." I have it yet, and have often before and since the time in question fired its six bullets into a percussion-cap box at 80yds. I drew the pistol and fired at not more than 20ft. at the head of one of the birds, and missed. I discharged all the rounds in the weapon at that same bird, and the last shot fired at its body, but not a feather of the bird was touched. Who can account for such a thing? I can't.

Hunting quail once, "Bob Whites," you know, before breech-loaders had become common, I was using a 10-bore muzzle-loader, an excellent gun, well loaded, for I had loaded it myself, with 3¼dr. powder and 1¼oz. of No. 8 shot in each barrel. A large flock sprung up, in open ground; I pulled on them with the right and then the left, and not a quail fell. Why did I miss them? I killed others that day, far more difficult shots, but not one out of that flock fell at those two shots.

Only last season a gray squirrel sat on a limb not 20ft. high, and barked at me until I brought a Stevens' rifle to bear on him, a .25-bore, and he not 50ft. away. How could I miss him? The gun went off and so did the squirrel. I had not touched a hair of him. I don't know why I missed, and it will not do with me to say "Oh, you're a bad shot," because I know, and my friends know, that it is not the case.

Two or three years ago the wild geese were flying very low; I tried at the leader of a "drove" with a shotgun loaded with BB's, two barrels, in still air, and not a quill floated down the wind, not a single "hauk" to tell that my load had gone within many feet of the birds. There was no misjudging of distance, nor of the speed of their flight. I had simply missed, and that's all.

I could go on, page after page, of these experiences, but what's the use? Have others had similar things happen them? I guess so, but they don't tell them. Most men think there's nothing wonderful in a miss. But the man who knows that he can shoot, that the shot was "dead easy," and so on, not only thinks, but is willing to swear, that a miss is a wonderful thing. Why shouldn't he? He knows his gun, his ammunition, his distance, himself—and yet he has missed. Why shouldn't he think it wonderful?

Fishing—I'm not a fisherman—never was—and yet I distinctly remember working hard all day on the banks of a trout stream years and years ago, and while my brother caught many, yet not a single speckled beauty rewarded my efforts. I never caught a trout in my life, and "my days are in the sere, the yellow leaf." I'm too old and too heavy to tramp along the streams, and that will be another of the things that ought to have been. We used to fish for chubs and suckers and sunfish and little mudcats when I was a boy, along in the '50s and early '60s, and I was never a success. Fish would always take my brother's hook in preference to mine, though he had baited them both.

Once I remember he had been fishing alone, and on his return told me of a wonderful chub that he'd seen in a deep hole and had tried to catch, but had failed, and proposed that we go together next day and try to get this monster chub, which he averred must weigh at least 50lbs. Boys see things through magnifying glasses, you know. Next day we went. I can see that hole now, in my mind's eye, its clear waters, its grassy banks, but never more can I see it in fact, for it doesn't exist. It was formerly the tailrace of an old mill. The mill has been torn down, the race and the tailrace have been filled up, and where that "big hole" was, an embankment of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. is, and the wheels of commerce run above the banks on which we lay that day and fished for the monster chub. My brother caught several big ones—about 6in. long, but they looked big then—but they neglected my hook, as usual, and as I looked listlessly down the stream I saw a big bumblebee light on a thistle's purple flower. I went down and got the bumblebee, put it on my hook, and "threw in." There was a rush, a swirl of the waters, as I jerked out the monster chub, and there was a sudden plunge as the hook lost its hold, and the monster chub was lost to me forever. "You had him," said my brother; "but what bait had you?" "A bumblebee," I replied, "but I don't believe that fish weighs 50lbs."

"Yes, he does, and more too," was the reply; "why, if he didn't your hook would have held him. But I'm going off to get a bumblebee."

I lay on the grass and waited, for the excitement was gone. I knew that the monster chub was not for me. My brother returned with his bumblebee, and as he baited his hook I remarked: "Now, don't try to jerk that fish out at once, give a smart pull, to make sure your hook's well caught, and then you can get him, maybe."

"If he takes my hook I'll get him," was the answer, "if I'm strong enough to pull him out. But I never knew a fish to refuse nice, fat fish worms and bite at a bumblebee. Who told you about the bumblebee?"

"Nobody told me," said I, "I just saw that one I used light on the thistle and concluded I'd try him for bait."

My brother's hook struck the water, but the bee did not sink, as mine had, and he drew it back and again threw it in, suddenly an enormous fish form appeared, the bee vanished between a huge pair of capacious jaws, a giant tail twinkled for a moment in the air as the monster chub headed for his favorite haunts at the bottom. I heard the swish of the line as my brother struck, the peculiar sound of a large body drawn forcibly and quickly from deep water, and the monster chub lay on the grass at our feet, the victim of my brother's arts. I can see that fish yet, the biggest chub that I ever saw, he measured 16in. from tip of nose to tip of tail, and when cleaned for the table he weighed just 2lbs. I can hear our boyish expressions of delight as we surveyed his magnificent proportions, for there was never any jealousy between us, the triumph of one was that of the other; and it is so yet, thank God, though our hairs are turning gray, and we are, to say the least, elderly men. But the monster chub, I always thought, should have been mine. Don't you think so? AMATEUR.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Delaware River Bass.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Philip F. Fulmer records a bass—presumably a black bass—caught in the Delaware River by Mr. J. D. Jais, at Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa., which weighed 6lbs. 12oz. So far the statement seems good and the bass was a good one; but when he says that the fish measured 26in., it seems to be a long one for the weight. As I know, big—and consequently old—black bass, they do not grow much in length, but increase greatly in depth and thickness; in fact, take on Aldermanic proportions. I should think 20in. sufficient for a fish of that weight, measuring it as anglers do, "over all," which is really incorrect, because the caudal fin has no more right to be included in the length of a fish's body than the dorsal and anal fins have to be reckoned in its depth. All scientists measure the length of a fish only as far as its body extends, and that is the correct way, because the tail fin is not entitled to be included in the length any more than the other fins are part of its depth—but anglers have always so measured fish and probably always will so measure them.

Taking Mr. Fulmer's measure of 26in., as an angler's measure of caudal fin and all, it seems to me that a 26in. black bass should weigh about 15lbs., that is, if it was as well-fed, deep, and had the breadth of beam of the average big black bass. Perhaps the figures are wrong; perhaps my notions of weight and proportions are wrong. Who can say? KEGO-E-KAY.

Are Salt-Water Angler's Selfish?

JUST why it is that salt-water fishermen are so quiet in reporting success. I have often wondered. I sometimes think there is something in the idea I once heard Prof. Baird advance, that constant association with salt-water fishing makes a man reticent on his success from selfish motives.

H.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

LVII.—Thaddeus Norris.

WHEN I bought a farm near Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., in 1868, to begin raising trout, I also bought a book entitled: "American Fish Culture," which was published in that year by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, and the author was Thaddeus Norris. Just who he might be, or what he might know of the subject, I did not know, but it was the first publication of its kind that I had heard of, and I bought it. It has little value to the fishculturist to-day, but it gave all that was then known about breeding trout, salmon, oysters and other things, and yet I had much to learn. I do not think he said so in the book, but at that time he had gone into trout breeding at Bloomsbury, N. J., had tried it a year or two and sold out to Dr. J. H. Slack, who ran the place until he died, some five or six years later.

In September, 1878 I was called to Washington to consult with Prof. Baird, the United States Fish Commissioner, and there I met Mr. Norris, and we struck up a friendship which lasted until he died. I was then forty and he was sixty-two. He was a lovable old man whom many people called Uncle Thad, and I soon dropped into the habit of so addressing him. Business over, he said: "Freddy, I'm going down to Betterton to fish for perch, and I'd like to have you go with me. Will you do it?"

"Where's Betterton?"

"I think there is a previous question before the House. Let us finish one at a time. The question is: Will you go?"

"Yes."

"Well, now that we have settled that, the next thing is to take up your question. Betterton is in Kent county, Md., and is a paradise for the ang'er who is contented to fish for white perch. It is not on the map, has no post-office, and therefore we can rest assured that we can't be called home by the demands of either family or business. There is no village of Betterton, only a few scattered farmhouses, and unless I am greatly mistaken it is a place that would just suit such a quiet, easy-going fellow as I take you to be."

"No railroad whistles, umbrella menders, steamboat nor church bells to destroy a morning nap?"

"Nothing of the kind, my boy, the place is on the eastern shore. At the upper end of Chesapeake Bay is the confluence of the Susquehanna, Northeast, Elk and Sassafras rivers, all within sight, and a grand sight it is over the upper end of the bay, and Betterton is about a mile below the mouth of the Sassafras. So much for geography. Anything else?"

"Not a thing. You've asked me to go to Betterton with you and I am your guest. I haven't the slightest curiosity how we are to get there, whether we walk, row, sail or swim. I did not bring any fishing tackle, but can easily get what will be needed for white perch. I suppose none of them weigh over 100lbs."

"No, there is a law which limits their size, but you'll find 'em up to the limit. Come up and stop with me in Philadelphia to-night and give no thought to fishing tackle or other thing, we will talk fish until bed-time and possibly dream of them before morning."

That night one of the most lovable of men spread his heart wide open and captivated me. When I was a young man I was fond of the society of some older ones, and I say "some" advisedly, now that I have had my hair bleached and am posing as a blonde, a condition which I insist is not due to "peroxide," or any other preparation, but has been brought about solely by Anno Domini, which you can't buy ina drug store. I find that I like boys, that is, if they are the kind of boys which I like. There's just as much difference in boys as there is in dogs: some wouldn't have you like 'em under any circumstances, and as for old men, they are boys who have been boiled down and all their traits intensified. A disagreeable boy will grow into ——. Pardon me, we were going fishing.

We took an Ericsson steamer somewhere above Chestnut street, Philadelphia, about 4 P. M., and went through the canal from Delaware City to Chesapeake City, down the Elk River and into the bay, reaching Betterton at the uncomfortable hour of 4 A. M. Neither of us grumbled, we made light of having to turn out at that time; and now, while writing this sketch, nearly a quarter of a century later, and with an experience as much riper, it seems to me that "Uncle Thad" and I had the one common trait of accepting whatever came to us without grumbling.

As old Nessmuk said, "Bismillah, it is well!" Others say, "Kismet, it is fate!" And in these sayings lie all the philosophy contained in that scriptural warning which says that it is "no use to kick against the pricks." Resignation to the inevitable has preserved my life where others have died. Norris had the same turn of thought, and as we walked up from the landing to the house where we were to stop, he said: "The only thing I prefer to getting out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning is sitting up all night."

I remarked that I would prefer sitting up two nights; but we had not far to walk. Our host, Mr. Thomas Crew, was astir, as is the custom of farmers and dwellers in the country, and we entered his hospitable home, lay down and had our sleep out, because Crew said the tide would be about right four hours later. About 8 o'clock we had finished breakfast and were sailing away to the perch grounds, some two miles distant, with young Jim Crew as captain as well as crew. There were some other boats there, and more came later, making eleven in all, and about fifty anglers. As we anchored, Jim pulled out a half-bushel basket of peaches, and such peaches! I realized that we were right where peaches grow in both quantity and excellence. The tide ran from two to three miles an hour that day, the ebb being strongest. The average depth of the water was 30ft. We used 9ft. bass rods, with multiplying reels and a dipsy of 2oz wire to keep two hooks on short snells apart, and a sinker hangs at proper depth below. It is said to be a corruption of "deep sea," but I never heard it east of New York, and rarely then, although the thing is sometimes used about New York Harbor, and called a "spreader." We used shedder crab and angleworms, the former being plenty and the latter scarce, owing to the lightness and dryness of the soil. Some of the anglers used clams and shrimp.

Our largest perch that day weighed 18oz., the average was perhaps less than half that weight. Capt Jim did not fish, and we two filled three peach baskets with such good measure that they ran over. Perhaps we counted them, but I don't remember. From conversation with the men in other boats we estimated the catch of the entire party that day at 6,000 white perch, besides a few other fishes, and Jim said it was not a very good day for perch.

Filled to overflowing with humor, Uncle Thad was as charming a man as one could wish for on a month's trip. His specialty was the songs of the plantation darky and stories of him in a most perfect dialect. He was past middle age and not strong nor active, but bright as a button. His "American Angler's Book" was the first good American book on angling. It treated of native fishes and methods of fishing, while all other fishing books up to that time were rehashes of English publications. It was first published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, in 1864, who printed two editions. Of the last, Porter & Coates bought 699 copies in 1865, with all the plates and issued an edition with their imprint. This was a volume of 692 pages, and the only edition I have. The latter firm printed editions in 1881, 1886 and 1891, each being of 250 copies. In the last three editions there is an excellent obituary notice, written by his friend Mr. Joseph B Townsend. My volume is well thumbed, for I still delight in the quaint stories in which he embodies information, especially in those charming pages which he calls "Dies Piscatoriæ." If any man is entitled to be called 'The American Walton" it is Thaddeus Norris. His book may not be read by scholars who regard Walton as an English classic to be studied by non-anglers as a choice bit of literature, but it can be read with pleasure by anyone who appreciates clean humor, even if he cares nothing about fishing. Some years ago it was proposed that I should edit "The American Angler's Book," but business forbid. I am indebted for many of the above facts and dates to Mr. J. B. Townsend, Jr., of Philadelphia.

The winter of 1875-76 I spent at Lexington, Va., quartered in the Military Institute, together with my assistant, Mr. Wm. F Page, now a well known fishculturist; and I ran down to Richmond and met Uncle Thad by appointment, and tried to get him to go to Lynchburg to fish for pike with my friend Capt Jack Yeatman, of that city, who was an excellent angler, and had a rod that I wanted Norris to see. It was a natural bamboo, carefully smoothed inside where the partitions had been, and the line was run through the inside of the cane. "This," said Capt. Jack, "puts the strain on all points, instead of a few, where the rings are." This idea has been put on the market since, but I have a notion that it is very hard on lines. Time did not permit Mr. Norris to go there. He arranged with me to go to Philadelphia in the spring, and try to build an aquarium for the Centennial Exposition. I went, tried, and failed for want of financial support.

That summer it was my custom to visit Uncle Thad in his home on Logan square every Tuesday evening, and we would go up into his workshop where the justly celebrated "Norris split-bamboo rods" were made, and often talk until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal" If we talked of fishing, it was not of perch catching at Betterton, but of grander sport. We had both fished, but not in unison, with Dan Fitzhugh, of grayling memory, and our thoughts turned to that royal and generous angler. We would repeat some of Dan's stories; Uncle Thad would slap his knee and laugh until the tears came, and say: "Dan was a glo-o o-rious fell-low!" and then we gave a few moments of meditation to Dan.

In his "American Fishes," 1888, Prof. G. Brown Goode says, writing of the white perch: "In a single paragraph Mr. Norris, who, making no professions of scientific skill, has been one of our best observers of fishes, has given almost the only reliable information which has ever been collected regarding this species."

It so happened that the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences met at the corner of Logan square and Race street every Tuesday night, and we would often get a tip from Prof. Cope if the talk was to be about a lot of prehistoric fishes, mammals and birds, in a densely scientific manner in which we had no interest whatever, or whether the discourse was to be upon the fishes of to-day. In the latter case we often spent a profitable hour on many evenings.

I recall one of these meetings when a freshly killed fish was on the table and was to be the subject of the lecture. It was a salt water fish, which is not caught by ang'ers and is never in the markets. It is about 1ft long, heavy-bodied and triangular, the back being the apex; it has a greenish color, a body like jelly, and is covered with a thick skin on which are many tuberculous or spiny plates.

"What kind of a fish is that, Fred?"

"Well, Uncle Thad, that is a lumpsucker or lumpfish. Notice its build. It is so weak behind that it can't swim much, but see its ventral fins how they are modified into a sucking disk on its breast, whereby it can hold fast on a rock and let the tide bring food to its mouth."

"Don't you wish that you were that kind of a sucker? What did you say its name was?"

"Lump-sucker or lumpfish on our coast. In England it is called sea-owl, cock-padle, and it doesn't seem to mind what they call it, at least it never resents these names. That's all I know about the fish."

"Then you don't know what these musty old scientifs call this queer-looking beast?"

"Oh, yes; they call it *Cyclopterus lumpus*. I didn't knowyou were after that."

"Lumpus, lumpus; and they call the tomcod *Microgadus tomcodus*, and one species of catfish *Ameiurus catus*. Now, honestly, my boy, don't you think we can make as good Latin as that? Well, well, it is lumpy, sure enough; but lumpus! Let's go back to the workshop and digest the scientific information we have obtained here to-night. If we get more at one sitting we may not be able to assimilate it, and may not be able to retain what we have learned."

There were banjos in those days. They are rare now. They have put frets on them and made them merely guitars with a calf-skin head, on which can be played operatic music, but not real banjo music, which in these degenerate days is called "rag time." Just as negro minstrelsy has decayed, because of the abandonment of the "plantation" darky, so has our national instrument been evoluted into a nondescript thing which has lost its individuality. Possibly this is because the abolition of slavery has divested the negro of a certain interest as a character to be sketched.

Uncle Thad's banjo had a serious fracture in the cranium. Mine was in a trunk in storage, but he had to have it got out in order to properly recite the mishaps of "Johnny Booker," "Uncle Gabriel," and other epics. Our national instrument had no frets upon it, nor additional strings to play difficult marches and operas; in fact, it was a banjo, and not a hybrid guitar and mandolin; and was just suited to the simple plantation melodies. Bless you, they can't play "ragtime" on what is called a banjo to-day. As I write I glance at my old-timer on the wall—which is always kept strung—and it brings back the night when Uncle Thad took it and sung:

"In eighteen hundred an' twenty-nine
I hung my banjo on a vine,
De banjo dropped upon de groun',
An' banjos grew up all aroun'."

Or:

"Ole Massa an' Missus promise me
Dat w'en dey'd die dey'd set me free,
But now dey bofe am dead an' gone
An' lef' ole Sambo hoein' de cawn."

One night after the old man had finished 'Dandy Jim," I said: "Uncle Thad, once I attended a dance down in Texas and was greatly interested in the orchestra, which consisted of only two pieces—a fiddle and a boot; both were good in their way, and if the dancers missed the fiddle when conversation was loudest, the boot heel gave them the correct time. I have noticed that in your enthusiasm you have emphasized

THADDEUS NORRIS.

certain crescendo passages with your heel, which might offend any musical ear which was trying to sleep on the floor below."

"I think you are right in this matter," he said, "where the orchestra consists of a banjo and a boot, the latter should subordinate its tones or be abolished entirely. Perhaps the banjo should be hung up until next Tuesday night and I'll tell you how Fish Commissioner Reeder, of this State, had his nose sunburned. Do you know H J. Reeder?"

"Very well. Met him when his father was Governor of Kansas, and since that time he has been a fish commissioner and I have met him frequently and have had much correspondence with him. We've all had our noses burned, blistered and peeled by the sun. Was Reeder's nose an exception in any way?"

"No," said the veteran angler, "it was as susceptible to the influence of the sun as a Maryland peach, and that's the point. I made some verses on it to an original meter, I'll read 'em:

'The shades of night were falling fast.'"

"Yes, that is original, and grand! How on earth did you ever come to think in that direction?"

"Never mind about the applause until the curtain is about to descend, and please do not interrupt again until this lyric is finished."

"Go on!"

"The shades of night were falling fast."

"Yes, you remarked that before, the window shades were being pulled down."

"As o'er the Bel. Del. Road there passed
A sun-burned nose, with face attached,
That had been to the South dispatched
For catfish!

"Neath forehead high and yaller hair
Was a Grecian nose and complexion fair,
A bright blue eye and curled up lash,
And he ever kept shouting through his mustache:
'Oh, catfish!'

"'Oh, don't go out,' quoth Howard, 'stop!
It's awful hot where the white-caps hop;
You'll burn your nose on the upper side,'
But the ghastly fisherman still replied:
'More catfish!'

"The boat at length came up to land,
With a sun-burned nose, a line cut hand,
And a barrel of fish bought for a price;
Says the nose-burned man, 'they're remarkably nice,
Fresh catfish!'

"Now, young man, be warned by me,
If ever again you go to sea,
Bear this painful burn in mind
And leave your tender nose behind,
For catfish!"

Tears as big as goose eggs came to my eyes as I grasped the poet's hand, and asked his pardon if the ceiling below should fall on account of my tears; I'm so easily affected. When he handed me the paper I pocketed the poem in order to give it to an appreciative world, which his modesty forbade him to do.

The workshop of Uncle Thad, I love to call him so, differed from that of the rod-maker of to-day. The latter has his ferrules drawn by an expert, who perhaps draws tubes for microscopes and telescopes; and they fit throughout the whole length, and never throw apart. In Uncle Thad's day, and he was abreast of the times in rod-making, if not ahead of it, he made his ferrules by hand and brazed them, afterward smoothing them with flat files, grinding them together with emery powder and oil, and then burnished them in a lathe.

I handled many of his rods, and wanted one. I feared to tell him so, because the notion might occur to him to give me one; so I had a friend buy a rod for me, and I used it several years, its value increasing each season, until it was stolen from me in a car while returning from a fishing trip.

If I had used that rod until it was "superannuated" it would be in an honored place on my wall in company with a pair of buffalo horns from the only buffalo I ever killed, a pair of snowshoes worn in Wisconsin in 1856, a banjo made by my own hands, and a sword which I wore in the early 60s, which was "Held by the Enemy," as the title of a play goes, for over a quarter of a century.

In the day on which things happen they are merely incidents which are not forgotten, but laid aside as trifles. Half a century later, or even half of that, they assume an importance which is surprising. An instance of this is my reminiscence of perch fishing at Betterton. There was nothing of importance to record; but the lapse of time serves to figure "Uncle Thad" Norris in a strong light, and to bring up the man so that I can attempt to sketch him in a manner that will interest people who never knew him. The photograph which is here reproduced was apparently made from a painting of Mr. Norris when he was nearing middle age, and is the only one I have been able to get.

Thaddeus Norris was born near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., in 1811, and moved to Philadelphia about 1835, where he resided until his death, which occurred on April 11, 1877. A widow, two sons and two daughters survived him.

An incident occurred which illustrates his dry humor. We were looking at some fish in the tanks at the Centennial Exposition, when a noisy sort of fellow introduced himself to Mr. Norris as "a brother of the angle," and after a long recital of his exploits, said: "Yes, Mr. Norris, I'm the boss fisherman of western Pennsylvania, and I can catch more fish than any one I ever met."

"I am always pleased to meet a thorough angler," said Uncle Thad, very seriously. "I suppose you fish with the fly?"

"Always, Mr. Norris; always."

"Always rig the line properly with a float and sinker?"

"Oh, yes, always use the float and sinker."

"That's right; I see that you are really an expert angler, and I am glad to know you."

Mr. Norris never smiled, nor did his eye change when it met mine, and the man suspected nothing. After the man departed Uncle Thad said: "I often meet such men, and I sized him up for a man who knew nothing of fly-fishing and would need a float and sinker if he tried to cast a fly."

Genial Uncle Thad! When I read of his death the words came upon me "like the falling of a great oak in the stillness of the woods."

FRED MATHER.

UNIFORM PROTECTION OF FOOD FISH.

A paper read by Dr. Bashrod W. James, of Philadelphia, before the American Fisheries Society.

THE extended superficial area of the United States, with its waterways permeating far into the interior, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, warrants the protection of these streams to prevent the annihilation of the fish, as well as for their extended propagation and growth, as very great values may be obtained in a few years by the operation of judicious and well-considered legal enactments for the protection of the streams in which the fish are placed when very young, and for clearing and keeping clear these streams from all devices which tend to the capture of the fish before they have had opportunity of spawning in the waters which they frequent.

Most of the States into which streams enter from the ocean have already passed laws looking to this need, and New Jersey and Pennsylvania, being border States of the Delaware River, many years ago entered into a compact to protect the stream in this manner, and keep it an open waterway or highway, and as a result the money value of the fish caught in that river is increasing annually many thousands of dollars. The Susquehanna, which passes through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, has not as yet received the ample protective laws needed, and the result is that the money value of the food taken in the way of fish from that stream has been at a standstill for years and, in fact, has been diminishing in value.

The Delaware River rises well up in the interior of the State of New York, so that we have the States of Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York all interested in this valuable waterway. What is said of this Eastern stream might be said of Western rivers flowing into the Pacific Ocean, and we might likewise add the great aqueous artery of the continent, the Mississippi, and its branches, which, no doubt, might contain many million dollars' worth more of food fish than they now do; and yet, each State having the right to make fish protective laws, might find the laws quite annulled by other States through whose borders the streams pass, the more northern States being at the mercy of those far down the river whose laws are not enforced, and where money can be made by catching food fish in great numbers for the market, to their probable annihilation in a few years.

We could hardly expect in the rapidly flowing streams of the mountain regions of the far West to successfully protect a very great variety of the food fish, but even those should be thoroughly protected by adequate statutes by the Legislatures of the States through which these mountain streams run. Many lakes, however, occur in some of these States, even in the mountain sections. These should be protected, and not only that, but they should be stocked with the best varieties of edible fish, and of the kind that will not destroy their companions.

This condition of things existing in almost every State of the Union, it will readily be seen how great the need is for uniform laws for food protection throughout the entire country.

I would here urge that this national society, composed of Fish Commissioners and members from the various States all over the country, consider well this subject of legislative action to this end.

The resolution we adopted last year, aiming at the harmonious action of each State with its neighbor in the interests of general propagation and protection, was in the right direction, and any action from that committee should be supplemented by a general support on the part of the American Fisheries Society.

I do not mean to exclude the interests of the Great Lakes during the past few years for propagation purposes, and with partially good results; but they can never carry out the full intent of those who have the general good of the community at stake in this matter of supplying a most valuable and delectable form of diet for the towns and cities where a market can be had for this form of food.

Good laws should be enacted all along the Great Lake bordering States, and they should be thoroughly enforced and a rigid observance of them continually maintained; and under no circumstances should the small fish be caught before they are of a size to have spawned at least once.

By this method an amply sufficient supply of growing fish would constantly fill the waters of the Great Lakes along our northern border. Canada should unite with the United States at all points to help fill the lakes along her shores, and by this mutual action her revenue from this one source alone would be greatly increased, as well as that of our own States.

Nothing but good can be obtained from a uniform, harmonious protection maintaining all interests in this way. In this age the depredating, contentious, "grasp-all-you-can" principle should be relegated to oblivion, and unity of purpose will redound to the mutual advantage of all parties living along the borders of these great international highways and receptacles for food fish supplies. Kindness and mutual reciprocity usually work to the advantage and interest of all parties concerned; and in this matter, if in no other article of commerce, we should aim to obtain these uniform concessions on the part of all States and countries adjoining each other.

In regard to uniformity of laws for the streams running into the interior of the country from the large sea, lake or gulf areas, I believe that the United States Government should formulate a protective plan of extending not only over the commercial end of the streams, but that laws protecting the tributary divisions of those streams should be passed, and the enactments kept fully operative. I maintain that there is strong ground for governmental supervision of these waterways, inasmuch as the local laws of one individual State cannot be enforced in the adjacent commonwealths; and the great difficulty which has existed, and which it is almost impossible to overcome, as to how these various State enactments can be made entirely harmonious and uniform, it seems quite a necessity to resort to the method of Interstate protection by national enactment, and especially over all the national waterways.

I would like to impress this point still more forcibly from another standpoint, and that is that it is the duty of the Government to do all in its power to advance the interests of the citizens of the United States and enact laws which will be for their general good, and add to the prosperity of the country. The addition of many million dollars' worth of food in this shape to the country is certainly not only laudable, but it is quite important for the Government to provide this increase of provisions, and the increased value which would thereby be secured.

These laws should be enacted at a very early day likewise, because of the reckless impoverishment which is going on all over the country, in this, as well as in various directions, such as forestry interests and the valuable land grants which the government and the people have so lavishly turned into the hands of reckless speculators.

It is not too late to reform this matter, and measures should at once be instituted for the uniform codification and adoption of the best laws that can be thought out and worked out upon this interesting, important and urgent question.

THE MAINE TROUT SEASON.

BOSTON, Oct. 2.—The Maine fishing season has closed, and on the whole it has been a most remarkable one, with much high water and consequent good sport, holding out remarkably late. Still the month of September was poor in most waters, barring a few of the more distant and inaccessible lakes and streams. Small trout were freely taken on the fly late in August and early in September on the more distant waters of the Rangeleys and Aroostook county. But later in September—and in fact up to the close—the fishing was very poor. Mr. J. D. Kinsley is out from his fall trip to the Rangeleys. He found the fishing generally poor, with many a sportsman scarcely getting a fish. Still Mr. Parish, of Connecticut, had most remarkable luck at the Upper Dam, landing a trout of 9½lbs. late in September, and a landlocked salmon of 9lbs., both on the fly. The fish were taken from the pool. Mr. Michael H. Curley is out from quite an extended tour of the Rangeley waters, where he found the fishing rather slim, except at Kennebago, where he had good sport with small trout.

A later report from the Upper Dam is handed me by a gentleman who does not care to have his name mentioned, doubtless because he was there and really got hold of a big fellow, "at least 2ft. long;" but alas for the leader! It parted at the first great strain of the big trout, and he is left there to breed.

RECORD OF THE LAST THREE DAYS OF THE SEASON OF 1897, AT UPPER DAM, ME

Sept. 28—Caught by S. C. Pease.....One trout weighing 5lbs. 8oz.
Sept. 28—Caught by S. C. Pease.....One trout weighing 5lbs. 7oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by J. C. Dougherty...One trout weighing 7lbs 6oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by W. J. Farquar.....One trout weighing 6lbs. 1oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by A. G. Frost.....One trout weighing 4lbs. 3oz.
Sept. 29—Caught by J. C. Dougherty...One trout weighing 6lbs.
Sept. 30—Caught by J. C. Dougherty...One trout weighing 5lbs. 12oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by J. C. Dougherty...One trout weighing 4lbs. 8oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by J. Lynch.....One trout weighing 3lbs. 6oz.
Sept. 31—Caught by R. A. Parish.....One trout weighing 3lbs. 4oz.
Sept. 30—Caught by R. A. Parish.....One trout weighing 6lbs. 12oz.

A total weight of 66½lbs. in three days, by six fly-fishermen; average weight, 5lbs. 3oz.

Mr. Parish seems to have carried off the pennant for the season of 1897. He is greatly charmed with the Pool at the Upper Dam, and well he may be, for where in the wide world could another such a record have been made? It is all the more remarkable when it is considered that this wonderful pool is reached in only one day from Boston, since the opening of the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad, or in a day and a night from New York.

But the crack of the rifle is sounding in that section now, and the fish rods are put away. Mr. W. S. Bemis is out from that region with the first deer of the season, to come to Boston. I understand that he took it in the vicinity of Billy Soule's Camp, Cupsuptic Lake. He was absent from Boston only three days; going in Sept. 30, via. Rumford Falls and Bemis, and hunting Oct. 1, and home again Oct. 2.

A report from Bangor says that the woods above that part of the State were full of hunters on the night of Sept. 30, and that they commenced operations a 19 o'clock. I have not yet seen any deer from that section, though doubtless they will be here early this week. The new law has cut up and cut down the moose-hunting season, commencing Oct. 15, and closing Dec 1. The hunters will all be on the ground on the opening date. If the moose are not located beforehand, then I don't understand hunters.

Reports from Farmington and that region are not so pleasing. The hunting season has opened with plenty of game and hunters still more plenty. But one has made the old mistake; taken his friend for a deer and shot him dead, according to the daily papers.

SPECIAL.

NOTES FROM HEMLOCK LAKE.

MADAME and I are on our annual vacation at Comfort Cove Cottage, Hemlock Lake, N. Y., and we are more than ever convinced that September is the month of all in the twelve for real restful comfort at the Lake.

Having in middle life taken to the wheel as a sensible and healthful means of locomotion, we were entirely independent of horses and wagons and made our sixteen miles in excellent form, while our supplies were delivered free of expense at the barn opposite our cottage.

Our daily routine would not interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, being simply what all who have spent two weeks at a cottage by the lake have experienced, but there have been a few side issues that possibly may prove worth noting, being perhaps a little out of the ordinary.

All along the east side of the lake is an excellent road. In many places it is dug out of the steep banks and skirts the water's edge; again it winds through the woodland, shady and cool, but always in sight of the water. Every day we would cross to the barn take to our wheels and spin down this delightful highway. The precipitous nature of the shore prevents cultivation, and the hills are clothed with virgin forest clear to their tops. Grouse are abundant, and as we speed noiselessly along we never fail to get up from two to half a dozen in a four mile ride. In my palmiest schooling days I never got so near these wary birds as in my rides along this road. Often I come on them feeding in the ditch, and it is interesting to watch them eye the strange machine stealing up on them before they break into flight. Again they will be seen dusting themselves in the middle of the track, and one can make quite a study of their form and color before discovery. All this suggests that knowing the tendency of the grouse to frequent wooded highways, won't some inventive genius arrange a scatter gun to carry on the handle bars, worked by the teeth perhaps, that will fill the air with shot and down the innocent bird before he knows an enemy is approaching?

—I have often heard of squirrels swimming lakes and streams, but never until the other day did I see it myself. I was rowing down to the lumber camp after milk, when I saw something bobbing along in the water behind me. At first I thought it was a muskrat, but discovering my mistake stopped rowing and watched the little fellow make for the shore; he swam very swiftly, and as he leaped on the bank I saw it was a large gray squirrel; he paused on a log, looked

back coyly at me, flirted his tail in adieu and disappeared in the wood.

In going down the road one evening just before sunset I saw an exemplification of Mr. Hough's astral body. I was wheeling along a portion of the road cut out of the side hill and open to the lake. The sun was nearly down, its slanting beams flooding the water with glory. Glancing to my right, I saw clearly defined on the steep bank two shadowy wheelmen, one above the other, pedaling along beside me. I called to my wife, and being assured that she saw the same phenomena, I thought of E. Hough and theosophy, and —bosh!

We have been very fortunate this year in having for neighbors in a deserted cottage but a gunshot away, a gentleman and his two sons, who are fishermen "from 'way back." They bring us daily, pickerel, pike-perch and bass until we are surfeited, and we send home fine fellows, and get the reputation of being what we are not. One lovely day just after dinner we shut the doors and mounting our wheels struck out into the country, over roads we had never traveled. It seemed like spinning through fairyland. Nor was the idea dispelled when we came to the great, comfortable farmhouse of a cousin, where a warm welcome and a splendid supper awaited us. Here we tarried all night, and in the morning wheeled over to another cousin's, a veritable Sir Roger de Coverly, eighty-two years of age, of whom I hope to write some time—whose yards, although thronged with picturesque hop-pickers and the whole household busy as bees, still had time to sit down with his hospitable wife and bid us welcome. We were at the cottage again at 4 P. M., vowing this little side issue the pleasantest of all.

The Rochester Water-Works people have acquired a large amount of shore rights at Hemlock Lake, but a great many cottages still remain. So long as visitors to these cottages comply with the simple requirements of the water-works people, none of which are beyond the pale of decency and cleanliness, no one will be interfered with. The company have broken up the excursion, hotel and picnic business, and that seems to be all they desire. So for a quiet outing your correspondent sincerely hopes that Hemlock Lake may be his Mecca for many years. H. W. D. L.

COMFORT COVE COTTAGE, Hemlock Lake, N. Y., Sept., 1897.

MEMORIES OF THE MERRIMAC VALLEY.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your correspondents, a few weeks since, speaks of catching some fine trout in a brook long since supposed to be depopulated, within fifteen or twenty miles of Boston, and it has recalled to me memories of some such brooks, not quite so near, perhaps, which had good trout in them fifty years ago, but which were known only to a few, and the secret of which was jealously guarded. They were in the towns of Tewksbury, Billerica and Wilmington, and were affluents of the Merrimac River, in former days one of the most fertile streams of any in New England for all the varieties of the *Salmonidæ*. These brooks were known to a few old anglers in Lowell, when I went there in 1841, fresh from the New Hampshire trout streams, but I never could find out just where they were.

Robert Butcher, a skilled English angler, who has charge of the finishing department of the Merrimac Print Works; Chas. Leighton, the overseer of the packing room, and Grosvenor Buttrick, commonly called Grove, one of the master mechanics in the Lowell machine shop, knew them and used to get some good trout out of them every season, but the youngsters were never let into the secret of the locality.

I remember Leighton bringing home a 3lb. trout one day, which he said he caught in a brook in Pepperell, Mass., which emptied into the Nashua River, and that into the Merrimac, and this brings me back to my statement of the wonderful fertility of the Merrimac River and all its tributaries, in all the varieties of the trout and salmon family. All these streams come direct from the granite hills of New Hampshire, and are usually as limpid and clear as crystal, and while within my recollection the salmon went freely up the river until they came to the dam at Lowell, for I have eaten salmon at Lowell caught in the Merrimac the same morning—all the tributaries and feeders were full of trout, which were to be taken at the very mouths of the brooks where they discharged into the river. Here on the Connecticut the case is different. The long, broad stretches of "intervale" or meadow land next the river make the brooks still and sluggish when they are reached, and I have never found it worth while to fish a brook clean down, but on the Merrimac the last few rods are often a set of rapids, and I have taken the biggest trout of the day in such a rapid the very last thing.

As I said, "we youngsters" were never initiated into the homes of "the big fellows"; but during my six years' residence in Lowell, I found a few small brooks quite near at hand, where I could get small trout every spring, though I usually reserved my fun for my annual fortnight's vacation, the last of May or the first of June, when I came up home and spent most of my time on my old tramping grounds.

In 1848 I went down to help build the new city of Lawrence, and I found one brook "right in the limits" (where it is all built over now), and still another down on the Haverhill road, the north side of the river. I remember one day's outing from Lowell up into the town of Litchfield, N. H., just over the State line, to what has always been celebrated as "the Brickyard brook."

In a sketch of "A Day on Bear Brook," a few weeks since, I spoke of some of my Lowell friends coming up to Hooksett, N. H., and having great success, and as it happened the chances and changes of life planted me for a few years in Manchester, N. H., in 1858, and it was not long before I made the acquaintance of a number of good brooks in the immediate vicinity of that growing and thriving city. My first visit to one of them, the Bowman Brook, not three miles from the city, I well remember. It was a warm Saturday afternoon in early May, and after hitching our horse to the woodshed of an outlying district schoolhouse, my companion and guide and I struck the brook, which dove under the road within a few yards. My first cast was into the fall which the brook made into a culvert under the road, and was instantly rewarded by a trout a foot long, greatly to the astonishment of my companion, who was used to fishing in deep holes and quiet waters. We followed up the brook through an overflowed meadow, where we could sometimes only trace the channel by the little bushes which grew on the proper banks, and before nightfall I had a very nice basket. I afterward fished the same brook down from the same point with good success, and found three or four more good brooks in the immediate vicinity of the city, one of which, the Dawah, I often visited a dozen years later in company with your correspondent, Mr. W. W. Colburn, of Springfield, Mass., then the principal of the High School at Manchester.

Then came the troublous times of the war, and I did not have much chance for angling; but there was a time when there was a coal famine in New England, and the large manufacturing concern of which I was manager had to burn wood under their boilers, and I was obliged to go out into the country every spring to inspect lots of wood which had been cut the previous winter and piled where it lay. These trips took me up the valley of the Piscataquog, a tributary which falls into the Merrimac at West Manchester, through the towns of Goffstown, Weare, Dearing and New Boston, as far as Francestown and Lyndeborough, and I always started early and took my fishing tackle and a lunch along, so as to get in a full day's work of some kind. I found plenty of trout streams and plenty of trout in them, and I think the Hon. John M. Parker, of Goffstown, ex-State Senator, member of the Council, etc., etc., will recall one memorable day on the headwaters of the Piscataquog, when he took the main stream up into Weare, while I followed up a branch into Lyndeborough, and both of us filled our baskets. We had several other good days together on other branches of the stream.

In '65 I left Manchester for some years, returning in '71, and then Mr. Colburn and I "took to water" together, and still later my youngest son, Rob, came in as a pupil, and he afterward joined me in several trips up to Plymouth and Waterville. I will not take up time in further enumeration. Whittier made "Babboosac Brook," not far west of Manchester, famous in the "Bridal of Penacook," and I will only say that the Valley of the Merrimac, as I have known it, and as it may be again by careful stocking, is one of the finest natural trout regions in New England. VON W.

FLORIDIAN AND TURTLE.

FOREST AND STREAM reasons well when it declares that our wholesale destruction of turtle eggs must cease or the "ocean hen" will soon be unknown along the Florida coast. But it mistakes the name of the beast. The green turtle is only found in Florida waters during the winter, and does not habitually trust its eggs to our sand. The loggerhead and hawksbill or turnback are our familiar varieties. And the slaughter is not confined to their eggs. The layers themselves are butchered for a dish of soup, and the greater part of the huge carcass is wasted. What can be done?

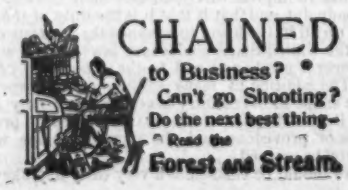
The Turtle: "PLEASE TAKE ME IN, TOO.
From the Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

The private owners of Cumberland Island, on the Georgia coast, forbid the slaughter of the turtle, and leave a reasonable percentage of the eggs to hatch. If so much should be done on the Government reservations along the coast, great good might be accomplished. And the State could easily supplement the work if more should be needed. For two months the turtle is helpless, and the butcher exerts neither labor nor skill. The flesh is not so delicate as that of its smaller brother, the green turtle, but as the latter disappears the sauces make up the difference between the two.

Our Florida turtles are of great value as a food supply, but if man joins the bear and the hog to destroy their nests, their day is not long in the earth or on the sea.—*Florida Times-Union and Citizen.*

The Furlough Lake Trespass Case.

THE case against Hiram and Aaron Graham for fishing trespass on Furlough Lake, on Mr. George J. Gould's preserve in the Catskills, was decided last week. The defense made the claim that as Furlough Lake had been stocked by the State, it was open to the public for fishing, but the plaintiff showed in rebuttal that the waters could not be reached except by trespass upon Mr. Gould's lands surrounding the lake. The jury found for the plaintiff in 6 cents damages.



The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 23.—Metropolitan Kennel Club's second annual show, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials, Barre, Mass.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 1.—New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 2.—Hoosier Beagle Club's inaugural trials, Indiana.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Central Beagle Club's trials, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Nov. 9.—Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials, Newton, N. C.

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Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.
Jan. 24.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials, Bakersfield, Cal.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—XIV.

To the novice, the manner in which a dog conducted his ranging would seem to be a simple matter, one which was deserving of but little consideration. It would seem that a dog would only need to gallop out and search for birds and, so that he kept on galloping, nothing more was required. In practice he will find that a dog may be a good galloper and, even in a section of country containing an abundance of birds, he may succeed in finding but few. Heels require brains and nose to supplement them.

The best ranger is the one which beats out the ground on both sides of the shooter, crossing from right to left and from left to right with intelligent regularity, governing his course by the nature of the ground. Let us assume that he is seeking quail. Bare or unpromising ground, such as plowed ground, closely grazed pasture land, etc., he skirts or avoids. In a favorable section of country the dog beats out the ground on the right and left of his handler, but with no strict observance of a regular range. He governs his efforts by the circumstances of the bird's habitat. He ranges from one likely place to another, and he skirts along at all times the stretches which in his judgment are the most promising for concealment to the birds. If birds are plentiful, he beats out a much less area than when they are scarce. He knows what is good feeding ground and the best time for finding them on it.

In the chicken country, that is, on the broad prairie, where there is but little difference of surface apparent to the untrained eye, the dog may not need to exercise so much good judgment in beating out his ground as he needs in seeking quail, but it is a mistake to assume that he does not need to range with good judgment nevertheless. The prairie has its undulations, its little watersheds, with their irregular network of coarser grasses, much coarser and of ranker growth than the grasses of the higher ground, and these places are the favorite haunts of the birds during the warm hours of the day. In the morning and evening, the favorite times of food seeking, they are to be found on the higher ground, where the growth is shorter and insect life more abundant, and in season on the grain fields.

Of two chicken dogs of equal ability in everything but knowledge of the bird's habits and habitat and judgment in ranging, both running together and each covering as wide a range as the other, the one with the better knowledge and judgment will find many more birds than his fellow.

The successful finder notes all the different conditions which are favorable or unfavorable to his seeking, and takes every advantage which may be of use in making a find; the other runs as fast and as wide, but over all parts of the prairie alike. The wise dog ranges much wider where birds are scarce than where they are plentiful.

Some chicken dogs, naturally intelligent and wise from long experience, rarely beat out a wheat stubble across and back; they skirt along the edge, going clear around it, using their noses carefully every moment of the time. If birds have gone in to feed, or, having fed, have run out into the grass, the dog is sure to cross the trail. Catching scent, it is but the work of a moment for him to follow it up and locate the birds. A skillful dog, after catching scent, will go to his birds with a quickness and directness which seem marvelous to those who have been accustomed to shoot over dogs of mediocre ability. Yet it has been shown in a prior paper that a dog may range well and still find but few birds; and this may be the result of functional dullness of the nose as an organ of scent, or from inattention to the practical use of it, though the dog may seem to beat out his ground with an earnest purpose to find.

To sum up as to what constitutes ideal ranging, the dog must possess a high order of intelligence. Before he can range in the best manner he must have had sufficient experience to learn what sections the birds prefer for a habitat, their habits and the peculiar devices they exercise to evade pursuit. Without such knowledge he may, apparently, range well, but he simply runs till he comes across birds. In a way, it is precisely the same knowledge that the shooter must also possess. Of two shooters, the one knowing what habitat the birds would seek and also knowing their habits, the other not knowing anything of these, no explanation is needed as to which would be the most successful. The intelligence which the shooter must exercise to make the gun a success, the dog must similarly exercise in behalf of his nose. The range should be bounded by the peculiarities of the section worked, and also, as to its width, should not be too wide with reference to the gun. The ground should be worked out with reasonable thoroughness; and as to that, what might be a thorough working of the ground by one dog might not be at all so when done by another, thus a dog with a very keen nose, which would command a wide scope, would thoroughly beat out a certain section in a manner which would be impossible for a dog with a dull nose to copy and do thoroughly. Whether the dog's range be wide or narrow, he should always adjust it with reference to the whereabouts and purposes of the gun.

In a close country he should not range so as to be out of sight any appreciable length of time, nor should he range too far on the prairie. If the dog is out of sight the shooter cannot know what he is doing, and if he points he is difficult to find; if he points a mile away on the prairie it is more of labor than of pleasure to go so far for a shot. In ranging at his best, the dog should take an easy, ranging gallop, one that he can maintain several hours in succession, or all day if he have the endurance. A dog which trots all day a few yards away from the shooter is but little better than no dog so far as quail and chicken shooting is concerned, and the one which runs furiously, extended to his utmost, for thirty minutes or an hour, then quits from exhaustion or from having enough, is no better, and in fact is not so good. When a dog is going at his utmost, it rarely happens that he is using his nose, and still rarer is it that he can use it if he tries, for from the great exertion and labored breathing which follows, the scenting powers are impaired for the time being and the dog is then said to be "off his nose." The same phenomena are exhibited by some dogs when they are greatly fatigued. They make many flushes and false-point frequently.

The general circumstances of good ranging now being

touched upon, the common variations of it and from it will next be considered. Nearly every dog has his own peculiar manner of ranging, and there are few indeed which have not some faults which are habitual, and many have a manner which is entirely faulty. No dog can perform in a manner higher than his intelligence will permit.

Having the knowledge of the habits of birds, and the ability to work out scents, the dog of inferior range will often excel the dog whose range is wide and superior in appearance. However, it is self-evident that of two dogs seeking for birds, the one which ranges wider than the other will have the more chances of finding them; and yet the wider ranger, if he is without the requisite knowledge aforementioned, may not be able to find more than a fraction of the birds in the area he works in. Here again comes in the distinction of finding birds and coming across them. The wide-ranging dog which trusts entirely to his heels, instead of to his heels and head, can run through a good bird country and make very few finds. This will explain why some wide-ranging dogs are so unsuccessful, while dogs of a lesser range succeed in finding better.

The most common examples of bad ranging are those wherein the dog takes his casts, be they long or short, out in any direction he first starts in, generally up or across wind, then turning and coming back directly to his handler on the same line on which he went out. On the return he in most instances uses his eyes to see where the shooter is and hurries straight to him. Thus in going out he may use his nose, but returning he does not attempt to use it, and if he did it would be wasted effort to use it on the ground which he has but just run over. Some dogs return to the shooter on their trail with almost perfect accuracy. A particularly annoying feature of this exceedingly faulty manner of ranging is where the dog habitually takes a cast in a straight line ahead of the shooter in the course in which he will walk. More then half of such dog's time and effort is wasted, for it takes him as long to return as it does to go out, and the ground, being worked in straight lines which cover so little of it, may appear to be worthless for hunting purposes when in fact they may contain birds in plenty. A dog which goes and returns in the same line seldom shows any intelligence in selecting his ground. He knows no difference between the best and the worst. He may point birds when he comes across them, as is sure to happen sooner or later in a bird country, for even the shooter will come across birds and walk up a bevy now and then.

As to such habit of ranging, the trainer can do but little to correct it. He can prevent the dog coming quite in as some will do, or from coming quite close in to heel to be ordered out again, and this by cracking the whip at him and ordering him to go on. If need be, he can stop him by receiving him with some earnest cuts of the whip if he comes within reach of it. If he learns that he will be received in such a hostile manner, he will stay away from his handler, which is some gain. If he should be a sulky brute in addition to being stupid in his ranging, he may quit work and loaf surlily, but it is not much loss, for casting out and in on the same lines is next to not casting at all.

If the dog have not "bird sense," that is to say, if he have not the intelligence and skill which go with correct methods of seeking, the trainer can do little for him in the way of improvement. As before remarked, the trainer cannot supply the brains which nature omitted. If a dog is a fool or erratic or naturally inefficient, he is likely to show its effects all his life, though in some cases experience and maturity make great improvement.

Another faulty manner of ranging is that wherein the dog, instead of turning onward and crossing well in front of his handler, turns back on the course, crossing behind his handler, and then perhaps crossing in front and taking a cast on again on the side he left but a moment before. Then there is the dog which beats out his ground entirely on one side of his handler. If called in and sent out on the unworked ground, he in a few moments is back on his favorite ground again, and there remains. Some dogs have the very annoying habit of working behind the shooter with more or less persistency and frequency. Some dogs work close, then take a very long cast without much purpose to it, return and settle into a narrow range till they feel inclined to take another long cast. Some dogs stay far out all the time, leaving the ground near the shooter practically unworked. Some dogs are industrious and never for a moment cease using their noses; others never for a moment use their noses till they flush the birds.

The wind is an important factor in ranging. All dogs work best when the shooter is going up wind. The dog can then beat across wind to and fro, and in his turns he can turn up wind, thus nearly always having the wind of the birds which are within the range of his nose. If the shooter is going down wind, the dog, though he can beat across wind as before, must turn down wind at the end of his casts, or, turning up wind, he crosses back over the ground he has already worked, making thus a loop at the end of his casts. Some dogs, when the shooter turns down wind, lose all ideas of intelligent range and go as it happens, though they may range well up wind. The shooter going across wind makes the most trying course for the dog to range to, for then if he range across the shooter he must go straight up or down wind. The wise dog—one of good sense and good experience—will range well to the gun whether the shooter's course is up, down or across wind, for he casts out far enough so that he has a good fling and works to the best advantage.

Quartering, as artificially enforced, is where the dog crosses to and fro in front of the shooter on parallel lines, and covers a strip of ground such as his speed will permit while keeping in front of the shooter. It is apparent that if he made his casts too wide, the shooter would walk faster than the dog could cut out his parallels. In this country, where the habitat of the birds is so irregular and where there is so much barren ground mixed in with what is fertile, and where intelligent effort is so much superior to set forms, the strict quartering part of ranging is not taught nor desired. In sections where the birds may be plentiful when sought by a dog ranging on his judgment, they would appear to be very scarce when sought by a dog which hunted in parallel lines across his handler's course.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

THE secretary of the club, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass., has issued the following invitation in a folder giving all necessary information, as follows:

The Brunswick Fur Club cordially invites you to take part in its ninth annual field trials, to be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 17.

Barre is on the Central Massachusetts Railroad. Sportsmen passing through Boston will take the cars at the Union Station.

The club headquarters will be at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be $1.50 per day for those who take a luncheon to the field; $5.00 per day for those who take dinner at the hotel. The trials will be judged by Messrs. S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass.; Stephen Decatur, Portsmouth, N. H.; Eugene Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; A. B. McGregor, Middleton, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The Derby, open to all hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 19. Entries close on Monday evening, Oct. 18. Fee to start, $2.00.

The All-Age Stake will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-22. Entries close on Tuesday evening Oct. 19. Fee to start, $3.00

The winner of the Derby will hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year, and receive the club medal. The winner of the All-Age Stake will hold the *American Field* Cup for one year, and receive the club medal. The Norton Q. Pope memorial cup will be awarded to the hound showing the best combined trailing, speed and driving, in the All-Age Stake, and will be held for one year. Silver Medals, donated by members of the club will be given to the first prize winners in the Hunting, speed and driving, trailing and endurance classes of the All-Age Stake. In addition to these special prizes, field trial certificates will be given to every hound winning a place in the Derby or the several classes of the All-Age Stake.

The trails are open to the world. All sportsmen will be heartily welcomed.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD TRIAL JUDGES—V.

THE mistakes, qualifications and labors of judges having been dwelt upon at some length in prior papers setting forth mostly what shouldn't be done, the manner in which a judge should conduct a trial will now be explained, and thus bring the matter to a conclusion.

First of all, the judge should never waver in his determination to be the judge. If there is any exhibition of a lack of self-confidence, it will be instantly detected by the competitors. They will chaff each other, one loudly proclaiming the excellence of his own dog and pointing out the defects of others in the competition, while the other handlers in turn retort in kind; and while ostensibly talking to each other they are talking at the judge.

A judge who is at all timorous, whether in respect to confidence in himself when assuming responsibility, or in respect to his proper knowledge of his subject, would better never accept the position at all. He will have the rules to enforce in conducting the competition and innumerable details to rule upon which are not governed by any written rules, but which in their settlement require good sense, a knowledge of usage in such matters, and a firmness of character. It is one of the peculiarities of life that timidity invites attack, and competitors are seldom backward to make what capital is possible from the judge's timidity or inefficiency. A "kick" is made on one ground or another, much to the disturbance of the judge's peace of mind and confusion of purpose.

The dogs being drawn to run, sufficient information has been given in preceding papers as to the proper manner of conducting the course and the selection of one which will give each brace a reasonably good part of the grounds, etc. Regardless of the time limit which some clubs deem necessary to adopt as a sop to competitors, the judge should run the dogs till he has reached something like a definite conclusion as to which dogs are meritorious enough to take into the second series. Some judges seem to interpret the thirty-minute limit as restricting the heat to thirty minutes, neither more nor less, whereas it is intended as a minimum, and the judge can run longer than the thirty minutes at his discretion.

It will now and then happen that, from a brace running in the midday hours, or from running through a section where there are no birds, the judge cannot satisfactorily determine the quality of the dogs. If he runs them on and on, he will run them to a standstill, and if he is running the dogs on ground where there are no birds and running in the midday hours, he knows that he is not giving them a fair trial as compared with other dogs which ran under more favorable conditions of time and birds; so he orders them up and takes them into the second series on the ground that they should have a further trial. Other dogs are brought into this series for superiority shown, therefore the judge can make up his second series of dogs which have shown superiority and ones which have not had a satisfactory trial as to ground, birds and time of day. Often it happens that under favorable conditions the unfinished heats can be determined in a few moments when the dogs have the desired opportunity to show what class of work they are capable of doing. On the other hand, dogs which have shown palpable inferiority should not be taken into the second series. It is a mistake on the part of a judge to take dogs into a higher series as a sop to the owners or as a bid for popularity with them, or as a way to placate those who are known to be kickers. There is only one true way to do the thing properly, and that is to do what is right without fear or favor of any one. If any owner later asks for information as to why a decision was made, it is well to give him the desired information; if he then seizes it as a ground for his kick, the better way then is to ask the kicker what he is going to do about it.

In taking dogs into the second series, the ones the judge rates as superior, he should be careful to select on the class of their work and not on any detail of work alone. For instance, an inferior might point three bevies within 300yds. inside of five minutes after starting, and the whole affair, aside from the mere act of pointing, might be an accident. That is, there were three bevies close together, which the dog couldn't help but find, whether he was seeking or not, and, on the other hand, a dog of high-class merit might have poor success in finding in a section of ground where there were very few birds. And yet to read that one dog found three bevies and the other found nine would on the bald statement indicate everything in favor of the dog which found. Thus it is always well to note whether work comes from accidental circumstance or from meritorious effort. A dog which is taken up into the higher series on the class of his work, will always repeat well. One taken in on the record of the details may repeat and may not, just as it happens. A judge who cannot judge of class will never be an accurate judge. Where a class is recognized everything works to a natural and definite conclusion. Where it is ignored, there is often the pitiful and ludicrous spectacle of a pottering, low class dog competing for first or winning first when there are high class dogs left in the stake.

When the final rounds are being run, it is particularly unwise to take in inferior dogs as a complimentary sop to owners, for the reason that such dogs may be lucky in abundance of opportunities, and thus may make a great showing from the accident of having such greater opportunities; then the judge finds himself in the embarrassing position of having dogs on his hands which he cannot drop without still further running of them.

Generally there are three or four dogs which are close competitors, or if there is one distinctly alone in merit for first, there are several which are close in merit for the other places. If the competition is handled skillfully, everything works to a natural and definite climax; if the judge, either from want of knowledge or a desire to please the gallery, runs the dogs by the natural climax, that is to say, if he runs them by the point where the competition is naturally concluded, the whole aspect changes. The accidents of time of day, favorable or unfavorable grounds and presence or absence of birds come into play, and the judge becomes confused. His decisions then are very much after the style of hit or miss.

The dogs in each series should be run long enough so that there is definite data established in making the selections of the best dogs. If the dogs are run exactly thirty minutes in each heat, the judge may not know much more about the relative superiority or inferiority of the dogs than he did before he began.

In conducting the trial he should know what to do, and, knowing it, he should insist on having it done. If he doesn't know, the best he can do is to drift along to some sort of a lucky or unlucky ending.

When he is judging, he should go along calmly 10 or 15yds. behind the handlers in the open, closer in the thickets, and under no circumstances of frantic calls of point should he permit himself to gallop furiously here and there. And yet this is a trick some judges, and new ones in particular, are much given to. Keep the handlers together. If they will separate, keep with the one who keeps the directed course. Let the other one go off by himself if he chooses to do so. If he cannot keep his dog to the course, it is an open confession that his dog is not broken, and as such he should suffer the penalty. When an order is given, no back talk should be tolerated. Judging dogs is not accomplished by debating matters with the handlers.

When a man reaches the point where he can judge correctly, fearlessly, and with the one test of what is right and just, it doesn't matter whether he is a pointer or a setter man.

ABOUT FUN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept 11 appeared a contribution from H. L. entitled "A Night in Texas," in which the correspondent fairly revels in the spectacle of a "bob cat as big as a calf" being chased to the death by a half-dozen hounds, who—after a "grim, and grand, and perfectly silent fight," at the termination of which, the cat, "on his back, and with the claws of both forefeet firmly fixed in poor Rummager's nose, and a big piece of one of Sultan's long ears in his mouth, gives up the battle"—are "too tired to worry and quarrel over his remains; but panting and exhausted, they lie down by his side, and the fun is over." Fun! That's the word that staggers me. Just where the laugh comes in I have, so far, been unable to determine; but I presume it must have been excruciatingly funny to those who witnessed the incident.

It was apparently the same kind of fun the savages used to enjoy when their scalped victims amused them with their agonizing cries while the merciless flames enwrapt their writhing forms; the same kind of fun—only more so—that the untaught urchin enjoys as he plucks the wings—then the legs—one by one, and finally the head, from a tiny house-fly; and much the same kind that makes the gore-bepuddled bull ring and kindred amusements interesting—but is not the class of fun, I think I am free to say, that is mostly appreciated by the majority of gentle-minded folks who make up the population of this enlightened country to-day.

Now, don't set me down as an uninformed tenderfoot, although I may be tender hearted—and not ashamed of it—for I am in a position to realize as much as any one the necessity of ridding a new country, for economical reasons, of the "varmint" which infest it; but it seems to me deplorable that any member of the great FOREST AND STREAM family should turn to the account of sport an accidental run of the hounds with its natural consequences and call it "fun."

If we who are constantly making such earnest efforts to imbue into the hearts of our fellow-men the soul-satisfying love of nature and her creatures, are to attain satisfactory results, it will be largely by the power of example; but such examples as this can never have aught but the opposite effect to that we so much desire.

It is bad enough to kill at all for sport; in fact, I personally don't consider it at all requisite that blood be spilled that the enjoyment of a day in my own beloved native mountains—far beyond Texas—be perfect. But if life must be taken, let it be with all possible mercy and no gloating over the death struggle. That has always been a sad moment to me and one I would wish to forget.

Brethren, be gentle. The more gentle you are, the more you'll find that your life, while

> * * * "Exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees,
> Sermons in stones,
> Books in the running brooks
> And good in everything."

LOUIS BENSON AKIN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In regard to the prospects of the E. F. T. C., Mr. S. C. Bradley, the secretary, writes us that "the members of the Eastern Field Trials Club are making a great effort to have their Members' Stake a big one and a good one. Four special prizes have been offered, and a silver cup has been subscribed for to be presented to the winner. One of the special prizes is to be a painting by Prof. Osthaus, which that genial sportsman and artist kindly offers to the first dog. That the stake will be a success is already assured, as in the neighborhood of twelve dogs have been promised as starters, with the chances in favor of three or four more additional, as all members have not been heard from as yet."

Under date of Sept. 28, the Canadian Kennel Club has issued the following circular letter:

"As you are doubtless aware, the Canadian Kennel Club at its annual meeting held on Sept. 9 last, decided to annul at the end of the required six months the agreement lately made with the American Kennel Club. The A. K. C. has waived its claim to this six months notice and has agreed to cancel the agreement immediately. This being the case the business of the Canadian Kennel Club will be at once resumed and registrations accepted from this date. The club looks for your support and trusts that the future will see the Canadian Kennel Club a strong national organization, combining the kennel interests of the whole wide Dominion."

H. B. DONOVAN.

Mr. H. B. Donovan, Secretary of the Canadian Kennel Club, by order of the president, has notified members that a meeting of the executive committee will be held at Queen's Hotel, Oct. 12, at 8 P. M.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 12-14.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

Oct. 13.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Sixth contest for the Recreation cup. E. A. Jackson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-20.—CHEROKEE, Ia.—First annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club. For amateurs only. Added money. A. W. Luehrs, Sec'y.

Oct. 19-21.—DAYTON, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Dayton Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds. "Cannot divide with professionals or manufacturers' agents."

Oct. 19-22.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Four days' tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. First two days, targets; last two days, live birds. $650 added money. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 20-23.—HUNTINGTON, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 26-28.—COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia.—Tournament under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett. $300 added. Programmes later.

Oct. 27-29.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Amateur tournament at the Des Moines Gun Club's park. $300 added. W. R Milner, Manager.

Oct. 29-30.—GRAND RAPIDS, Minn.—Tournament of the Itasca Gun Club. Dr. W. P. Brown, Sec'y.

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March 23-24.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Sixth annual Grand American Handicap. 25 birds, $25, birds extra; $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

On Saturday evening last, Oct. 2, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel invited a few friends to dine with him at the new café—La Rochelle—corner of Seventy fifth street and Columbus avenue, New York. The occasion was the opening of this front-rank café and restaurant by Mr. Haan, a friend of Capt. Dressel's, and a member of the Sportsmen's Association. Among the guests were: A. S. Williams, the well known press agent of Madison Square Garden; Capt. Money, Noel E. Money and H. Hawkins, of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O., representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; John J. Hallowell, Bethayres, Pa.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.; B. Leroy Woodward, Campello, Mass., now with the Remington Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., also with the same company; Ed Taylor (of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.), late of Cincinnati, but now, we are glad to say, of Jersey City, N. J.; C. C. Beveridge, of Fremont, Neb., but for some months past a resident of Newark, N. J., and the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM in an unofficial capacity. The dinner began at 8 and did not end until close upon 11 o'clock. During the three hours the *cuisine* of Mr. Haan's new venture underwent a thorough and satisfactory overhauling, interspersed with some beautiful selections from the Hungarian band that will perform there nightly.

Live blackbirds from five Mott traps on a windy day are quite a revelation. They have a variety of flight that is puzzling, sometimes skimming low over the ground, while at other times they tower like a black duck. They can change their course, too, so rapidly that anybody is liable to get fooled on them. Several hundreds were trapped at Elkwood Park on Saturday last, Oct. 2, and they caused ciphers to spring up on the score sheet far too rapidly for some people's conceit. Leander Campbell, the man in charge of the pigeon and blackbird coops at Elkwood Park, has a couple of thousands or so under his care now, and promises to be able to supply them until the new year comes in. Daly & Chanfrau also promise to hold a blackbird shoot once a week until the above date, and should the days chosen prove anything like Saturday last, barring the rain early in the morning, there should be a good attendance at these shoots, if ample notice is given. The sport is far less expensive than pigeon shooting, and has many features that recommend it strongly in preference to that branch of sport. Some of the features are: Absolute absence of sitters; no incomers; plethora of twisters, etc. It must be remembered, though, that wind is just as necessary to make the sport extra as it is in pigeon shooting.

Something delightfully novel in the way of live-bird shooting is suggested in the following item clipped from the *American Field* of Oct 2: "An interesting live-bird match has been arranged to take place at the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, on Saturday afternoon, Oct 9. The contestants will be Theodore Baron, the secretary of the club, and W. H. Sanders, and the conditions call for 50 birds each, unknown angles, for $25 a side. The match will be decided immediately after the club shoot." Live birds at unknown angles is just what we have been looking for. It does away with the monotony of handicapping by distance; the experts could be made to shoot at unknown angles, while the poor novice could be relegated to five birds at known angles. The chief beauty of unknown angles is that it does away with all chance of collusion between the bird, the trap and the shooter. And what a weight of responsibility it takes off the pigeon's mind! It would no longer have to decide upon its course when leaving the trap. How would it do to suggest in regard to a certain trophy, that the challenger must shoot at live birds, unknown angles, while the holder shoots at live birds, known angles? Surely this would insure some recognition of a challenge, whether technically incorrect or not.

The Carteret Club formally opened its new grounds at Garden City, L. I., on Saturday last, Oct. 2. There was a good attendance and some good shooting. In view of the fact that this was the club's opening day, it was really most appropriate that the popular president of the club, George Work, should win the first trophy offered for competition on the new grounds. It is doubtful whether any other win could have been as enthusiastically received, for Mr. Work has probably more friends among his fellow-clubmen than any other shooter now before the New York public. The grounds are said to be very fast, and to be perfect in their appointments; most of the credit is due to the efforts of Walter W. Watrous, who has been considerably aided in his work, we understand, by Geo. S. McAlpin. The high wind on Saturday gave the shooters a taste of what they may expect when the northwest winds of winter sweep over Hempstead plain where the club house and grounds are located. The shooting grounds are under the control of a Mr. Mott, brother of George Mott, who so ably looks after the shooting interests at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I.

The Baltimore Shooting Association's programme for its shoot, Oct. 19-22, is a good one, and full of interest. One hundred and fifty dollars a day is added to the purses in the target events. On Friday, Oct. 22, the Association announces the Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, high guns. Five hundred dollars guaranteed, and *$300 added* by the Association, or $700 in all, to go to the four high guns; $350 to first, $210 to second, $140 to third, and $70 to fourth. All surplus will be added, and will be divided among the other shooters after the fashion adopted by the Interstate Association for its Grand American Handicaps. This event should be a very good one indeed, as there is enough money in the purse to draw shooters to Baltimore for this one event alone. The programme is noticed in full elsewhere in these columns. It should be noted specially that in all target events the purses will be divided under the old system, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; in all live bird events, it will be a case of high guns all the time.

The Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., seems to have had a most successful shoot last week. The Alton *Republican* of Thursday, Sept. 30, says of the company present: "Of this company were Jack Parker, the famous athlete and manager of tournaments, from Detroit, Mich., who manages this shoot, representing the Peters Cartridge Co; Chas. Grimm, of Spirit Lake, Ia., the holder of the famous 'cast-iron medal;' S. A. Tucker, the traveling representative of the Parker Gun Co.; James Barr, of Louisiana, Mo.; O. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., and traveling representative McMurchy, of the L. C. Smith Gun Co.; Ed. Rutledge, John Todd and James Leaden, of Winchester.' The true worth of the cast-iron medal is apparently properly recognized in Alton.

John Shaaber, of Reading, Pa., was in New York to day. Mr. Shaaber was laying in a stock of material for shooting this winter, and was also talking about the Pennsylvania State shoot next year. This tournament will be held early in the spring, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. The dates chosen will probably be the week following the Grand American Handicap, viz., March 29-April 1. This seems a good idea, as many from the West and from the extreme East will be on here at that time; and most of them would remain over for a few days, if Pennsylvania's State shoot was available as an excuse.

Since it has been settled that Elkwood Park will be the scene of next year's Grand American Handicap we have heard nothing but commendation of the Interstate Association's action in this matter. From what we can hear, and from letters we have received, it begins to look as if the labors of the handicapping committee will be added to next March, when it comes to apportioning distances to the entries for this event. Last year there were 146 entries and 135 starters; next year there will be —?

Carl von Lengerke shot his score in the Jersey Handicap last week under most disadvantageous conditions. His elder brother, Justus, had entered him for the race over night without notifying Carl. It being the last day for snipe shooting in New Jersey (although, by the way, it is just about the best season for that sport), Carl got up early and tramped the meadows in search of some of the long bills. He found some, and got to the store rather late and well fagged out. His gun was at home, but he got that, and went over to Passaic and tried to get into the "three high guns" class. With such a start for the day, it is little wonder that he did not land there; still, he was in the 23 hole until the last gasp.

Charlie Hebbard, late of the Empire Target Co., has left his home in New Jersey, and his business location with Fred Quimby in New York city, and has betaken himself to a spot about twelve miles from St. Louis, Mo. Charlie has not gone alone, his wife and family having accompanied him. The fact of the matter is, we shall soon hear of Hebbard in connection with a new target—"the White Flier"—a special feature of which will be a white ring instead of a yellow one. Charlie has left many friends behind him, but he is not unacquainted in the South, for it was in Knoxville, Tenn., we believe, that he first started in the target business.

The Cherokee, Ia., Gun Club will hold its first annual target tournament Oct. 19-20. The dates first selected were Oct. 27-28, but as these dates conflicted with those chosen by the Council Bluffs Gun Club, the ones first above mentioned have been finally decided upon. This tournament is "for amateurs only." The club will add some money, over $100 in cash having been raised by Sept. 30. We understand that the shooters in the vicinity of Cherokee have promised their support, in which case the local club should have a good shoot.

B. Leroy Woodward, of Campello, Mass., has joined the ranks of expert professionals. He is now a full-fledged exponent of the art of shooting the Remington gun to the front. "Leroy," as he has come to be known by shooters throughout the entire country, is a rattling good shot, quick and accurate, pulverizing his targets in excellent time. His duties for the above-named firm commenced on Monday of this week, Oct. 4. He has many friends among the trap shooters, and every one of them will watch his career with interest.

While riding from Clifton race track to Passaic, N. J., on a trolley car last Thursday evening, D. A. Upson was our companion. Mr. Upson interested us by the deprecating manner in which he referred to his live-bird shooting. "I can't shoot live birds," said he. Yet on the second day after he made that remark, he went down to Garden City, L. I., to the Carteret Club's opening shoot, and scored 28 out of 30 shot at. And the birds, we are told, were as fast as any ever trapped! His mark was 31yds.

C. C. Beveridge, of Newark, N. J., and Hank White were the blackbird champions at Elkwood Park on Saturday last, Oct. 2. Beveridge may be only an 83 or 84 per cent. man on targets, but he's all there when it comes to blackbirds in a gale of wind. We know some people who found the figure 0 creeping into their scores far too frequently for their entire satisfaction. And all this time Hank White and Beveridge were fighting it out for first place.

The programme for the tenth annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 11-14, contains contests for both shotgun and rifle men. In the "clay" target events, all purses will be divided under the Rose system. The trap-shooting grounds are located at Howard Station, P. V. & C. R. R., and can be reached easily either by trolley cars or by steam cars. The headquarters and indoor rifle range of the club is at 1717 Jane street, Pittsburg, Pa.

D. A. Upson has arrived on the scene from his home in Cleveland. Since his arrival here he has done some shooting, both at targets and at live birds. One afternoon at the Jersey State shoot last week, he sprung the old chestnut that he was "going to give up shooting," Rolla Heikes, Tom Keller, Noel Money and one or two more fell from their chairs when they heard Upson's solemn statement.

We are glad to be able to report that the injury to Mr. E. A. Jackson's eye, reported in Drivers and Twisters of our last issue, is not liable to prove as serious as it was at first thought it would prove to be. Although Mr Jackson will have to be careful about exposing his eye for some time, the doctor in attendance expresses himself as satisfied that he will not lose the sight of injured eye, his right one, by the way.

Jack Fanning, the Gold Dust representative, has gotten back to the East again after a brief trip to Western points, and to Chicago in particular. Fanning tells us that trap-shooting is booming in the Windy City, and that much interest has been taken in the sport this season. A study of the weekly reports we have had from that city during the past year, will show that Fanning's estimate of the case is about right.

Ferd. Van Dyke has challenged Justus von Lengerke for the cup emblematic of the championship of New Jersey at targets, so Justus will have to defend his title to the cup before this month is out. The race, which will be at 50 targets, unknown angles, should be well worth seeing, for both men are capable of doing very good work, particularly when under pressure.

The return match between the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., and the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., will take place at Red Bank, Friday of this week, Oct. 8. The visitors will travel to Red Bank by the 10 A. M. train over the Pennsylvania R. R., N. Y. & Long Branch division. A schedule of events to suit all shooters will be arranged by the home club.

Wednesday, Oct. 13, is the date set for the sixth contest for the Recreation cup at Hackensack, N. J. This race is always productive of a good entry list, and although there is going to be a lot of shooting in the vicinity of New York this month, the Bergen County Gun Club can safely expect a good crowd on the above date.

J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association; John L. Lequin, its secretary, and Irby Bennett, chairman of the Association's executive committee, were all interested spectators at the Jersey State shoot last Thursday afternoon. They seemed to be relieved of a great burden now that it is settled that the Grand American Handicap for 1898 is going to be held for the third successive year at Elkwood Park.

George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company and Hollenbeck gun, was one of the entries in the Jersey Handicap last week. George pointed his gun all right, every time but once, a driver in the 17th round getting the best of him. To score 24 out of 25 and get nothing was hard luck, but George was not alone in this respect.

The headquarters of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, have been removed to McKeon's Hotel, 2214 Third avenue. The club held its first monthly meeting after a disbandment of four months, on Monday evening last, Oct. 4. The regular monthly shoots at live birds for the fall and winter season will commence on Thursday next, Oct. 7, and will be held on the first Thursday of every month until the season closes next spring.

Elliott ought to challenge Grimm once more for the cast-iron badge. But in doing so he must not forget to comply with all the conditions surrounding challenges for that trophy; most particular, too, should he be to see that his forfeit is deposited with our Western contemporary, in order that no one's feelings may be hurt.

On Thursday of next week, Oct. 14, there will be a live-bird shoot at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., where Boyle Bros. will trap some of their best birds for the boys to shoot at. Several shooters have already signified their intention of being present on the above date, so a good shoot should be a certainty.

At the Limited Gun Club's tournament, held in Indianapolis Ind., Sept. 28, Whitney M. Thompson, of Lafayette, won the championship cup with 91 out of 100. There were over twenty entries, among them Ed Rike, Beck, Tripp, Dietrich, Parry, Corbett, Link, Stillwell, Stone, Wallace, etc.

The Riverton Gun Club's invitation shoot, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, promises to equal any of its predecessors. The programme issued for the occasion is an interesting one.

At the Piasa Gun Club's tournament, held in Alton, Ill., last week first average for the day was won by Frank Black, of Kirkwood, Ill., an amateur, with 219 breaks out of 250 shot at. S. A. Tucker and C. M. Grimm were second and third with 217 and 216 breaks respectively.

The Baltimore shoot, Oct. 19-22, practically closes the target season for 1897 in this section of the country. Of course there will always be plenty of club shoots going on, but no tournaments of any kind are scheduled for the East until the Grand American Handicap of 1898.

H. P. Du Pont Collins was to have been on hand at the Clifton race track last week. At the last moment, however, he had to disappoint us, sending his regrets. His absence was caused, we are sorry to say, by the sudden and serious illness of Mrs. Collins.

The chief feature of interest this week is the Gilbert-Elliott match at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 8, for the title attached to the Kansas City *Star* cup. The general opinion here seems to be that Elliott will win, but that he will find the Spirit Lake shooter a hard nut to crack.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., has recently issued an interesting circular on reboring and small-bore cartridges. Any one interested in small bores can obtain a copy of this pamphlet by addressing that firm.

The position on the staff of the American *Field* vacated by Major Taylor has been accepted by W. R. Hobart. Mr. Hobart will look after his paper's interest in the shooting line in the vicinity of New York city.

The Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club will hold its regular monthly shoot next Saturday afternoon. Special attractions are promised to those who attend these popular gatherings at Union Course, Brooklyn.

D. A. Upson is located at Elkwood Park for a portion of this week. Phil Daly, Jr., and the Cleveland crackerjack are going to try conclusions at live birds over the Elkwood traps.

There is going to be a hot time this week at Warwick and Newburgh, N. Y. Some of the best in the land will be there, and some targets will be broken.

Mr. Willard Shiner, of Towanda, Pa., announces a live-bird tournament at Towanda on Oct. 14. Mr. Shiner will manage the shoot.

OCT. 5. EDWARD BANKS.

Around Buffalo.

MERCHANDISE PRIZES AT AUDUBON PARK.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 30.—The annual merchandise shoot of the Audubon Gun Club attracted many prominent trap-shooters to Audubon Park to-day. The weather was all that could be desired. In addition to the sixty members present there was a strong delegation from the other gun clubs of the city. Mr. Garbe, manager of the hotel on the grounds, had made every preparation for the entertainment of his guests, and his efforts were well rewarded.

In the merchandise shoot only members could compete for the prizes donated by members. The first seven events were open to all. In these events there were six merchandise prizes for best scores. The following were the winners: First, F. D. Kelsey; second, E. F. Hammond; third, A. Forrester; fourth, R. Stacy; fifth, C. S. Burkhardt; sixth, H. D Kirkover. No. 8 and No. 9 events were merchandise races in which all contestants received a prize. Kelsey again appeared for high honors, dividing with E. W. Smith, while A. Forrester and C. S. Burkhardt finished a close second.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	10	15	15	50
C S Burkhardt	9	14	17	14	10	9	15	12	46
Hanks	5	14	17	14	10	8	13	12	43
E C Burkhardt	8	13	15	11	12	7	11	10	39
Geo Zoeller	6	13	17	10	10	10	15	12	44
F D Kelsey	9	14	18	14	14	8	15	10	48
Geisdorfer	10	14	14	13	..	..	..	12	42
Swiveller	7	9	12	9	8	10	10	11	41
Hammond	9	13	17	15	14	9	14	13	41
Floss	8	10	13	10	11	8	11	10	38
Gerhardt	4	10	14	9	..	..	..	6	31
Talsma	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	12	45
Louis Fries	5	10	14	8	12	6	15	12	40
Kirkover	9	13	17	14	11	9	13	13	39
Rider	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	8	28
McArthur	9	11	14	9	13	9	11	12	41
Chas Oehmig	7	13	13	14	9	8	14	11	36
L Erb	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	12	40
Schwartz	7	13	12	9	10	7	9	7	25
E Reinecke	8	11	9	13	15	..	..	12	28
A Forrester	10	14	17	14	14	10	12	15	46
Stacey	8	13	18	14	14	9	13	12	38
Dr Daniels	5	11	11	..	..	..	..	7	42
L Cannon	6	11	11	7	13	7	8	7	23
Norris	7	13	15	12	12	7	14	12	39
R H Hebbard	..	5	11	11	9	8	8	10	39
Hines	8	12	13	11	..	8	..	13	45
Hoyt	6	8	9	7	8	7	..	7	33
Stewart	8	11	10	6	8	6	..	11	28
Hurley	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	10	14
Foxie	8	12	13	11	12	8	14	..	..
Wheeler	8	12	16	10	12	10	13	..	..
Mack	8	11	14	11	..	10	10	..	..
McCarney	6	7	14	11	..	10	..	14	41
Storey	6	12	13	12	..	7	..	14	36
Saleman	6	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cooper	5	8	13	..	..	9	..	..	..
A C Heinold	8	14	17	9	..	9	..	14	43
E B	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..
Reid	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	30
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..
Dr Sauer	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	37
J A Kennedy	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	37
E Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	46
Jacobs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	36
Dowse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	37
G W Brandle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	31
Dr Poole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15
H Middaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	38
W R Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	43

AUDUBON'S WEEKLY SHOOT.

Oct. 2.—The fifth shoot of the series for the championship of Buffalo between teams of five men from the local clubs took place at Audubon Park this afternoon. The Audubons scored 99 out of a possible 125, the Casenovias were second with 87 and the Bisons last with 81. The heavy wind interfered with the shooters.

In the badge shoot of the Audubons E. C. Burkhardt carried off first honors in A class. George Zoeller led in B and U. E. Story beat out the field for the C class badge.

One of the features of the day's shoot was a match race for a loving cup presented by an unknown to be shot for by Messrs. Reid, Hebard, Kennedy and Storey. Mr. Hebard captured the trophy.

In the table below, No. 3 is the badge shoot, Nos. 6 and 7 being at 5 pairs. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	15	15	10	10	Targets:	10	10	25	15	15	10	10
A Forrester	7	10	18	11	9	5	6	J A Kennedy	..	8	11	8	6	..	..
E Burkhardt	9	11	20	9	10	6	5	R H Hebard	..	11	14	8	9	7	8
L W Bennett	9	10	16	13	13	6	..	L Cannon	..	..	16	8	..	8	..
C Burkhardt	8	13	19	13	13	8	8	W R Eaton	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Estes	8	8	12	13	10	4	..	J E Lodge	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Fox	5	14	14	8	..	..	..	E B	..	..	17	..	12	..	5
U E Storey	2	..	19	..	8	..	..	A J Braden	..	..	16	..	..	5	4
B Tolsma	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	J Beck	..	13	18	10	..	8	6
Mack	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	Johnson	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Norris	..	15	21	11	..	..	..	J B	..	..	20	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	10	15	5	7	2	5	Bill Kay	..	..	..	..	..	8	4
Geo Zoeller	..	10	17	10	..	6	..	McCarney	..	..	15	..	..	..	5

Trap at Harper's Ferry.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va., Sept. 28.—During the late unpleasantness there was much burning of powder going on about this historic town, but since 1865 the tournament held here by Drs. Stotler and Fort, Sept. 24, has been the first of anything like rifle firing, and it brought out a large number of interested spectators to see the experts smash ashphalts. A handsome and valuable silver cup, presented by the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., brought out twelve entries, and resulted in as pretty a race as one would ever see. The conditions were 25 targets, with a handicap of from 1 to 10 targets; all ties shot at the original number and handicap.

Drawbaugh, of Shenandoah Junction, W. Va., with a handicap of 1; Bellmeyer, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., with a handicap of 3; and Smith, of Frederick, Md., at scratch, tied on 23; the second tie saw Drawbaugh out with 23, Bellmeyer and Smith again tying, on 24; the third tie resulted in a well-earned victory for Smith with 23, to Bellmeyer's 22. Smith is a comparatively new shot, but a good one, his youth and physique carrying him along to beat the handicap of 2 extra targets of his opponent, whose age and poor health proved a heavier handicap than the extra targets could overcome.

The features of interest next to this race were the handsome exhibits of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., consisting of a case showing a full line of its shells, wads and primers, and a repeating shotgun for the use of anyone who wanted a gun; there was also plenty of E. C. literature and loaded shells, backed up by the glib tongue of Dr. Stotler, who is an enthusiast on the above subjects. The traps threw fairly well, and everyone had a good time.

Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	15	20	10
Haddox	11	10	9	14	11	21	13	8	11	13	11	18	9
Smith	13	14	11	13	14	23	15	13	14	12	12	20	6
Hobbs	10	15	10	13	11	17	8	13	11	15	15	18	7
Drawbaugh	11	11	..	13	..	23	..	11	11	12	13	..	9
Miller	12	13	13	12	14	21	..	13	14	13	14	..	..
Bellmeyer	13	12	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	5 2
Penix	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	11	11	15	6
Bishop	..	9	..	10	..	18	..	..	13	..	13	..	..
Spencer	..	6	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spickler	..	..	..	11	11	20	11	..	11	..	8	..	..
Winters	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	8	8	9	10	..	..
Cavalier	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Gatrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	10	..	..
Munnis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	..
Brunswick	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jayne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..

VISITOR.

Piasa Gun Club's Tournament.

ALTON, Ill., Oct. 1.—I send you herewith the official scores made at the first annual tournament of the Piasa Gun Club, held in this city Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. There were, as you will perceive, over sixty shooters present during the two days, and more than 12,000 targets were thrown. Moneys were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., with first, second and third moneys for high average for the two days. In addition, there were more than 100 prizes of merchandise donated by local business men, making eight prizes to each event, with several specials. The event altogether is pronounced by the professionals to have been the best given this year in Illinois, and the Alton club is justly proud of this record.

The contest among the old shots was very close, the high average going to Frank Black, an amateur of Kirkwood, Ill., on 319 kills out of 350 shot at. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun Company, got second high money on 317 birds, and Chas. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., won third on 316. Besides the shooting of the leaders, however, there was much interest in the development of new material by the home club, some of the men who made good scores—namely, Schiess, Adams, Kauffmann and Riehl—having never before shot over the traps.

SCORES OF SEPT. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	Broke.
Howell	5	10	17	14	12	19	13	13	11	16	130
Grimm	6	12	14	12	13	21	13	20	15	23	151
Lane	7	11	14	11	11	18	10	15	13	16	126
Kelly	9	14	19	14	13	20	13	15	10	16	143
Parker	8	13	17	10	13	23	14	17	13	22	149
Jilson	7	10	20	13	11	21	11	13	11	19	136
St Claire	8	11	15	13	12	14	8	..	..	..	81
Thompson	9	14	18	14	11	25	11	13	14	23	157
Seely	6	11	14	9	10	24	11	14	9	17	125
Schiess	8	14	18	9	10	24	11	17	13	16	139
Tucker	9	13	18	12	14	20	12	19	14	21	152
Dotterway	6	12	12	5	8	22	9	..	..	..	64
Connor	6	14	19	13	14	24	12	18	13	22	155
Herschy	9	13	16	12	12	22	11	18	13	19	144
Forend	10	11	20	13	12	22	11	16	11	21	147
Nold	8	14	18	14	15	20	13	15	14	22	153
Kessler	5	8	10	13	9	..	13	..	..	..	58
Gilbert	..	11	14	7	11	21	12	11	10	..	97
Black	9	12	19	15	13	24	15	16	11	25	159
Macquaid	8	7	15	12	12	..	11	16	..	..	81
Taylor	..	..	..	..	13	21	8	..	..	..	42
Fink	..	13	15	11	11	..	11	13	..	..	74
Todd	..	8	..	11	9	..	12	..	..	..	40
Landes	..	12	12	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	43
Scott	..	6	7	..	8	..	11	..	..	..	32
Barre	9	10	15	13	13	12	9	..	14	..	95
Rutledge	7	11	12	9	10	23	11	14	8	..	105
Magill	..	12	18	11	8	18	13	14	10	22	126
Jones	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	20
Beall	5	12	..	..	10	..	10	17	9	..	63
Adams	..	12	..	11	..	..	14	..	12	..	49
Carroll	7	13	16	10	10	..	12	..	..	..	68
Craig	..	8	18	11	8	22	9	15	13	20	124
Riehl	8	9	..	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	36
Buck	5	13	13	8	13	..	10	..	11	..	73
Rockridge	7	10	9	7	14	16	..	..	..	..	63
Gaskins	5	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	14
Kauffmann	9	10	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	38
Lewis	7	12	17	12	12	21	..	..	..	..	81
Sidney	6	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Pfeiffer	9	12	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	41
Colt	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Harding	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Squires	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7
Edwards	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9
Grigsby	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	13

SCORES OF OCT. 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	Broke.
Grimm	9	14	19	14	15	24	13	20	13	24	165
Howell	10	13	19	13	13	20	13	15	12	21	150
Kelley	8	13	19	14	14	24	13	18	15	23	161
Seely	6	11	17	11	14	20	11	16	15	20	141
Herschy	9	15	17	14	15	23	15	19	14	23	164
Black	9	14	19	13	15	22	15	16	14	23	160
Connor	9	12	20	12	14	25	13	18	14	18	155
Forend	8	13	16	12	12	24	13	16	14	..	128
Nold	6	14	..	12	14	21	9	18	10	22	126
Lane	8	13	15	11	11	23	13	19	14	24	148
Carroll	5	13	14	13	12	17	12	17	14	..	117
Dotterway	8	14	17	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	57
Todd	7	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	26
Rutledge	3	13	7	13	10	21	9	14	8	..	98
Magill	8	12	15	11	12	19	12	16	..	..	105
Landes	8	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	30
Craig	7	15	16	11	14	19	..	..	..	..	82
Riehl	7	9	13	11	..	..	10	..	10	24	84
Gilbert	8	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Jones	10	15	18	14	14	20	12	14	..	..	117
St Claire	6	11	..	13	13	..	13	15	..	..	71
Ruckridge	6	13	..	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	41
Lewis	5	14	16	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	56
Fink	9	12	..	12	14	..	13	18	13	21	112
Barre	7	14	17	14	8	..	12	19	10	..	101
Adams	8	11	14	..	12	..	15	..	11	..	71
Spencer	7	14	18	10	..	19	..	..	..	..	68
Schiess	9	13	17	10	13	17	10	14	11	19	133
Sidney	6	7	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	30
Grigsby	4	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Tucker	9	15	19	13	15	25	14	18	14	23	165
Parker	10	12	15	15	9	23	13	15	12	20	144
Butler	8	..	..	6	9	..	2	..	7	16	48
Thompson	5	13	19	12	13	23	12	17	11	22	146
Buck	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Stocker	6	11	18	9	8	23	11	17	13	21	137
Leubarth	6	13	18	12	12	19	14	17	13	23	147
Mack	7	10	17	14	12	..	11	15	14	..	100
Beall	..	10	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
McMurchy	..	14	19	14	15	21	13	19	15	24	154
Rawlings	..	3	..	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	18
Graham	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	4	..	20
Jilson	..	..	16	12	..	..	..	17	..	17	62
Kauffmann	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	16
Case	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	6
Green	..	..	..	..	..	18	9	..	8	..	35
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	8
Harper	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	13
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	12	21	65
Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	23

F. C. RIEHL.

Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.

PLANS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

PERU, Ind., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the trap-shooting season in Indiana is not by any means drawing to an abrupt close, there being yet two tournaments to be given by league clubs: the Greensburg, of Greensburg, and Erie, of Huntington, both of which promise to be as good as have been given in the State (outside, of course, the first annual, which had unusual attractions), and there yet being plenty of time for one or two clubs to claim dates before cold weather, yet I cannot refrain from saying that the season has indeed been a successful one and very gratifying to the promoters of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League. It has proved entirely satisfactory to those clubs which have become members of the League, and which have given tournaments under its sanction. True, some of the tournaments have not been extremely large affairs, but the attendance has in all cases been sufficient to warrant the shooting out of the programme. Where the attendance has not been large, I think it was due to a combination of circumstances, such as too frequent tournaments in the same vicinity; extremely warm weather, or open tournaments where the professionals were allowed to compete upon an equal footing, which has been clearly demonstrated is not conducive to a large attendance in this State.

However, not the least gratifying condition of affairs which now prevails in Indiana is the extremely harmonious feeling which seems to pervade the League clubs and trap-shooters of the State in general. Every shooter one meets has nothing but praise for his own State and the shooters. Chancing to meet several weeks since one of the most prominent shooters of Indiana, Mr. Joseph Blistain, of the Lafayette Club, he offered a suggestion which the more thought I give it the more I feel it should be given to our friends of the League. Mr. Blistain's suggestion was as follows: "Now that everyone feels good over the splendid season now drawing to a close let's do something on Thanksgiving Day to properly close such a season, and let that something be a tournament at some League club's grounds, that will live through the winter in the memory of every man that attends, and keep alive the harmonious feeling now prevailing and make everyone anxious for the opening of the season in the spring of 1898. As this will be during the game season, let every shooter send to the club giving this tournament some kind of game of his own killing, and have a grand dinner at the club house during the progress of the day's shooting. This would not partake in the slightest of those game-destroying affairs like side hunts for points, and the dinner could be served at a nominal cost to each shooter who attends."

Of course, there are not many clubs in the League who are prepared to entertain a crowd at dinner, but the Limited Club, of Indianapolis, is, and so is the Indiana Mineral Springs Club, though not so easy of access as the Limited. Fred Erb, of the Lafayette Club, when spoken to about it says: "You bet I'm in, and let's give a reward to the man sending in the most hawks."

While I have not interviewed any of the shooters in regard to this tournament, and do not know that either of the clubs mentioned would undertake its management. I would be pleased to receive suggestions from any League member through the columns of this journal.

J. L. HEAD, Pres. Ind. Trap-Shooters' League.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 2.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club in the regular semi-monthly club shoot, and in the prize gun shoot. In the club shoot P. E George was the winner in Class A. Dr. O'Brien winning in Class B. For the prize gun contest, Donley Deacon put on his shooting clothes and broke 25 out of 26, winning easily. Scores in detail:

Club shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowance:

P E George (A)..........0110101110110011111111011111—20
C Dudley (A)..........0101111111011111101111010 —19
D Deacon (A)..........1110011110111101011111011 —19
W H Thompson (A)..........0101110110001111101110011 —16
F A Thompson (A)..........0111110101000101110011111 —16
D C Bennett (A)..........1110101011000101110001111 —15
Dr O'Brien (B)..........0111110011111011111110101 —19
C C Fleet (B)..........000000110001000011000000011— 7
Toplitz*..........1110101100101101011111011 —17

Prize gun shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, allowance handicap:

Deacon (2)..........111111011111111111111111111—25
Dudley (0)..........1111101111111111101101111 —22
D C Bennett (3)..........1011111111111111011011110 —21
W H Thompson (3)..........0111111110011111110110111 —20
*Toplitz..........1100100111111011111100111 —18
J Gaughen (2)..........1111011011011011011110010 —17
C Fleet (7)..........1011110110101110010101101 —16
Dr O'Brien (6)..........0011101110101000111110101 —15
F A Thompson (2)..........0111011101000010001111001 —18
P E George (5)..........1101000001011011010010001 - 11

* Guest.

As Deacon had a straight score after using one bird of his handicap, and there was no chance of a tie, no other handicaps were shot off.

Four 10-target sweeps, all at unknown angles, were shot with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Dudley	7	10	7	9	F A Thompson	7	8	4	9
Gaughen	6	6	6	9	O'Brien	..	..	7	6
Bennett	8	8	..	..	Deacon	..	..	8	..
Toplitz	4	8	9	6	W H Thompson	..	..	6	8
Fleet	6	4	..	..	George	..	..	7	..

Twenty-five target match for price of targets:

J Gaughen..........1110111111111111011111111—23
F A Thompson..........0101111011110110011111100—17

Same:

Gaughen..........0110111101101101101101101—17
Thompson..........1100110110011111100011100—16

G. E POOL, Sec'y.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Inclosed please find score of Hell Gate Gun Club. The shoot was very well represented, and never since the day of their existence have the members made such good scores. Most of them never shot over the traps till they joined this club. The birds were a fair lot of flyers; only two or three had to be put up by the rope:

			Points.
J H Voss (28)	12012 1121	— 9	7
J Himmelsbach (28)	0212110011	— 7	5½
Joseph Newman (26)	2121022100	— 7	4
Edward Payntar (28)	2021122112	— 9	7
John Link (26)	2211212021	— 9	4½
E Doeinck (30)	2111121122	—10	7
C Weber (28)	2210122021	— 8	6
L T Muench (28)	0221011012	— 7	6½
C Wigger (guest)	0021120010	— 4	..
C Metz (28)	1112121100	— 8	5½
William Sands (28)	0222202222	— 8	7
Ch Lang (28)	2112210012	— 8	5
C Steffens (28)	1111112112	—10	6
Ph Wallach (28)	2121021222	— 9	7
H Foerster (28)	2122101121	— 9	6
C Rabenstein (28)	1111220120	— 8	5
Fr Gun (26)	0112101200	— 6	4
John Kreeb (28)	2112101111	— 9	5½
F Trostel (28)	1220201022	— 7	7
A Knodel (28)	1100002100	— 4	4½
George K Breit (26)	2112101122	— 9	4
R Regan (28)	0112201202	— 7	5
L Steizle (28)	1121201221	— 9	5
E Marquart (26)	2001100211	— 6	4½
E Petersen (28)	1121102112	— 9	5½
John Schlicht (28)	1012111122	— 9	6
M H Smith (28)	1110101000	— 5	6
F W Richter (28)	0011001010	— 4	4½
C Schaefer (28)	2201111101	— 8	5½
J Kessler (28)	0220021002	— 5	5

E. DOEINCK, Sec'y.

CARTERET CLUB.

Oct. 2.—The Carteret Club celebrated the opening of its new grounds at Garden City, L. I., to-day, by holding a big shoot at live birds. There was a good attendance of shooters, and some excellent birds were supplied for the occasion. The main event was the contest for the silver trophy donated for competition by Stewart M. Brice, the son of Senator Brice. This contest brought out twenty-two shooters, most of them well-known to the public. The cup was finally won by George Work, president of the club, with 23 kills out of 25. He was tied for first and second money by D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., a guest of the club. Mr. Upson not being a member of Carteret, was not entitled to shoot for the trophy, hence the valuable souvenir of the opening day fell to Mr. Work. J. S S. Remsen, of Brooklyn (28), George McAlpin (31) and J Seaver Page (28) were tied for third money, with 22 kills each. The conditions were:

George Work (30)..........1202222202222222222222222—23
D A Upson (31)..........0222222222222222222220222—23
J S Remsen (28)..........0220222222222222222222220—22
G S McAlpin (31)..........2022220222222222222222202—22
W S Brokaw (29)..........2222222222000222222222222—22
J Seaver Page (28)..........2201221012222222222222012—22
L T Duryea (30)..........2012122222222222220202220—21
F P Magoun (25)..........0222222222211022222221110 —21
Capt A W Money (29)..........22222020202222222222220 —17
Col Butler (28)..........2212222012102222220 —17
C M Chapin (28)..........022222122011220 —11
J P Knapp (30)..........2022222222222 —13
G B Magoun (27)..........00222222210 —10
H B Scott (29)..........02220022220 — 8
E F Toland (29)..........020222212022220 —12
W Smith (28)..........10212022210 — 8
D Bacon (27)..........12220022000 — 5
A T Sullivan (26)..........1110222010 — 7
W A H Stafford (28)..........1020112200 — 7
F W Duryea (27)..........10120200 — 4
T D Hooper (28)..........2200222222020 —11
N E Money (29)..........200200 — 3

A 5-bird sweep was also shot, Knapp, Remsen, Scott and Upson dividing with 5 straight. Scores in this event were:

Handicap sweepstakes, 5 birds, $5:

J P Knapp (30)	12222—5	Col Butler (28)	1120 —3
W G Brokaw (29)	22220—4	J Seaver Page (29)	020 —1
H B Scott (29)	22222—5	Capt A W Money (29)	2011 —3
J S Remsen (28)	22122—5	G S M Alpin (31)	120 —2
D A Upson (31)	22222—5	L T Duryea (30)	210 —2
S B Magoun (27)	12220—4	E F Toland (29)	102 — 2
W W Smith (28)	22120—4	F P Magoun (25)	1010 —2
D Bacon (27)	1120 —3	F W Duryea (27)	1000 —1
W A H Stafford (28)	0222 —3	A T Sullivan (26)	2010 —2
C M Chapin (28)	02210—3	N E Money (29)	02 —1

Van Dyke Challenges Von Lengerke.

CLIFTON RACETRACK, Passaic, N. J., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith hand you $10 (ten dollars) as required by the conditions governing challenges for the cup emblematic of the individual championship of the State of New Jersey at targets; and do hereby challenge Justus von Lengerke for that cup now held by him.

F. V. VAN DYKE.

[Ten dollars forfeit received as above.]

Western Traps.

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE PRIZES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—Careful study of the season totals in the scores of the Cook County League shows that the award of individual season prizes will be as follows:

Winnings A Class in majority four contests in Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, 1897: J. A. Ruble, Garden City, 100%, Monon R. R. ticket; R. Kuss, Garfield, 98%, 10lbs E. C. powder; F. P. Stannard, Eureka, 92%, 10lbs. Schultze powder; E. M. Steck, Eureka, 92%, subscription FOREST AND STREAM; G. C. Lamphere, Calumet Heights, 88%, 100 Peters shells; T. P. Hicks, Garfield, 85%, subscription *Sportsman's Review;* S. M. Booth, Calumet Heights, 81%, subscription *Western Field and Stream.*

B Class percentages in majority four contests: F. E. Neal, Garfield, 93%, Colt's revolver; A. C. Paterson, Garfield, 90%, 10lb. drum E. C. powder; Dr. S. Shaw, Garfield, 89%; H. A. Ferguson, Calumet Heights, 89%, and A. W. Fehrman, Garfield, 89%, tie for 10lb drum Schultze powder; J. S. Houston, Calumet Heights, 88%, subscription *American Field;* C. P. Richards, Garfield, 85%, and T. Graham, Garfield, 85%, tie for 100 Peters shells; L. H. Goodrich, Eureka, 84%, and A. W. Adams, Eureka, 84%, tie for subscription *Sportsman's Review;* S. E. Young, Calumet Heights, 82%, subscription *Western Field and Stream.*

Class C: E. S. Graham, Garfield, one 25lb. can coffee; O. von Lengerke, Garfield, 10lbs. E. C. powder; F. M. Fish, Garfield, 10lbs. Schultze powder; M. E. Bowers, Garfield, one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM; P. D. Norcom, Calumet Heights, 100 Peters shells; C. Sticklin, Garfield, one subscription to *Sportsman's Review;* S. A. Gruby, Calumet Heights, one subscription to *Western Field and Stream.*

Class D: R. A. Turtle, Calumet Heights, $5 cash; A. Hellenan, Garden City, 10lbs. E. C. powder; S. P. Goethe, Cicero, 10lbs Schultze powder; A. Matthews and W. Chusman, Cicero, each one year's subscription to *Outing;* A. W. Harlan and A. C. Black, Calumet Heights, each 100 Peters shells; H. Levi, Garden City, one subscription to *Sportsman's Review;* A. Chusman, Cicero, one subscription to *Recreation.*

Unclassified: Wiley, Garfield, 84 per cent.; W. Schmidt, Calumet Heights, 68 per cent.; W. H. Cornwall, Eureka, 73 per cent.; E. Prickett, Eureka, 74 per cent.

The Calumet Heights Club, of Chicago, held their regular weekly contest at the traps on its grounds Sept. 15. The attendance, though large, was represented very modestly at the score, as many of the members present contented themselves by remaining on the marsh and river hunting ducks, of which some few were bagged. The air was clear and the sun bright. A heavy wind blew in the face of the traps from the north, which made the targets run high and hard. The sand from the beach blowing in the eyes of the shooters made it doubly difficult. Following are the scores:

Medal contest, 25 targets:

Class A.

Metcalfe..........1011111011011100110111011—18
Booth..........1010011011111001111000011—15

Class B.

Norcom..........1010100100100011111010101—13

Class C.

Chamberlain..........1011101011001101001111011—16
Schmidt..........1110111111111110111111101—22

THE CAST-IRON BADGE.

In a personal letter to me, written last week and before he had seen FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott had the following to say in regard to the cast-iron badge:

"It is about time now to unmask that cast iron badge trophy, and if you desire to do so I will make you acquainted with one fact which Mr. Grimm is well aware of: I did not help to buy that badge or take any part in making the rules concerning it. In fact, I would have nothing to do with it at the time, and protested that a handful of shooters had no right to plan a championship of America one day and go out and shoot it the next day."

Mr. Elliott adds that he means to "let them sweat" over this now. In this he will be upheld by a majority of the shooters of the country, as the belief seems general that he wanted to shoot and meant to shoot. The sympathy of American sportsmen is usually with the man who is willing to get right to work, and is not anxious over his conditions or his explanations. A little shooting is better than a lot of talk. A shooting match is a contest in which there is a winner, and in which it is no disgrace to be beaten. A talking match is one which never joins an issue nor declares a winner, and in which it is no credit to be upon either side.

LIMITED GUN CLUB.

Whitney Thompson, of Lafayette, Ind., won first with 91 out of the total 100 targets in events counting on the championship cup average at the tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, this week.

The Limited Gun Club will give a three days' tournament at live birds Dec. 7, 8 and 9. The first day's shooting will be at sparrows. The second day will be pigeons, high guns. The third day will witness a handicap at 25 pigeons. The entrance fee will be $25, birds extra. There are already forty entries. This shoot, if successful, will be made an annual event.

GALESBURG WINS.

In the fourth tournament of the Western Illinois Trap-Shooters' League, held at Kewanee, Sept. 28, Galesburg team won first, Kewanee second, Neponset third. Galesburg thus wins the League trophy for the season, having taken first three times.

DAYTON-URBANA OFF.

The team contest between the Buckeye Club, of Dayton, O., and the Urbana Gun Club, same State, shot the first race of three team races, eight-men teams, 25 birds, with the result of a tie score, 164 out of the 200. The Buckeyes wanted to go to Springfield for the second match of the series, but the Urbanaites wish the race shot at their city. The difference of opinion about this may break up the series. Two cups, one for the team and one for the individual winner, were in competition.

EAST END.

East End Gun Club, of Toledo, O., at its regular club shoot on Sept. 27 made the following scores:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.		1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.
Jennings	23	19	20	Specht	20	22	20
I W Gardner	22	20	21	Hess	22	19	20
F W Birdsall	23	21	..	Volk	17	21	22
Herring	22	..	21	Ritchey	..	18	16
McCullough	18	14	..	N Gardner	..	16	..
J Arnds	17	15	17	W Gardner	..	16	..
G Eiben	17	18	20				

SEDALIA SHOOT.

At the monthly medal shoot of the Sedalia, Mo., Gun Club the following scores were made, Sept. 25:

C. Y. Lawrence 22, G. A. Sturges 22, Joe Roe 22, Jasper Tyndall 19, W. J. Letts 19, G. C. McClure 19, F. Raymond 19, L. Ilgenfritz 18, W. W. Kerr 17, J. A. Stacy 10, J. C. Palmer 9.

Ties shot, and Lawrence won in 22 hole, Tyndall in 19.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago

IN NEW JERSEY.

ELKWOOD PARK'S BLACKBIRDS.

Oct. 2.—Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, managers of the Elkwood Park shooting grounds, announced a blackbird shoot for to day, with sweeps at popular prices. The early morning was so threatening that only a small attendance was registered. A strong northeasterly gale drove the blackbirds from the traps in a fashion calculated to make scores run low. The No. 3 set of traps was used, the wind being thus in favor of left-quartering drivers. Only one incomer was recorded during the whole shoot. The birds flew like black streaks, and lucky was the man who did not draw "a little she one," as Dad Applegate, Elmer's father, termed them. Beveridge and Hank White did the best shooting of the day, as will be seen from the following scores.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5 were at 10 blackbirds, $2.50, birds included; No. 4, at 5 pairs, $2, birds included. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 were $1 miss-and outs, re-entry in the first round. In No. 6, Daly re-entered; in No. 7, Hallowell, Banks, Daly and Applegate re entered; in No. 8, Beveridge and Hallowell re entered. The scores in the table of these three events naturally show the results of these re-entries:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Blackbirds:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*			
Beveridge (27)	8	5	7	5	8	7	2	0
Hallowell (27)	9	2	4	2	8	2	1	1
Banks (27)	5	6	5	2	3	6	1	5
Daly (28)	9	5	6	4	7	0	1	1
Applegate (27)	9	8	6	2	8	6	7	1
Patten (25)	..	5	9	4	7	1	2	2
Marryott (26)	..	..	6	4	..	5	6	3
White (27)	..	..	..	5	7	6	7	6

John Wright, the moving spirit of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, announces that his club will hold a shoot on Thursday, Oct. 28. In addition to sweepstakes, John will provide merchandise prizes and a free lunch.

The New Jersey State Shoot.

It was a capital idea of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association to hold a tournament this fall, notwithstanding the short time at its disposal for making preparations for the same. Of course the time was too short for anything like a big tournament to result from its efforts; but a start has been made in the right direction, and with the experience gained at this tournament there should be something good in line for 1898.

New Jersey has not had a State shoot since 1889; a clerical error made it 1884 in our last issue. It was in 1889 that the New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game gave its last tournament. The previous one, if we make no mistake, took place in 1884. There is plenty of material in New Jersey for a good State shoot, but the location chosen this year was hardly favorable for drawing it out. The location was forced upon the Association by reason of the shortness of notice; two months is not enough in which to prepare for a big shoot and get a large crowd together. Clifton race track is an excellent spot for a shoot, but it is so large that even fifty shooters make no appearance; and in so large a space there is little of the geniality that attaches to a shoot held upon club grounds of a medium size. Then, again, Passaic is rather out of the way for a large portion of the State. There are plenty of ways of getting there, but none of them bring a shooter to the ground much before 10 in the morning, and that makes a late hour to start at this time of the year. But under the circumstances the Association cannot be blamed for choosing Clifton race track; it was either Clifton or nothing at all for 1897.

THE ATTENDANCE DISAPPOINTING.

The number of shooters present was disappointing to say the least. Where were all the Jerseymen? We could name over a couple of score whom we confidently expected to be on hand, but they have all to be marked missing. The absence of some may be put down to the difficulty they would have encountered in trying to get to Clifton, but the absence of others cannot be attributed to the same cause. Hard times and lots of shooting at home must be given as the cause, we suppose. Anyway they didn't come and give the revivified association a good send off. We regret also to find that some little friction still exists between Jersey clubs, and this friction, small as it is, must be overcome and perfect harmony restored before Jersey will be able to boast of an organization equal to those of her sister States, New York and Pennsylvania.

On the open set of traps there was some good shooting, and a fair number of outsiders were gathered together; but still we expected more, and can only account for the comparatively small attendance by attributing it to lack of advertising caused by lack of time in which to do the same. The weather was simply perfect, except on the first day, Sept. 28, when the thermometer in the early hours was down toward the freezing mark. After that, however, more delightful early fall weather could not have been made to order. The sun grew a trifle hot toward midday on each of the succeeding days, but that could be undergone with pleasure at this season of the year.

THREE SETS OF TRAPS WERE USED.

Three sets of traps were used, three traps to each set, Sergeant system. This was the first time we have had the pleasure of shooting over a set of traps under this system, so it is proper to give our ideas upon it. We can safely say that it was the general opinion of all, even of those who objected to it at first, that it is the best system for shooting unknown angle events ever devised. Mr. Sergeant, we believe, recommends three traps set a yard apart. We found that 4ft. apart made it easier for the trappers to work the traps, and did away with all danger of their being hurt while filling traps. The extra foot apart, too, does not add much to the increased difficulty of shooting under this style, as compared with one trap, unknown angles. The shooting is certainly harder than with five expert traps, the angles one gets when standing at Nos. 1 and 5 being often extremely acute, even when thrown within regulation limits. This style of shooting is, indeed, the magautrap made harder; it is shot in the same way, the shooters standing in a segment of a circle, whose diameter is 16yds., with the middle trap as its center.

The traps used were bluerock expert, and both empires and bluerocks were trapped from them. The background was none of the best. Too many trees got in the way, while the fact that one stood uphill from the screen, made the chances of a sky background for any target rather poor. The fall tints also in the weeds and trees made it often very hard to locate the flying targets. Low left quarterers from No. 1 got away far too often, while the same may be said of sharp right-quarterers from No. 5. Still it was most interesting shooting, and many and loud were the favorable comments made upon the method of trapping targets under the Sergeant system. Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, who managed this shoot, and who should be an authority on the question, was quite enthusiastic over it. The scores show that the shooting was hard; nothing tells the tale better than the scores, particularly when it is stated that there was practically no wind at all, except for a few hours on the opening day.

THE OFFICIALS.

The shoot was under the management of Elmer Shaner, and of course he made it go when he got the boys together. He took charge of the two sets of traps on which the State and the open events respectively were decided. A third set of traps had been placed in position at the last moment in order that those who desired it could get some shooting for the price of targets only. This set of traps was under the direction of Treasurer Ike Terrill, but he had an easy time of it as a rule, very few shooters caring to shoot "for birds only."

The cashier's office was in charge of J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, assisted by Mr. Jones, of Passaic. These two gentlemen had no trouble in taking care of the shooters and paying them their money. Messrs. Moss, Muller and Jewel were the pullers, while John Rock, the janitor of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, acted as squad hustler for the open events. Mr. Rock's intimate acquaintance with the majority of the shooters present made him an invaluable assistant. At the State set of traps, H. E. Taylor, son of Old Reliable Taylor, an expert bicyclist, looked after the bustling of the squads, and incidentally gave some exhibitions of trick riding in the large betting hall whenever the boys could seduce him from his labors. The trappers were local hands, and, though new at the business, they soon settled down and trapped like veterans. Speaking of traps, it is worth mentioning that we very seldom remember being at a shoot where there was less bother with the traps. Be it noted that they were loaned by the Interstate Association for the occasion, and were the same traps that have thrown so many targets at the Interstate shoots during the past three or four years.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The tables of general averages for a State shoot. In the State events only nine men shot through the entire programme of 200 shots, team race and trophy events counted in. On the open set of traps fifteen men shot through. The averages made in these two programmes were as below:

STATE EVENTS.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F V Van Dyke	84	90	200	174	87
Capt Money	87	83	200	170	85
F Hyde	86	84	200	170	85
E A Geoffroy	89	81	200	170	85
Chris Wright	87	77	200	164	82
C R Wise	83	81	200	164	82
B B Fogarty	77	87	200	164	82
Dutchy	80	84	200	164	82
T H Keller	79	82	100	161	80.5

OPEN EVENTS.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	149	148	320	297	92.8
Banks	144	147	320	291	90.9
Glover	147	140	320	287	89.6
Dickey	143	143	320	286	89.3
147	138	142	320	280	87.4
Fulford	137	142	320	279	87.1
Parker	138	140	320	278	86.8
Fanning	143	135	320	278	86.8
Leroy	140	133	320	273	85.3
Geoffroy	137	135	320	272	85
Hawkins	130	140	320	270	84.3
Hallowell	129	136	320	265	82.8
Capt Money	129	133	320	262	81.8
U M C	131	123	320	254	79.3
Wright	137	114	320	251	78.4

First Day, Sept. 28.

There was a decided touch of frost in the air this morning. Overcoats and heavy sweaters were at a premium, but most of the boys came well provided. It was not until midday that the sun's strength made itself felt; but when it did get in its work, it soon grew hot enough for a midsummer day. The mosquitoes were out in force, but they were so busy getting warmed up after the chilly night, that they seemed to entirely forget what appears usually to be their one object in life. This was somewhat strange, but not unpleasant.

The poor background soon made itself felt when shooting was once started. Scores fell down, and several couldn't make out where they were shooting. The light on the State events set of traps was better than on the open set, but that was not saying much. Somehow or other, it seemed impossible to get the targets up high enough to have a sky background, unless they were thrown like skyrockets. So they were kept down to about regulation height, and straights were scarce. In No. 1, open, there was not a single 15 straight. In No. 2, 19 was high in a 20-target event; in No. 3, 25 targets, four 24s were tied for first place. Three 15s were made in No. 4, but only one 20 was made in No. 5. In No. 6, Glover was the solitary 25, three 24s being in second place. In Nos. 7 and 8, there were respectively two and three straight scores. This speaks for itself when one considers the caliber of the shooters present. Heikes was in first place for the day, with 11 targets lost out of 160 shot at; Glover came next with 13 lost. Banks was third, while Fanning and Dickey tied for fourth and fifth places.

On the State programme the chief event was the individual championship of the State at targets. Colin Wise and Justus von Lengerke tied for the trophy on 24 each out of 25; on the shoot-off, Von Lengerke won the cup. In the merchandise event, No. 5 in the table, Frank Hall, who shoots under the name of Hyde, won the Smith gun presented by Capt. Money by making 25 straight. Geoffroy was alone in the second class of ties with 24. Geoffroy also won first average in the State events, with Capt. Money in second place.

OPEN EVENTS, SEPT. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	14	19	22	14	19	24	18	19	160	149	93.1
S Glover	12	18	22	15	18	25	19	18	160	147	91.9
E Banks	14	19	20	13	19	22	20	17	160	144	90
O R Dickey	12	18	24	12	20	23	19	15	160	143	89.3
J S Fanning	14	17	21	15	16	24	16	17	160	143	89.3
B Leroy	14	19	21	14	18	21	16	17	160	140	87.5
W F Parker	11	19	19	13	19	23	18	16	160	138	86.2
147	12	17	24	12	17	22	17	17	160	138	86.2
E D Fulford	13	17	24	12	15	18	20	20	160	137	85.6
E A Geoffroy	13	14	21	15	17	24	15	18	160	137	85.6
Chris Wright	11	18	21	13	18	21	18	17	160	137	85.6
U M C	13	18	21	11	15	22	15	16	160	131	81.8
J M Hawkins	13	15	21	11	16	19	17	18	160	130	81.2
Capt Money	12	16	20	14	16	18	17	16	160	129	80.6
J J Hallowell	14	15	19	13	15	23	15	15	160	129	80.6
R H Breintnall	12	14	20	10	12	17	15	18	160	113	70.6
J S S Remsen	..	15	24	14	16	22	17	18	145	126	86.9
F Van Dyke	..	17	21	..	17	22	18	17	130	112	86.1
N E Money	..	..	19	12	17	18	16	20	130	92	70.7
J Hildreth	..	15	19	11	13	20	17	..	125	95	76
F Hyde	11	17	21	13	18	22	..	..	120	102	85
J von Lengerke	11	19	23	14	16	..	..	..	115	83	72.1
C F Dudley	..	14	19	..	15	23	15	..	110	86	78.1
A C Combs	..	..	..	13	13	19	16	17	100	78	78
B B Fogarty	10	15	..	..	..	..	16	20	70	61	87.1
Toplitz	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	45	14	31.1
T H Keller	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	15	40	30	75
T W Morfey	..	..	20	9	..	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
Hy Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	40	25	62.5
W M Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	40	23	57.5
W M Stanbrough	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	27	77.1
W W Huck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	17	85
T Dukes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16	80
T Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	15	75
Hyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	12	60
J Jelleme	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	20	8	40
Bowes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	6	30
Dutchy	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73.3
C C Beveridge	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73.3
W Sigler	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	53.3

STATE EVENTS, SEPT. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
E A Geoffroy	13	13	22	17	24	100	89	89
Capt Money	11	12	22	19	23	100	87	89
Chris Wright	12	10	23	19	23	100	87	87
J von Lengerke	11	12	24	18	21	100	86	86
F Hyde	12	12	21	16	25	100	86	86
F V Van Dyke	13	15	21	17	18	100	84	84
C R Wise	12	9	24	17	21	100	83	83
Dutchy	13	7	18	19	23	100	80	80
T H Keller	12	11	21	13	22	100	79	79
B B Fogarty	13	13	13	16	22	100	77	77
R H Breintnall	14	8	19	14	21	100	76	76
T W Morfey	7	14	18	13	16	100	68	68
F Sinnock	9	8	19	13	15	100	64	64
N E Money	..	11	15	15	21	85	62	72.9
Ed Taylor	15	15	..	17	20	75	67	89.3
W Sigler	11	12	..	18	21	75	62	82.6
C C Beveridge	12	12	..	15	17	75	56	74.6
J Doty	9	11	..	12	19	75	51	68
G E Greiff	13	..	18	..	21	65	52	80
W M Sanders	..	..	17	13	..	45	30	84.4
Heyer	..	..	..	11	15	45	26	57.7
T Lane	..	..	..	14	10	45	24	53.3
W H Huck	11	..	..	..	23	40	34	85
Al Heritage	..	9	..	..	18	40	27	67.5
B James	11	..	..	..	14	40	25	62.2
J Jelleme	..	..	..	..	21	25	21	84
Coman	..	..	..	..	16	25	16	64
Capt Hall	..	..	..	..	11	25	11	44

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT TARGETS

There were sixteen entries for the Individual Championship at targets. Of this number, two, Colin Wise, of Passaic, and Justus von Lengerke, of Orange, tied with 24 each. Wise, the first man to the score, broke his 24 in fine form, but lost on the shoot-off. The scores in detail follow:

C R Wise	1111111111111111111111110—24
T H Keller	1011101111111111010111111—21
F V Van Dyke	1111101111011111101111110—21
T W Morfey	1100011111011110111101011—18
F Sinnock	1101111111111001110111001—19
F Hyde	1111011110111111011101111—21
R H Brientnall	1010111101111111010111110—19
J von Lengerke	1111111111111111111110111—24
Capt Money	1111100111111111111110111—22
E A Geoffroy	1111110111011111101111111—22
B B Fogarty	0010011100011001011111010—13
N Money	0100010111110011111110101—15
W M Sanders	1100110101011101111101011—17
Dutchy	0000111110011111111101111—18
G E Greiff	1110111101111011110011010—18
C Wright	1111111101111111111111110—23

On the shoot-off at 10 targets, Von Lengerke won with 10 to 8.

Second Day, Sept. 29.

After a warm night, shooters knew not what to expect on the race track. It was, in fact, a very warm day, and the heat was at times—particularly between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M.—almost unbearable without some shelter from the sun's rays. Not a breath of air was stirring, and had there been a better background, scores would have ruled quite high. On the open set of traps, straights were as scarce to-day as yesterday. In each of the 15-target events there was only one straight—Fulford and Geoffroy, respectively. In No. 2, Hawkins and Van Dyke rapped out 20 straight; 147 made 25 straight in No. 3, there being two 24s in second place. In Nos. 5 and 8 there were two 20s, but in No. 7 there was only one, while Van Dyke was alone in No. 6 with a 25 straight.

Heikes won first average with 12 targets lost, Banks being second with 13 losses to his name, 6 of them in one event. Dickey was third, with 147 and Fulford tied for fourth and fifth places. Fulford's 15 straight in the first event on this day, added to his run of over 40 straight on the previous evening, made the best run of consecutive breaks for this tournament.

On the State set of traps, the team race and the contest for the Blenderman cup occupied the bulk of the attention of the shooters. The Blenderman cup was given by Jake Blenderman on the condition that it should be awarded to the individual high score in the team race. As it turned out eight tied for the trophy on 22 each. As the conditions called for a shoot-off at 50 targets per man, this gave added interest to the destination of the handsome trophy. Van Dyke, Geoffroy, Sinnock, Keller, Dutchy, Schorty, Carl von Bengerke and Palmer, the men in the tie, accordingly shot of the tie. The scores were as follows:

Van Dyke and Geoffroy 46, Sinnock 45, Keller, Dutchy, Schorty and Von Lengerke 42, Palmer 38.

Thus Van Dyke and Geoffroy had to shoot off once more. This shoot-off resulted in an easy win for Van Dyke, the scores standing: Van Dyke 47, Geoffroy 39.

In the team race the Climax team came out first, as will be seen by referring to the scores given below:

OPEN EVENTS, SEPT. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	14	19	21	14	20	23	17	20	160	148	92.5
Banks	14	19	24	14	14	23	19	20	160	147	91.8
Dickey	13	16	23	14	16	22	20	15	160	143	89.3
Fulford	15	19	21	14	18	22	15	18	160	142	88.7
147	14	17	25	12	19	22	18	15	160	142	88.7
Glover	13	19	21	12	20	24	15	16	160	140	87.5
Parker	12	18	19	13	19	23	17	19	160	140	87.5
Hawkins	14	20	19	13	18	22	15	19	160	140	87.5
Hallowell	14	16	20	13	19	23	16	15	160	136	85
Fanning	13	15	22	13	17	24	17	15	160	135	84.3
Geoffroy	13	16	19	15	15	20	18	19	160	135	84.3
Leroy	10	17	23	13	17	21	15	18	160	133	83.1
Capt Money	10	18	22	12	16	21	19	15	160	133	83.1
Hyde	13	13	20	13	16	24	17	15	160	131	81.8
Malone	11	18	22	9	17	18	17	18	160	130	81.2
U M C	9	16	20	10	15	23	17	13	160	123	76.8
Wright	10	11	19	11	16	16	17	14	160	114	71.2
Van Dyke	..	20	24	..	16	25	18	17	120	112	93.3
Lindsey	..	9	14	10	19	..	16	16	120	86	71.6
Fogarty	12	16	20	..	18	19	..	..	105	85	80.9
Althaus	..	..	18	17	11	..	7	..	80	48	60
Dutchy	13	19	..	11	18	..	..	..	70	61	87.1
Beveridge	10	..	..	12	..	..	13	18	70	53	75.7
Wood	..	..	..	..	17	23	19	..	65	59	90.7
Jones	..	..	..	..	15	16	8	..	65	39	60
Kennedy	..	..	18	12	17	..	..	..	60	47	78.3
Sinnock	..	..	..	14	18	..	19	..	55	51	92.7
N Money	..	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	45	34	75.5
Thurman	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	45	25	55.5
Morfey	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	..	35	26	74.2
Gallagher	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15	75
Manning	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	9	60

STATE EVENTS, SEPT. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Van Dyke	15	14	22	17	22	100	90	90
Fogarty	12	13	22	18	22	100	87	87
Ed Taylor	11	15	21	17	20	100	84	84
F Hyde	12	14	21	17	20	100	84	84
Dutchy	13	14	22	17	18	100	84	84
Capt Money	10	13	21	18	21	100	83	83
Keller	12	11	22	19	18	100	82	89
Wise	12	14	20	13	21	100	81	81
Geoffroy	12	11	22	19	17	100	81	81
Wright	13	9	19	14	22	100	77	77
Dustin	11	11	16	17	17	100	72	72
N Money	..	13	20	17	25	85	75	88.2
C von Lengerke	..	13	22	16	22	85	73	85.8
Palmer	..	13	22	17	20	85	72	84.7
Lindzey	..	11	20	15	21	85	67	78.8
Beveridge	11	13	18	18	..	75	60	80
Bowes	..	9	..	12	12	60	33	55
Sinnock	..	..	22	..	20	50	42	84
Darby	..	..	18	13	..	45	31	68.8
Huck	10	..	..	..	19	40	29	72.5
Jelleme	..	8	19	..	..	40	29	67.5
Abbott	..	9	16	..	..	40	25	62.5
Helfich	..	11	11	..	..	40	22	55
Thourot	..	9	11	..	..	40	20	50
Porter	..	2	17	..	..	40	19	47.5
Morfey	..	..	..	..	18	25	18	72
Manning	..	..	14	..	..	25	14	56
Woodruff	..	..	..	16	..	20	16	80
Heritage	..	6	..	..	..	15	6	40

THREE-MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP AT TARGETS.

Eight teams were entered for the team championship at targets. The Climax 750lb team won with 66 breaks out of 75 shot at. The team was made up as follows: T. H. Keller, captain, 230lbs.; L. H Schortemeier (Schorty) 268lbs; C. Dutchy Smith, 242lbs. Boiling Springs No. 2 was second with 63, the Endeavors being third with 61. Scores were as below:

Passaic Gun Club.		Endeavor Gun Club.	
J Jelleme	19	C Von Lengerke	22
S Palmer	24	E Taylor	21
B Abbott	16—57	C C Beveridge	18—61
Boiling Springs Gun Club—No. 1.		Climax Gun Club—No. 2.	
Capt Money	21	R Manning	14
N Money	20	D Darby	18
Chris Wright	19—60	J G Lindsey	20—52
Boiling Springs Gun Club—No. 2.		South Side Gun Club	
C R Wise	20	F Sinnock	22
F Hyde	21	J S Duston	16
F Van Dyke	22 63	E A Geoffroy	22—60
Climax Gun Club—No. 1		North Hudson Gun Club.	
T H Keller	22	H M Hefleck	11
C Smith	22	Thourout	11
L H Schortemeier	22—66	Porter	17—39

Third Day, Sept. 30.

The third day of the New Jersey State shoot was blessed with as fine weather as had prevailed on the first two days. In fact, the weather was too fine for really good live-bird shooting. The sun was as warm as in August, and scarcely a breath of air was stirring at any time of the day. The result was, of course, comparatively easy shooting and consequent high scores. Some really good work was done by Morfey, Van Dyke, Noel Money, etc. Morfey won the Individual State championship with 22 straight, and Noel Money was only one behind him. Hank White, a veteran from Little Silver, also ran a fast heat for the championship.

A late start was made on this day, it being nearly 11 o'clock before the first gun was fired, still a total of 943 were trapped.

STATE EVENTS, SEPT. 30.

The two events on the programme for State shooters were the individual championship and the three-men team championship. The first was shot for under the following conditions: 15 birds per man, all at 28yds.; winner to take badge; all money in the purse to go to the last winner.

T. W. Morfey, of Lyndhurst; Noel Money, of Oakland, and Hank White, of Little Silver, tied for the trophy on 15 straight. They shot off, miss-and-out, Morfey winning with 22 straight; Noel Money lost his 21st bird, and White his 6th. White's one-barrel work was remarkable; 17 out of the 19 birds scored to him did not need the second barrel. The scores in this event were as below, 517 birds being trapped in the State events:

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT LIVE BIRDS.

		Ties.
Count	220121212	
Capt Money	22120•1	
Morfey	222222222222222—15	2222222
White	111211111111112—15	11110
Keller	•222222•	
Henry	222202112	
Schorty	22•2220	
Greiff	0221210	
Van Dyke	0222122	
Sigler	212211121112•	
Green	221012111	
Wise	220221222	
Woodruff	121121210	
Hyde	2021222•1	
Murray	2 0121112	
Duston	1011121	
Cannon	211211120	
Erb	•212110	
Young	200011	
Castle	111111101	
Hassinger	21•20122	
Geoffroy	110110	
Daly, Jr	22222202	
J von L	212021211	
Dutchy	022222211	
N E Money	222122222222222—15	222220

Morfey won with 22 straight.

THREE-MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nine teams were entered for this event, the conditions of which were as below: three men to a team, 10 birds per man, winning club to take trophy. All money in the purse to go to the club winning the trophy at the last shoot.

The Lyndhurst team won with 29 out of 30, but their title to the cup and first place was protested. (This protest is treated of elsewhere.) Three teams were tied for second with 28 each, and shot off for first honors in case the protest against the Lyndhurst Club was sustained. These three clubs were the East Side, of Newark, and the Boiling Springs, of Rutherford, No. 1 and No. 2. The East Side and Boiling Springs No. 1 are still a tie, darkness putting an end to shooting at the end of the second round of ties. Scores were:

Lyndhurst Shooting Association.		Climax G. C.	
T W Morfey	2222222222—10	A Woodruff	1112112222—10
P Daly, Jr	2221222122—10	T H Keller	2222222022— 9
F Class	2221200222— 9—29	Dutchy	11112001
Boiling Springs No. 1.		Newark G. C.	
N E Money	2222222222—10	S Castle	121110
F Van Dyke	2222222222—10	J Erb	021212
Capt Money	1212•1112•— 8—28	W H Green	012011

East Side G. C.		Jersey City Heights G. C.	
K Henry	2222222222—10	Capt Jones	20212
H Hassinger	2211222222—10	W Sigler	112•0
Schorty	0222022220— 8—28	J von Lengerke	22211
Boiling Springs No. 2.		**Passaic City G. C.**	
C R Wise	2211222121—10	B Abbott	1212020
F Hall	2021212222— 9	J Coman	2121012
G E Greiff	2221220222— 9—28	Count	1222201
Paterson Social R and G. C.			
G Hopper	122222	E Morgan	020012
C Wright	212221		

Ties on 28 at 3 birds per man:

East Side G. C.			Boiling Springs No. 1.		
Henry	222—3	122—3	N Money	222—3	222 3
Hassinger	222—3	212—3	Van Dyke	222—3	222—3
Schorty	222—3	222—3	Capt Money	212—3	221—3
Boiling Springs No. 2.					
Wise	212—3	0	Greiff	222—3	2
Hall	222—3	2			

OPEN EVENTS, SEPT. 30.

On the open set of traps three events were pulled off, two of them programme events, the other a miss-and-out. Owing to the late start in the morning the Passaic sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, high guns, No. 3 on the programme, was dropped out. The scores in all three events decided were as below, 416 birds being trapped on this set of traps:

No. 1, Phœnix Introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included, high guns:

Henry	2212212—7	Capt Money	2112211—7
Van Dyke	2212222—7	Heikes	2222221—7
Hawkins	2122211—7	147	122220
Malone	1021121	Hyde	0112
Cannon	2011112	Murray	01122
Morfey	22220	Wood	220222
Hassinger	0221121	Dickey	1102222
Count	101111	Fanning	2121222—7
Erb	12020	Jones	2122221—7
Castle	1221111—7	Cahrs	0111101
Young	1111221—7	Grundy	2221222—7
Hallowell	2112121—7	Glover	2111222—7
Fogarty	101121	Wise	1121212—7
Duston	1111121—7	Doty	1112222—7
White	1111121—7	Geoffroy	1211212—7
Fulford	2212221—7	N Money	222220

No. 2, Clifton Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, birds included; the number of moneys (high guns) determined by number of entries. (Note — As there were twenty-seven entries the number of moneys were nine, as follows: 22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 7, 5 and 5 per cent.).

Nine men killed their 10 straight and divided the money up into nine equal portions. Scores were:

Fanning	1122212121—10	Capt Money	1211221202— 9
Van Dyke	1212122222—10	Mosher	2222102120— 8
A Doty	2212222222—10	Murray	12210110
Zwirlein	1111111111—10	Hyde	22120
Dr Hudson	1111211112—10	Hallowell	11120
Heikes	1222222222—10	Young	21110
Wood	1212212212—10	Morfey	22220
Geoffroy	2222222212—10	Wise	0221
Daly, Jr	2222222212—10	Wright	1110
Fulford	2121110221— 9	Hood	2020
Henry	2122222202— 9	Hawkins	0
Cannon	1120211122— 9	Malone	0
Duston	1121122120— 9	J von L	0
Timmons	2222220202— 9		

On the open set of traps proceedings were brought to a close with a $5 miss-and-out. This event had sixteen entries, five men dividing the pot on 9 straight, it being too dark to shoot any later. Scores were:

Wright	222221222	Capt Money	221222220
Fulford	222221122	Geoffroy	22120
Malone	211111212	Cannon	2210
Duston	111212121	Hawkins	2210
Wood	211221122	Daly, Jr	211w
Hopper	122212220	Wise	111w
Doty	222222110	Jones	0
Zwirlein	111212220	Murray	0

TARGET SHOOTING.

A match between J. 147 L. Winston and Banks having been arranged the night before between Winston and a few friends of his opponent, a special set of 5-target traps was placed in position at the extreme lower end of the track. The conditions were 200 targets per man: 100 at unknown angles and 100 at expert rule, total score to count. O. R. Dickey was referee; J. M. Hawkins worked the indicator; J. Jewell pulling the traps. By some mistake, the five traps were placed only 3yds. apart instead of 5yds.; this, of course, made the shooting easier than under regulation rules. Still the background of trees, with fall plumage on them somewhat counteracted the effects of the error in placing the traps and fixing the screen. The 100 unknown angles, walk-around, were shot first; the expert rules coming last. Scores were:

Unknown angles:
Banks....11111111111111111111011111111111111111111101101111—47
11111110111111011111111111111110111111110111111110—45—92

Expert rules:

11111 11111 11111 01111 11111—24
10111 11011 11111 11111 11111—23
11111 11111 10111 11111 11110—23
11111 11101 10111 11111 11111—23—93—185

Unknown angles:
147.......11111011111111101110111110111111110111110101111—43
10011110111011111101011010011111101111011111111—39—82

Expert rules:

11111 01101 11111 11100 11111—21
11111 11010 11111 11101 10011—20
11011 11010 01111 11101 11111—20
11111 11111 11111 01011 11110—22—83—165

Fourth Day, Oct. 1.

The first day of October was a perfect one for spectators at a shooting match, but it was by no means one of the best to make the birds fly. In fact, the weather on both the live-bird days of this shoot was entirely against good birds. Still the pigeons cannot be called poor in quality. Although we did not have much of an opportunity of judging of the class of birds supplied for this shoot, Manager Shaner and others who were well qualified to speak on this point, assured us that they were really a good lot of birds; of course, they hadn't a particle of breeze to help them in their flight, and the sun was so hot that if a trap was not pulled very shortly after a bird had been put in it, the confinement in such a small space had its effect, and some of the birds were slow to start. There were, however, lots of good ones, and the boys who drew these found a cipher or two creeping into the scores.

With all the live-bird shooters that Jersey can boast of, it just shows the condition of things in a trap shooting line in this State when we point out that there were only nineteen entries in the Jersey Handicap, or one less than was required to fill the guarantee of $500 to the three high guns. Of this number eleven were from Jersey, and six of the eleven were furnished by Paterson and Newark! Paterson, indeed, came out of the race very well. Chris. Wright, who is just now shooting in his very best form (and that's pretty good form, too), and A. Doty, a new name to most of the readers of trap reports in these columns, both from Paterson, helped Rolla Heikes to cut up the $500 guaranteed to the three high guns.

Seven men fell into the 24-hole. E. D. Fulford was one of the unfortunates, his 24th bird falling dead out of bounds. E D seems to be playing in the hardest of hard luck just now, particularly in the matter of live-bird sweeps. Young Hayes, of Newark, another new man at tournaments, was also in the same boat with Fulford, his bird, hard hit with the first barrel, going out of bounds wobbling. So far as we are aware, this is Hayes's first appearance in an open tournament, so his performance must be classed as above par. The full scores, which appear below in detail, with FOREST AND STREAM'S trap-score type showing the flight of each bird, are able to tell the rest of the story of the Jersey handicap; we must, however, call attention to the work of W. Canon, the one-armed expert from Newark, N. J., who scored 23 out of 25, 18 of them with his first barrel:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

R O Heikes (30), Dayton, O.......2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

C Wright (29) Paterson, N J....2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2—25

A Doty (28), Paterson, N J....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

E D Fulford (30), Utica, N Y.......2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 • 2—24

F Van Dyke (30) Dayton, N J.......2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

B Allaire (30) Louisville Ky....2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

J S Fanning (30), San Francisco....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

O R Dickey (30), Boston, Mass....2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1—24

Geo A Mosher (28), Syracuse, N Y....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1—24

W H Hayes (27), Newark, N J.....2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 1—24

N E Money (29), Oakland, N J....2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 • • 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—23

J J Hallowell (28), Bethayres, Pa....2 2 1 1 1 1 • 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2—23

Jas Timmons (28), Morristown, N J 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2—23

W Canon (26), Newark, N J.....1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 2 2 1 1—23

Capt Money (29), Oakland, N J....2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0—22

D A Wood (30), Cleveland, O.....2 2 2 2 • 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 0—21

C von Lengerke (28), Jersey City. 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2—21

Grundy (27) Paterson, N J....2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 • 0—19

J S Duston (28) Newark, N J.....0 1 2 0 w

A 25-bird race between Capt. Money and Hallowell resulted in a tie, both parties killing all their birds. Any one looking at the scores will at once conclude that the birds were very easy, but this is not actually the case, for we are told that there were many good ones in the bunch of 50 birds trapped in this match. As a matter of fact, both men were shooting in their very best form, and it would have taken something more than ordinary in the way of a pigeon for one to have gotten away from this pair. The scores were:

Money....1122221211221221222112211—25
Hallowell....1111112222112112212212212—25

Two $5 miss-and-outs were also shot. The results in these races were briefly as below:

No 1: Wood, Fulford and Duston 12; Capt. Money 11, N. Money 9, Fanning and Wright 5, Hallowell 2, P. Jay and Hofler, 1; Canon 0.

No. 2: Wood, Allaire and Hallowell, 14; N. Money 11, Fulford and Grundy, 0.

NOTES.

The Jersey State shoot cannot be classed as a thorough success. It was a nice shoot, but nothing like what Jersey ought to get up. There is an apathy among the trap-shooters of this State that must be corrected, or the State Association will find it a hard matter to get along.

It was quite like old times to have Dutchy Smith and Tom Keller laying themselves out to amuse the boys. When this pair tries to make fun for the crowd, there's never much doubt as to the outcome of their efforts.

With all due respect to our many good friends in this Association, we must say that the barring of Jack Brewer on the first live-bird day was a great mistake. The programme said positively in two places at least, that the shoot was "open to all." In one of these places it stated, "Bars no one, but welcomes all." There was no saving clause, reserving the right to refuse any entry, such as appears in the programme gotten out for the Grand American Handicap. This being the case, we reiterate the statement that we think the action of the executive committee in this matter was most unfortunate, to say the least.

Tom Morfey did not shoot in the Jersey Handicap, but he was at the grounds while the event was being shot. During the morning he found time to make a match with C. C. Beveridge at 100 targets, expert rules, and succeeded in losing the same with the $5 attached to it. The scores were; Beveridge 60 out of 75; Morfey retired with 50 out of 75.

Many of the old-timers were on hand at this shoot. Uncle Billy Sigler, Uncle Billy Hughes, Uncle Al Heritage, Asa Whitehead, Charlie Hedden, Sam Castle and others being among the number. Of the above, Messrs. Heritage, Sigler and Castle took part in the events on the programme.

Phil Daly, Jr., was on hand the third day, and had something to say in regard to the Grand American Handicap of 1898. Mr. Daly feels satisfied that the number of entries next year will run close up to the 200 mark, and we feel very much inclined to take his view of the case. Certainly Elkwood Park is the ideal place for holding a live-bird shoot, hail, rain, snow or shine. Many improvements have been made at the grounds since last March, and those who took part in the last Grand American Handicap will, if they try again next year, find that Daly & Chanfrau, managers of the grounds, have performed the difficult feat of improving upon perfection.

Another unfortunate incident connected with the Jersey State shoot was the protest entered against the handing over of the team trophy at live birds to the Lyndhurst Shooting Association's team. The executive committee will test the merits of the protest, unless previously withdrawn, at its next meeting to be held within a few days. Things like this mar a tournament more than anything else, doing away with the general idea of good fellowship that ought to pervade all such gatherings.

Dutchy Smith said a good thing after losing a bird in one of the events on the third day. He fired both barrels at the bird, palpably hitting it hard with the second barrel. As he left the score a bystander said to him: "What did you do to that bird, Dutchy, to make it shiver so?" Quick as a flash came back the reply: "Soaked him with chilled shot, of course!" From all of which it will be gathered that Charlie Smith's popularity is well merited.

Colin R. Wise had hard luck in losing his last target in the individual championship race at targets on the first day of the shoot. Mr. Wise had run 24 straight, and only needed the last one, but—it got away. After effects showed that he needed that last target badly, as Justus von Lengerke tied his score of 24, and outshot him in the shoot-off. Immediately after the result of the shoot-off had been announced, Ferd Van Dyke handed us a written challenge, accompanied by a deposit of $10, challenging the winner, J. von Lengerke. The conditions under which the match will be shot are: 50 targets, unknown angles. All contests for this trophy must be held within the State of New Jersey, and within thirty days from the receipt of the challenge by "either of the parties authorized to receive the same". Thus the match will be shot some time before Oct. 28.

147 was in bad luck and out of form at this shoot. He had lots of grit, however, and found time to make and shoot a few matches during the week. He shot well in the programme events on the second day, and only went to pieces in the last event, just when he seemed to have a good chance for being right at the top. Dickey also found this event his Jonah one, too, for he dropped 5 targets in it, after starting in for the 90 targets tied for first average for the day with Rolla Heikes.

"The big Swede," as Tom Keller calls Rolla, landed in first place both days. He was shooting his new model '97 Winchester, and found he missed "Old Betsy" once or twice, when he drew some of those low and sharp left-quarterers from No. 1 trap as a starter in an event. Rolla says, however, that when he gets used to the new gun he'll not do a thing to live birds. Judging from his work on these articles on both live-bird days, he seems to be getting pretty well used to it even thus early in the game.

J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, shot targets very well on the second day, but the seventh event was fatal to his chances for a higher position than eighth on the list for the day. Event No. 8 on the same day was also another bad one for his average.

Jake Blenderman, of 100 West street, New York, an hotel shooters know well, donated a handsome ice water set as a prize at this tournament. The conditions under which this trophy was shot for were of Jake's own choosing, and were as follows: "To go to the highest individual score in the 3-men team race for championship at targets. In case of a tie, the trophy to be shot for at 50 targets per man." This made quite an interesting race. Eight men tied on 22 out of 25: Van Dyke, Geoffroy, Sinnock, Keller, Dutchy, Schorty, Carl von Lengerke and Steve Palmer. On the first shoot-off Van Dyke and Geoffroy tied again. The second shoot-off resulted in an easy win for Ferd, whose success was most loudly applauded, the win being a very popular one. Ferd was shooting his new model Winchester, '97 model, and W-A powder in Leader shells.

That was quite a race for the individual championship at live birds. Hank White, Noel Money and Tom Morfey tied for the badge with 15 straight. White soon dropped out of the tie, but Noel Money made Morfey kill 7 more, in addition to the 15 already shot, before losing a bird and also the badge. Morfey shot very well on this day, scoring every bird he shot at in the State events, a total of 32 straight.

The background for targets was a trying one for the shooters; so what must it have been for the eyes of the referee? Still, there were really fewer kicks at decisions than would naturally have been expected under the circumstances. Under the most favorable conditions no man can see everything, and the conditions at Clifton, although the best obtainable for this shoot, could never be classed as favorable for good refereeing.

The 750lb. sauerkraut team, as the boys termed the Climax Gun Club's No. 1 team in the three-men team race for State championship, caused lots of fun when posing for their photos before an amateur camera. Front and back views were taken, but the camera had to be 50ft. away to get in all three members of the team. Tom Keller with his 230lbs. was the baby of the team, while Schorty overtopped Dutchy by a head. The team won the trophy with a score of 66 out of 75, each man making 22.

The shoot was most wonderfully favored in the matter of weather. Although chilly in the extreme during the early morning hours of Thursday, Sept 23, for the balance of the shoot nothing better could be asked than the weather dealt out to the Association by the local weather clerk. Umbrellas were at a premium, but they were not needed to keep off rain; they were used as sunshades.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Baltimore Programme.

THE Baltimore Shooting Association has gotten out the programme for its fourth annual tournament, Oct. 19-22. A total of $500 will be added in cash to the purses. Of the above sum $150 per day will be added to both days' programme of target events, the first two days being devoted exclusively to target shooting. The remaining sum of $200 will be added to a guaranteed purse of $500, the total of $700 going to the four high guns in the Maryland Handicap, an event which takes place on Oct. 22, and which is more particularly mentioned later.

The shoot will be held at the Association's grounds, Pimlico road, where all similar events under the auspices of this Association have been held for the past few years.

THE TARGET EVENTS.

The programme of target events for the first day is as follows: Five events of 15 targets each, $1.50, with $12.50 added to each purse; five events of 20 targets each, $2, with $17.50 added to each purse. The second day's programme is precisely similar in every respect. All moneys in these events will be divided under the old system, with four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

The last two days of this shoot will be devoted to live-bird shooting. On Oct. 21 there will be three events, as follows:

No. 1, Suburban Introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included. Four moneys, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 30yds. everybody.

No. 2, Baltimore Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, birds included. Four moneys, high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 30yds. rise.

No. 3, the B. S. A. Handicap, 10 birds, $10, birds extra. Handicaps, 26 to 33yds. High guns. If twenty entries or less, four moneys; from twenty to twenty-five, five moneys; from twenty-five to thirty, six moneys; from thirty to thirty-five, seven moneys; from thirty-five to forty, eight moneys.

For the second day the Maryland Handicap is scheduled. This event is at 25 birds, $25, birds extra, high guns. Handicaps, 26 to 33yds.; $500 guaranteed by the Baltimore Shooting Association; all surplus added. Also $200 added by the Association. Open to all. The following is the way in which the purses will be divided:

The $500 guaranteed, and $200 added by the Association, is to go to the four high guns. First, $280; second, $210; third, $140; and fourth $70.

Should there be more than thirty and not exceeding forty entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $700 will be divided 20, 18, 17, 16, 15 and 14 per cent. to the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth highest guns.

Should there be more than forty and not exceeding fifty entries, all money in the purse in excess of the $700 will be divided 13, 13, 12, 12, 11, 11, 10, 10 and 8 per cent. to fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth highest guns.

Should there be more than fifty entries, all surplus over and above $1,450 (that is, fifty entries at $25 each) will be added to the sum $700 guaranteed to the four high guns, and will be divided proportionately between them at the rate of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Briefly summing the foregoing, it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received. It is not possible for fifth money to exceed fourth, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all.

It will be specially noted that in all the live-bird events the purses go to the high guns, and that class shooting is done away with.

A FEW NOTES.

All guns and shells sent in care of the A. G. Alford Sporting Goods Company, 130 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., will be cared for and sent up to the grounds. The same company will also have on sale at the grounds a full line of first-class hand-loaded shells.

Shooting commences at 9 A. M. prompt each day.

The Carrollton Hotel will, as usual, be the shooters' headquarters during the tournament.

Any further information in regard to this tournament may be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Association, Mr. George L. Harrison, 130 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept 28.—No. 1, 50 pairs, three traps, known angles, match race, entrance $5 each:

Stipp.
10 10 10 10 11 10 00 00 11 10 01 11 11 11 10 10 10 01 00 11 10 11 00 11 00
11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 10 11 11 11
Total....67

Braxtan.
11 10 11 11 10 11 01 10 01 00 10 10 11 11 11 10 11 00 11 11 01 01 10 11 11
11 10 11 11 10 11 11 00 00 10 11 11 10 00 10 10 11 01 11 10 10 11 10 10 10
Total....67

Result a tie, which will be decided next week.

No. 2, 20 targets, five traps, unknown angles:

Thompson	11101101111111011111—17	Kelly	10100101111011001111—13
Sherwood	11111111111111111111—10	Thornton	10110001111000100001— 9
Sears	11110100111101101011—14	Stipp	11111101101111111101—17

No. 3, 10 targets, 5 traps, unknown angles:

Kelly	1001000111— 5	Braxton	1111110111— 9
Sherwood	1111101111— 8	Sears	0101011110— 6
Thompson	1111100111— 8	Stipp	1111111111—10

No 4, team shoot, 10 targets per man, unknown angles, 5 traps; entrance, price of targets:

Stipp	1111111110— 9	Sherwood	1110110111— 8
Thompson	1111111111—10	Braxtan	1111111111—10
Kelly	1110111111— 9	Sears	0101101111— 7
Hatfield	0100110101— 5—33	Palmer	1111010000— 5—30

SHERWOOD, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Newburgh Defeats the 10th Regiment.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 24.—The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association shot a race to-day with the 10th Regiment team, allowing them 3 points per man on each range, and finally beating them out by 20 points. Scores were:

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Haviland	4543444444—40	4 45554545—44	84
Higginson	5434445 44—41	3554405443—36	77
Harrison	4444040445—35	3445454454—42	75
Odell	3444484431—35	4458445544—40	75
Sneed	4404444444—34	3544445545—4[illegible]	74
Stansbrough	4443434441—38	4544445544—43	81
Scott	3454354544—41	548 854555—43	84
Coleman	4434534444—39—299	4445545552—41—334	80—618
10th Regiment.			
Jas Wood	4543441334—33	4243452023—29	67
W H Maher	4541444441—41	4454440234—34	75
D W Jagger	344 434454—37	0844 51824—34	71
W H Barton, Jr	4344554454—44	4 08443485—33	77
F W Fullerton	4414444433—38	4412332450—31	69
J R Mathews	3452443433—35	3253335544—35	70
W A May	4454344543—41	4345450445—38	79
S P Rigney	3444334344—36—319	2445333454—37—309	73—581

DAVID BROWN, Pres't.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—Below are the scores made Sept. 19 and 26 by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club on the club's ranges. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt made a clean sweep on both occasions:

Medal contest, 200yds.:

	Sept 19.	Sept. 26
Schmidt	4343358844—75	3440855 63—42
Metcalfe	0123701532—24	15 6 515244—34
Norcom	0220120030—11	1112174031—20

Ladies' medal contest, 100yds.:

	Sept 19.	Sept. 29.
Mrs Schmidt	5440344244—32	3787575334—50
Mrs Chamberlain	470542.000—23	3583351647—40
Mrs Marshall		3033460944—41

PATERSON.

San Francisco Riflemen.

San Francisco, Sept. 27.—Shell Mound range was crowded with riflemen yesterday. The marksmen of the Columbia Club devoted their attention to their all comers' medals, and the German clubs to bullseye shooting. The feature of the day was Ernest Jacobson's clean score of 50 with a Sharp's military rifle. This was made in the Columbia Club's contest for the military medal. This is a re-entry match, best ten scores of ten shots during the year to win. At present the contestants stand: E. Hovey 477, E. Jacobson 477, F. O. Young 475, F. H Bushnell 475, J E Gorman 466. A. H. Pape has entered the race, making 47 and 49 yesterday. This match is shot on the Columbia target, and only shots in the true 8in. circle count bullseyes.

Our marksmen are more and more convinced of the superiority of the large bullseye over the small one. The eye is less strained, and as a consequence the shooting is more agreeable and more accurate.

Scores for the day:

Rifle re entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target, F. H Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young, 9, 11, 12, 12.

William Glindemann military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: E. Jacobson, 50, 47; A. H. Pape, 49, 47; F. H. Bushnell, 48, 47; F. O. Young, 48, 47, 47; E. Hovey, 47, 46.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers made during month: F. O. Young 4, A. H. Pape 2.

Pistol, re-entry matches, open to all comers 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 9, 10; F. O. Young, 8, 12.

Howard Carr any revolver medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 24, 29, 32; C Roberts 32.

Achille Roos .32 rifle medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 7, 9, 11; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 13, 15; Mrs. M J. White, 13, 18; E A. Goddard, 26.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers made during month, Blanding flags: Young 2, Dorrell 2, Gorman 1. Small rifle: Dorrell 10, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 7, Mrs. M. J. White 2, Jacobson 1.

BULLSEYES.

There was a large attendance of German sharpshooters on the range contesting for cash prizes and monthly medals Their scores were up to the average and afforded the shooters considerable sport. The regular bullseye contests of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein and the Germania Schuetzen Club resulted in the following securing cash prizes, as decided by the machine that is used to measure the disks, together with the points and the order of the winnings:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein: 1, F. Koch, 147 points; 2, E H. Goetze, 180; 3, Hy P. Schuster, 232; 4, O. Lemcke, 283; 5, L. Bendel, 441; 6. H M. Wreden, 497; 7, A. H. Pape, 582; 8, J. Tiedemann, 603; 9, Wm Glindemann, 618; 10, J. C. Waller, 659; 11, C. F. Rust, 742; 12, C. Thierbach, 750; 13, H. H. Burfeind, 758; 14, John Utschig, 878; 15, L. Haake, 896; 16, N. Ahrens, 983; 17, John DeWitt, 1,003; 18, R. Stettin, 1,132; 19, Wm. Ehrenpfort, 1,205; 20, D. B. Faktor, 1,543.

Germania Schuetzen Club: 1, Bendel, 197; 2, D. B. Faktor, 212; 3, F. P. Schuster, 216; 4, J. Utschig, 315; 5, E C Rust, 319; 6, C. Thierbach, 491; 7, N Ahrens, 496; 8, D. Saalfield, 597; 9, W. Morken, 649. Robel.

Yachting.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

The following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Franc'sco.

The Proposed Yacht Racing Association.

As stated in the announcement published last week, the meeting for the purpose of organising a national yachting association will be held in New York on Saturday, Oct. 30. The general plan of the proposed organization is set forth in the following, which has been sent out with the accompanying racing rules, to all clubs in the United States and Canada.

Proposed articles of Association of the Yacht Racing Association of North America.

ARTICLE I.

Name.—The name of this organization shall be the Yacht Racing Association of North America.

ARTICLE II.

Objects.—The objects of the Association shall be to encourage yacht racing and promote the adoption of uniform racing rules throughout the United States and Canada, but no association, union or club shall be bound by any action of this Association until it has ratified such action.

ARTICLE III.

Organization.—Any yacht club in North America, having a regular membership of over one hundred, and over fifteen yachts of 15ft. racing measurement or upward, enrolled in their fleet, or any association or union of yacht clubs, shall be eligible for membership in the Association.

ARTICLE IV.

Representation.—Each association, union or club shall be entitled to be represented in this Association as follows:

1. Each local association or union belonging to this Association, shall be entitled to choose from the delegates from the clubs of which it consists, representatives to this Association, the number of such representatives to be determined as follows:

(a) One representative for each club having 100 members, and one representative in addition for each additional 200 members.

(b) Each club belonging to this Association, but not connected with any local association or union, shall be entitled to choose from its members one representative for 100 members, and one representative in addition for each additional 200 members.

ARTICLE V.

Management.—The affairs of the Association shall be managed by a council consisting of fifteen representatives, who shall be elected annually by the Association at the annual meeting, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected, and shall have power to fill vacancies in their number.

ARTICLE VI.

Duties of Council.—It shall be the duty of the Council to consider and act upon application for membership in the Association, to appoint special officers and committees, to frame racing rules for submission to the Association, and to determine and settle all difficulties and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be referred to them for decision, and, further, to take such steps as they may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects and purposes of the Association.

The Council shall elect a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer.

The chairman may call special meetings of the Council whenever necessary, and shall do so upon the requisition in writing of five members, in which case five days' notice must be given of such meeting.

The Council shall meet at such times and places as they may consider expedient.

Five representatives shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Council.

ARTICLE VII.

Meetings.—There shall be an annual meeting of the Association, at such place as the Council shall determine, on the first Saturday of October in each year. The Council may call special meetings of the Association whenever they may consider it necessary.

Fifteen representatives shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Association.

Ten days' notice, in writing, of a meeting shall be given to each representative.

At any general meeting of the Association voting shall be allowed by proxy.

ARTICLE VIII.

Subscription.—The expenses of the Association shall be apportioned and assessed among the associations, unions and clubs as may be determined by the Council, but no assessment to exceed $3 a representative shall be levied in any one year.

ARTICLE IX.

Amendments.—Amendments to these articles may be adopted at any meeting of the Association by a two-thirds vote of those present in person or by proxy, provided that the proposed amendment in full shall be contained in the notice of the meeting.

Racing Rules.

MANAGEMENT.

All races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the control and direction of the race committee of the club giving the race. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control, and all questions and disputes which may arise shall be decided by them. Their decisions shall be based upon these rules, and shall be final, unless, upon the application of the parties interested, or for other reasons, they choose to refer the questions at issue to the Council of the Association. Such reference shall be final.

No member of the Council or of any race committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is directly interested.

A member of a race committee who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

APPLICATION.

Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the time the preparatory signal is made until the finish of the race.

OWNERSHIP.

No two yachts owned wholly or in part by the same person shall compete in the same class.

ENTRIES.

All entries shall be made in writing, and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving the name of the yacht, class, racing length and racing number.

Entries shall be filed in the manner prescribed by the club under whose auspices the race is sailed.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. The owner of each yacht entered for a race shall, at the time of the entry, or as soon thereafter as possible, be supplied with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race and the courses to be sailed.

2. The race committee may change the courses or amend the instructions, provided notice of such change is given to the owner of each yacht before the preparatory signal is made.

3. In the absence of the owner, the delivery of instructions to any person on board his yacht shall be sufficient.

SAILS.

1. The following sails may be carried:

On Schooners: Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, working main and fore gaff-topsail, main topmast staysail and spinaker.

On Sloops and Cutters: Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, working gaff-topsail and spinaker.

On Yawls: The same as on sloops and cutters, with mizzen and mizzen-staysail.

On Catboats: Mainsail.

2. Light sails may set over working sails.

3. No extra spars, booming-out or whisker poles, except a spinaker boom, shall be used.

4. A working main or fore gaff-topsail must be jib-headed and must not extend above the truck or beyond the end of the gaff. A spinaker must be triangular, and must not extend above the truck or beyond the outer end of the spinaker boom.

FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.

1. Floors shall be kept down, and bulkheads and doors left standing. Galley fixtures and fittings shall be kept on board in their proper places, and one serviceable anchor and cable shall be carried.

2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed, and neither water nor ballast shall be taken in or discharged.

PRIVATE SIGNALS AND NUMBERS.

The owner's private signal shall be carried at the main peak, and the racing number shall be placed above the reef points, at an equal distance from the luff and leach, on each side of the mainsail.

POSTPONEMENT.

The race committee may postpone a race, should unfavorable weather make a postponement advisable.

A race postponed or recalled shall be considered a new race.

TIME AT FINISH AND START.

1. All starts shall be flying, and shall be "time" or "one-gun" starts, as may be specified in the instructions.

2. In time starts an interval shall be allowed for crossing the line, and the time of each yacht shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the starting line. A yacht crossing the line after the starting interval shall be timed as having crossed at its expiration.

3. In one-gun starts each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal.

4. The time of finish of each yacht shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the finish line.

5. In any start, if the point marked by the foremast in schooners, and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, has crossed the line before the signal for the start in her class is made, she must return and re-cross the line.

A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the first starting signal has been made, must keep clear of, and give way to, all yachts in the race.

PROPULSION.

1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.

2. Manual power only shall be used in working a yacht.

MARKS.

1. A mark is a vessel, boat, buoy or other object used to indicate the course, and is not a mark until the starting signal has been given, and does not involve any question of sea room.

2. If the courses are not found as stated in the instructions, or should any stake-boat, buoy or other mark be absent or moved from its proper position during a race, the race may be recalled or not, at the option of the race committee.

ANCHORING.

A yacht may come to anchor, but must weigh anchor again and not slip. A yacht shall not warp or kedge, or make fast to any buoy, stage, pier, vessel or other object, except for purposes specified in Rule —

RUNNING AGROUND AND FOULING.

A yacht running aground or fouling a buoy, pier, vessel or other object, may use her anchors, warps, boats, etc., to get clear, but may not receive any assistance, except from vessel fouled. Any anchor, warp or boat so used must be taken on board again before continuing the race.

ACCIDENTS.

Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the race committee she shall thereby have impaired her chance of winning, they may order the race to be resailed between such yacht and the winner in her class.

SOUNDING.

No other means of sounding than the hand lead and line shall be employed.

RIGHT OF WAY.

When one yacht is approaching another yacht so as to involve a risk of fouling, one of them shall keep clear of the other as follows:

1. Maneuvering for a Start.—In maneuvering for a start, up to the time of the starting signal, where two or more yachts with the wind on the same side are standing toward the line, and the weather yacht has the wind freer than the yacht to leeward, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold her course.

2. On Different Points of Sailing.—A yacht free shall keep clear of one close hauled.

3. On the same Point of Sailing with the Wind on Opposite Sides.—When both yachts are close-hauled, or both free, or both have the wind aft and on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear.

A yacht is deemed to have the wind on the side opposite to that on which she is carrying her main boom.

4. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on the Same Side.—When both yachts are free or have the wind aft and on the same side, the yacht to the windward shall keep clear.

5. Wind Aft.—A yacht with the wind aft shall keep clear of a yacht on any other point of sailing.

6. Overtaking.—An overtaking yacht shall, in every case, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken, except as specified in Sec. 13.

7. Definition of Overlap.—An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice of which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht by luffing, or the weather yacht by bearing away, is in danger of fouling.

8. Altering Course.—When of two yachts one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.

9. Luffing.—A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established.

10. Bearing Away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward.

11. Rights on New Courses.—A yacht shall not be entitled to her rights on a new course until she has filled away.

12. Converging Close-Hauled.—When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to leeward shall keep clear.

13. Passing and Rounding Marks.—If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark.

A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

14. Obstruction to Sea Room.—When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall on being hailed by the former at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as nearly the same time as is possible without danger of fouling; but should such obstruction be a designated mark in the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule.

DISQUALIFICATION.

Every yacht must go fairly around the course, and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another.

If a yacht, in consequence of her neglect of these rules, shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any yacht, mark or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified and the owner shall pay all damages.

The race committee may, without a protest, disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of these rules.

PROTESTS.

1. Notice of intention to protest that a yacht has violated these rules may be given during a race by displaying flag B of the signal code, and keeping such flag flying until answered by the race committee with the answering pennant.

2. Protests must be filed in writing with the race committee before 6 o'clock P. M. of the day succeeding the race, exclusive of Sundays, and must be signed by the owner or his representative.

3. If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the race committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measuring shall be collected from the owner, if the measurement be found wrong; and from the person protesting if the measurement be found right.

While the scheme thus outlined is less elaborate than some that have been proposed, and while it by no means covers all of what we consider the proper functions of such a national yachting body, at the same time it covers the immediate essentials, and it is sufficiently moderate to avoid the objections of even those who can see in such a movement nothing but a trick of the many smaller clubs to exert undue power over the few large ones. As distinctly but rather inopportunely stated in the second article, no body is to be bound by the rules of the Association until it has distinctly accepted such rules. However necessary such a statement may be, its direct connection with the objects of the associations named in the same section, is not quite clear.

One very important point in the establishment of a new organization of any kind is the name. Changes of constitution, by-laws and rules must come in time in all organizations, however carefully the original work may be done, but changes of name are always undesirable; this much, at least, should be done properly at the start.

The name proposed, "Yacht Racing Association of North America," may be strictly correct, but it is open to several objections. In its form it is clumsy and unwieldy; there is too much of it to be used in full, and if abbreviated to the mere initials, as is usually done, it comes in conflict with half a dozen smaller Y. R. As. already in existence. In Great Britain no such objection exists, the simple letters Y. R. A. stand for the one governing body in British yachting; in this country, however, we have the Lake Y. R. A., the Massachusetts Y. R. A., the Interlake, Northwestern and other

smaller bodies with similar initials. For this reason it would seem desirable to start the new and more important organization on a little different basis, with a name that shall mark it distinctively from all the subordinate associations and unions.

The correct name must embody three ideas: union, yachtsmen, North America; and in some direct and simple form that is easily indicated by initials, such as the American Canoe Association (A. C. A.) and the League of American Wheelmen (L. A. W.). Taking the first idea, union, either of three words, "union," "association" or "league," will convey the meaning; and there is little to choose between them as to the fine shades of meaning. Of the three, "association" is the least desirable, being already in such general use in the same connection.

The second idea, indicating the sport or the persons interested, is in the form of "Yacht Racing" in the title already proposed. While racing must always be the *raison d'etre* for such an organization, it is not the only one by any means. The sport of yachting at large, certainly of more importance than yacht racing alone, is quite capable of profiting by the assistance of a national body devoted to its interests; and there is no reason, even though at the present time it may be inclined to go no further, why the new organization should distinctly limit its exertions to yacht racing. Such a word as "Yachting" would be more compreh ensive, and quite as accurate.

The word "American" has, in common use, two different meanings; in its broader sense, as used in the title, "American Canoe Association," it covers the continent of North America, embracing Canada and the United States alike. It was adopted on the organization of the A. C. A. in 1880 by representatives of both nations, and has been in general use ever since without any question arising as to whether it related more directly to one than to the other. At the same time the word is also used in a much more restricted sense to apply to the United States alone, as in the "League of American Wheelmen," which organization is confined wholly to the United States, and has a counterpart, though entirely distinct, in the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. So far as this side of the line is concerned, there would probably be no objection to the term "American," as briefer and better than "North American"; we cannot answer for the feeling on the part of Canadian yachtsmen, but the experience in canoeing indicates that there are no serious grounds for objection.

Without attempting any final suggestion, we would point out the desirability of some brief and compact title, such as "American Yachting League" (A. Y. L.), or one of similar form. It is certainly important that the organization should start with a good title, and we do not consider the one now proposed as at all satisfactory.

The scheme of organization is very simple, with merely a council of fifteen and but three officers, chairman, secretary and treasurer. The general provisions as to representation, meetings, voting, etc., are in accordance with general usage in such associations. The date of the annual meeting, the first Saturday in October, is rather early, the last Saturday would be better, as there will, presumably, be a good deal to do between the end of the active racing, some time in September, and the date of the meeting; all the routine of reports and the proposals for amendment of rules coming at that time.

The action of the original conference is well known; after much discussion it was decided to take no action whatever prior to final organization in the matter of measurement and classification rules; and in accordance with this the special committee on racing rules has dealt only with the general rules relating to the management of races and the racing "rules of the road." Very few changes have been made from the existing practice in the majority of clubs, the most important being the provision that a buoy or boat does not become a mark until the starting (not the preparatory) signal is given; with which is offered a modification of the new rule governing maneuvering for the line. In other respects there is nothing in the rules which alters the general practice on yacht racing.

Onawa.

FOR the past two seasons the 20-footer Onawa has not been raced, but during the present season she has been in commission on Lake Minnetonka, Mr. H. J. Burton and his son, Ward C. Burton, sailing her for pleasure and exercise. Being thoroughly familiar with the yacht after long practice, they have taken special pleasure in developing her highest speed under favorable conditions; and in this they have been aided by the fact that the courses on Lake Minnetonka,

ONAWA, OF LAKE MINNETONKA.
Owned by Messrs. H. J. and W. C. Burton.

where there is neither tide nor current, are accurately surveyed on the ice, and marked by piles driven down immovably. The distances are thus fixed beyond question, and it is only a matter of careful and reliable timing between marks. The accompanying cut, from an amateur photo recently taken, shows Onawa, with Messrs. Burton and Miss Burton on board. The yacht was originally very lightly built, but she is still sound and strong and capable of hard service, such as she is frequently put to when the weather permits, merely for the sake of the excitement of sailing. She is 26ft. 9in. over all, about 20ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 4in. beam, and carries but 400sq. ft. of sail, thus making her racing length close to 20ft. The following account of one of her trials is from the Minneapolis *Morning Times* of Aug. 17; she has equaled this time on other occasions:

The velocity attained by Onawa on Lake Minnetonka is believed to exceed any record yet made by vessels under 100ft. in length, propelled by sails alone.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. last Friday, the velocity of the wind in this vicinity was twenty-two to twenty-six miles per hour, according to the observations of the United States Weather Bureau. The larger boats were close-reefed, and not all of them succeeded even in getting to windward in the trial of the Minnetonka Y. C. for selecting a representative for the White Bear races.

Onawa was sent out under full racing sail to windward as far as Big Island, in order to return with the wind on the starboard quarter, and made the trip four times. On one run she left the steamer Saucy Kate far behind, going apparently twice as fast as the steamer. The best time made from the Excelsior-Wayzata buoy, near Big Island, to the club house dock, on inside channel was 2m. 10s.

George W. Cooley, who surveyed the M. Y. C. course, states the distance between the two points as 2,990ft., just about one-half of a nautical mile, and .57 of a statute mile. This would make the speed at the rate of 16 statute miles per hour, or 13 nautical miles, somewhat better than the best speed recorded even of the 90ft. Defender.

The Boston Knockabouts.

THE following interesting summary of the season's racing of the knockabout class of Massachusetts Bay is the work of Mr. W. E. Robinson, of the Boston *Globe*. We can speak from experience in similar work of the labor involved in the compilation and comparison of such records:

KNOCKABOUT RECORDS—TABLE I.

	Starts.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	Av.
Gosling	26	7	8	4	1	1	0	.458
Mongoose	23	4	7	5	1	0	0	.380
Fly	27	7	3	5	5	1	2	.381
Cock Robin	5	3	0	1	0	1	0	.325
Cockatoo	20	3	4	2	6	1	1	.375
Hazard	26	5	4	7	4	6	1	.350
Sally III.	23	2	1	3	5	5	5	.141
Jacobin	13	0	1	0	2	1	1	.085

KNOCKABOUT RECORDS—TABLE II.

	Gosling.	Fly.	Mongoose.	Cock Robin.	Cockatoo.	Hazard.	Sally III.	Jacobin.
Gosling	..	15	11	2	9	15	16	11
Fly	9	..	13	0	11	12	14	10
Mongoose	9	9	..	1	11	10	12	7
Cock Robin	2	3	4	..	2	4	4	1
Cockatoo	9	7	6	1	..	9	11	7
Hazard	8	13	10	1	9	..	15	9
Sally III.	5	7	5	1	5	6	..	11
Jacobin	1	8	3	0	0	3	1	..

In no class in or around Boston has there been such steady and interesting racing as that between the 21ft. knockabouts, nor is there a class in which the boats have been so evenly matched or in which it has been so hard to pick a winner. There have been thirty-six races—club, open or sweepstakes—during the season, in which the boats of the class could enter, and but two of them were on a conflicting date.

The fact that five of the racing fleet entered and sailed in thirty or more of these races speaks volumes for the persistency of their owners, the sport which the racing afforded, and the possibility of a win at any time. The racing is also a high tribute to what can be accomplished in a "restricted" class, where a boat is not necessarily "outbuilt" every year, and where the cost is moderate and the racing strictly corinthian.

Nor does there seem to be any prospect of the interest in the class dying out. The results of the season's racing are not so conclusive in the matter of the superiority of one boat over another as to discourage an owner from continuing next year with this season's boat, while at the same time there is already talk of new boats by men both in and out of the present racing contingent.

Taken all around, the class is proving itself an extremely valuable one from almost any standpoint, and deserves encouragement in every possible way,

In presenting the records of the season's racing, the *Globe* has, however, taken only those races which counted for the Y. R. A. championship. It was this championship which was the main prize in the class, and races which did not count for it were deemed by many of the owners as merely side issues to the main question. In fact, several starts were made which would not have been had the races been championship ones. A comparison of the entire racing season is a very interesting one, but a comparison on a Y. R. A. basis is but simple justice to boats specialilly competing for that championship.

In table No. 1 is shown the number of times a boat has started and the places she secured. No boat is credited with a place unless defeating a competitor. In table No. 2 is shown the number of times each boat has beaten or has been beaten by every other boat in the fleet. Read it across the columns for wins and down the columns for losses. There have been twenty-nine races which counted for Y. R. A. championships.

Jenny Wren is not included in the tables, since she only started in four races and was last each time. So far as the writer could ascertain there are no protests pending except that at Hull, Sept. 11, and they will not affect the standing of the boats, whichever way they may be decided. The positions in that race are therefore credited as the boats finished. The decision of the protests would make but minor changes.

A look at table No. 1 shows that Fly has the "sportiest" record of the lot with 27 starts. Gosling and Hazard are a close second with 26 each, and then come Mongoose and Sally III with 23 each. Cockatoo has been raced with commendable persistency, but Cock Robin has been raced so little in championship races as to make her record an unsatisfactory one for championship comparison.

The boats are ranked in table No. 1 according to their Y. R. A. averages. Cock Robin's total percentage is divided by 10 as required under Association rules, the requirement being made to insure starts in at least ten races by boats really out for the championship.

In table No. 2, however, the boats, with the exception of Cock Robin, are ranked on the basis of series with other boats, won, lost or tied. The writer believes this to be the fairer way of the two, and as more likely to show the boat's relative abilities. The exception is made in Cock Robin's case for the reason that she has started in so few races as to make almost impossible a fair comparison with boats racing five times as often. She is therefore left in the same position between the winning and losing divisions of the fleet to which she is entitled by her Y. R. A. average, and her wins and losses can show for whatever they may be worth.

Gosling takes first place by reason of having won five series, lost none and tied two. Fly comes second with four won, two lost and one tied, while Mongoose is third with four won and three lost. It is a close fit between Fly and Mongoose, but since the former has won her series with the latter she is entitled to precedence.

The question of place between Cockatoo and Hazard is also a close one. They are tied in series lost and won, also in their series with each other, but in proportion to her number of starts—and she has started a sufficient number of times to entitle her to her full rank in the tables—Cockatoo shows a little ahead.

In brief, the results of the tables are: Gosling wins from Mongoose, Fly, Hazard, Sally III. and Jacobin, and ties Cock Robin and Cockatoo. Fly wins from Mongoose, Cockatoo, Sally III. and Jacobin, loses to Gosling and Cock Robin and ties Hazard. Mongoose wins from Cockatoo, Hazard, Sally III. and Jacobin, and loses to Gosling, Fly and Cock Robin. Cockatoo and Hazard win only from Sally III. and Jacobin, while Sally wins only from Jacobin. Jacobin has not been raced with that persistency characteristic of her owner's course in past seasons, but has at times shown much better speed than her low place in the table would indicate.

But after all the careful tabulation of the results of the season's racing, the question may be fairly asked—do the records and tables in this case actually show which is the fastest boat of the fleet, and is the matter of superiority decisively settled?

And in reply the writer would answer that, in his opinion, "no." The records indeed show what has been done in the

season's racing, but they cannot show conditions of wind and weather, nor can they tell how much of that undoubted factor, "luck," has entered into the problem. So for an answer to the question of actual superiority, recourse must be had to the races themselves.

When the Y. R. A. season closed, on Sept. 11, there was a very general impression that Gosling was the best all-around boat of the fleet and that she deserved the championship she had won. That impression has not changed so far as the championship is concerned, and yet it must be conceded that Mongoose was giving her a close race for first place when the season closed, and in view of the entire season's racing, both in and out of the Y. R. A. races, it may be still an open question as between the two.

The question of superiority should not, however, be considered as settled by the sweepstake races of the Knockabout Association, sailed after the close of the Y. R. A. season. Mongoose beat Gosling in all three races, but it must be remembered that all three were sailed practically in two divisions, with Gosling in one and Mongoose in the other. Gosling's owner had planned to stop racing with the close of the Y. R. A. season, but as it was desired to "try out" Cock Robin in the hands of her original owner, Gosling entered the races and made a win from Mr. Eaton's boat her sp ial effort.

A series of races between Gosling and Mongoose would help settle the question, but since this is impossible at thi late date, the fairest way seems to be to let the matter res on the facts as shown. Gosling has the championship, but Mongoose has given her a close rub.

The margin of superiority between any two boats of the entire fleet is, in fact, a very small one. It might, indeed, and often has been wiped out by a poor start or a bit of bad luck. The boat which secured the best start in the races has sometimes been the winner on that advantage alone. It is these uncertain features of the races which have helped make it interesting, and which have so divided the wins as to keep every one guessing.

With wind, weather, the start and luck all entering into the problem, who, then, can give a decided answer?

There is a way, however, by which one feature of the racing can, to a certain extent, be eliminated. With a fleet so closely matched as this one, there is always a temptation to "split tacks" and go looking for a better chance. The yachtsmen who have been racing the 21-footers at Newport had a try at the problem of eliminating this chance by racing the boats in pairs, as is done in other kinds of sport. Just how satisfactory was the result does not fully appear, but at least one race of this kind would not be a bad experiment to try next season. Toward the close of the season it might furnish a basis for accurate comparison not otherwise to be obtained, and might help answer the question which is now puzzling "all hands and the cook."

But there is one question which was asked early in the season, to which an answer can confidently be given. "Can Cock Robin be beaten?" has been answered in the affirmative. The position that she is still the fastest boat in the fleet is hardly a tenable one in view of the racing, and yet she is so close to the fastest that the chances before mentioned would either give her a win or bar her from it. She can be beaten, but not all the time, nor possibly even the most of the time. There is every encouragement for her owner to race her next season for all she is worth, and see just where she stands.

It is also apparent that the new boats are closer to Cock Robin than the boats of last year, and that an advance has been made all along the line. Still it is not the new Herreshoff boats which rank Cock Robin in the table, and more than one yachtsman will be found to say that the Bristol designer's first knockabout was a lucky hit, on which he will have hard work to improve. Yet it is a very close thing all around, and its closeness is what make it valuable. There is no reason why the success of the class should not be continued.

Capt. Henry E. Bayly.

THIS veteran yachtsman, whose name is familiar to our readers in connection with many designs, died recently at his home in Exmouth, England, at the age of sixty-eight years. He entered the British army at an early age, and when stationed at Plymouth began his yachting career; after several years of service in the West Indies, he was transferred to Canada in 1851, spending nearly twelve years there, during part of which time he served in the Royal Canadian Rifles. Always an ardent yachtsman, he took up the pursuit of designing at a time, nearly fifty years ago, when comparatively few yachtsmen concerned themselves with anything more than the owning or sailing of a vessel. As long ago as 1856, when home on leave, he designed the 15-tonner Ethel, remarkable in that day for having a lead keel of nearly two tons. Being home again at Plymouth in 1862, he picked up a sailing boat of the Itchen type—Blossom—and finding her defective in many ways set about rebuilding her, renaming her Coral. When he finally returned permanently to England in 1865 he took the new-old boat in hand again and rebuilt her entirely, making practically a new craft of his own design; the work being done by Bulley, a builder, of Shaldon. As became a Devon man, Capt. Bayly was a staunch admirer of the old Devon sea-dogs, and over the new yacht Buccaneer he hoisted as a racing flag a red scull and crossbones on a black ground. In later years, long after Buccaneer had passed out of the yacht list, her owner still clung to the names suggestive of Drake and Raleigh and the Spanish Main; "Boucanier," merely another spelling, "Piccaroon," "Scourge," etc.

For over a dozen years Buccaneer brought pleasure and credit to her designer, defeating from the start such famous cutters of the day as Quiver, Folly, Dudu and Queen. In 1871 she was taken in hand again, to fit her to meet newer yachts. She was hipped and about half a ton of lead added to her keel, the alterations making her good enough to defeat the then new Ildegonda, 15-tonner. Five years later sh was lengthened to keep her up to the new yachts. Her local fame as a sea boat was such that when offered for sale in 1878 she found purchasers in some Dartmouth pilots, who built up her bulwarks and used her for years in their business.

In 1883 Capt. Bayly designed the 3-tonner Spankadillo, a very fine example of the narrow lead-mine, and raced her for some years, also using her for cruising. When the narrow boats passed away, he designed the 2½-rater Jack O'Lanthorne, quite a successful craft, though increasing illhealth was each year keeping her owner more and more on shore. For several years he had done very little sailing, but he was still able until quite recently to follow his other favorite pastime of golf, to which he was devoted for many years. Though purely an amateur designer, he turned out, altogether, some sixty designs, building from many of them for himself while others were for his friends. Of late years this work has been one of his chief amusements, in default of sailing and racing.

Capt. Bayly was not only a keen and devoted lover of yachting, but he was a thorough sportsman in his love of fair play and his broad sympathies with sport for its own sake and apart from mere personal or patriotic preferences. It was not the mere fact of winning, but the character of the contest which gave it a value to him. A thorough Englishman, and doubly proud of England and Devon, he at the same time held the most kindly feelings not only toward Canada, but toward the United States, looking upon the three as but one great nation. His broad and liberal views extended to yachting, in which field he was ready to recognize merit without regard to nationality. His death makes another gap in the rapidly-decreasing list of old-time yachtsmen who sailed year after year in one craft in those days when it was not necessary to build a new yacht every year.

The Larchmont Races.

THE two successive wins of Syce and Acushla settled the ownership of the commodore's cups in the 51ft. and 30ft. classes, but in the latter class there was a sweepstakes of $100 per boat, calling for a final race on Sept. 29. The wind was light, between south and southwest, and the weather fair. Acushla led over the line at 1:05, and led in the reach to Parsonage Point, but Anaotok passed her when on the wind and led at Hempstead, the times being:

Anaotok	3 41 21	Vorant II	4 39 00
Acushla	3 45 11		

The wind fell and left Vorant II. to leeward of the mark in a tideway. It was a slow drift home, the times being:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla, Hanan Bros.	78.47	5 25 20	5 20 20
Anaotok, Oswald Sanderson	N. M.	5 26 22	5 21 22
Vorant II, Geo. G. Tyson	34.00	5 40 15	5 35 15

The Thirty-Footers at Newport.

TWO special races were sailed at Newport on Sept. 29-30, Messrs. H. B. Duryea and A. S. Van Winkle having made up a private match. Mr. Duryea's Vaquero III. being laid up, he borrowed Dorothy II. from Mr. Whitney. The race of Sept. 29 was over the Dyers Island course in a light S.W. wind, the times being: Start, 2:45:

Dorothy II	6 44 22	Esperanza	6 55 57

On Sept. 30 the Beaver Tail and Bishop's Rock course was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being: Start, 2:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II	4 34 09	2 09 09
Esperanza	4 39 37	2 14 37

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Sodus Bay Y. C., of Sodus Bay, New York, has celebrated its fourth season by opening a handsome new club house on the bay, a large reception being held on Sept. 16. The club has elected the following officers for 1898: Com., Spencer Meade, Elmira, N. Y.; Vice-Com., F. W. Chamberlain, Lyons, N. Y.; Fleet Captain, W. W. Cook, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Sec'y-Treas., W. L. Kendall, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. F. Nutter, Newark, N. Y.; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. D. W. Kavonaugh, Lyons, N. Y.; Meas., C. H. Hill, Sodus Point, N. Y. The club is in a prosperous condition, and growing rapidly.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 809 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. Carpenter, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Canoe Rigs.

IT is a long time since anything in the way of a novelty has been seen in the sail plans of American canoes, the two-sail rig with relatively large mizen being universal. In England a different condition of affairs prevails, the sloop and the cat rig being found side by side with the American or "bafter" rig. The *Field* in its recent issues discusses the question of rig as follows:

However settled or determined the question of form of hull may be, or appear to be, in relation to the competitive sailing of canoes, the question of the fastest rig is as open and evergreen as it was twenty years ago. There is probably a confirmed belief among the leading canoe sailors that the sloop rig, so long as it can be effectively handled, is the masterpiece for racing; and this has been fully proved by the season's racing so far. But there have been conditions of wind and water this season when the sloop-rigged canoes could not be efficiently sailed, when, indeed, they were only jilled along under closely reduced sail, while the ketch-rigged canoes were sailing under whole sail. There are times, also, when the sloop takes the bit in her teeth and runs wild.

Now that the autumn racing in the south is taking place on the confined waters of Teddington reach, the tendency appears to be toward single sail rig; possibly this is only because under such rig Dragon has shown remarkable speed around that course; and it may be quite the case that the whole "allowed-area" placed in one sail is a more effective driver where the wind is found in ever-shifting puffs, seldom true in direction or force for more than a few seconds at a time. But for keeping command of the boat, for maneuvering for a start, or for intricate sailing in a crowd, the single sail rig is the least effective, and the most worthy of suspicion as to its possible tricks, of any rig yet put on to a canoe.

Should the races in October fall to the sloop rig or to the single sail, it probably will not bring the question any nearer to a settlement. There will always be the loophole of "if it had not been for so and such," the fluke of wind, the rowboat getting in the way. We, therefore, expect to see some interesting, if not some funny, performances with the single-sail canoes. On the other hand, there is an open question as to the value of the ketch rig in a snorting blow, that is, of the nearly evenly divided rig, not the large main and miniature mizen rig. It has sailed to victory on nearly every such occasion; it is acknowledged as the most masterly rig, and is undoubtedly the most handy cruising rig, both on confined and on open waters. But we have yet to see what may be the true value—possibly the superiority—of the sloop rig for racing on craft sufficiently stout to be able to carry such a rig effectively in a squally blow.

We wrote a little time back on the much debated question of whether the sloop rig is really better than the single sail rig for racing, especially as to racing on confined waters, such as Teddington Reach; the matter is as open as ever, except in the case of the racing-machine canoe, where the sloop rig simply could not be handled in squally or very shifty winds. To work a sloop single-handed with best effect, it is quite necessary to belay the main sheet; and even then there are more than enough lines to be worked in relation to the fore sail for both one's hands, and the helm must occasionally look after itself.

In these circumstances, it will soon become evident to those who actually try the rig on a canoe, that she must be sufficiently stable to allow of the main sheet to remain cleated through any puff or squall; and the balance of helm against sail centers must be very neatly adjusted, or the helm must be clutched while work is being done to the head sail. Such points as these were very amply tested in the new Nautilus (cruising class canoe) under sloop rig on Saturday and Sunday last, in a breeze varying from light wind to actually heavy bursts, strong enough in the bursts to capsize some of the canoes and a "half-rater." The main sheet of Nautilus was kept fast on all points of sailing, and though the foresail was eased off to the puffs, and indeed, reduced by rolling up to small area, she suffered many regular "knockdowns," but as before ascertained, she never goes quite flat; and always is under command, but then, she has a weighted centerplate. The rig she was using was only a patchwork trial rig, scarcely fit to judge performance by, but it showed conclusively that in going to windward she was vastly improved over the ketch rig—*i.e.*, the main and mizen ordinary canoe rig, but also that in running under sloop rig she was slower than on previous trials with the same canoes in company. Probably, however, this was because the sail area set in her jury sloop rig was some 20sq. ft. less area than is her ketch rig.

This canoe was built with main and mizen rig, or ketch, for cruising and general pleasure sailing, but she has all the fittings for sloop rig, to be fitted if it be found advantageous for racing on confined waters. Possibly so stiff a boat might successfully carry her whole rating allowance of sail in one single sail for racing, but luckily for the endurance of the class as a useful general purpose class, the class definition prohibits the use of any spar over the length of the "rating length" adopted by the particular craft. The rating sail area of 143ft. only allows 13ft. as extreme length of L.W.L. or of any spar, and it will be found rather difficult, on a series of 13ft. spars, mast and all, to get one sail of 143ft. of effective nature, and reduceable in workmanlike manner for variations of wind force, etc. On the whole, no doubt, the "racing" canoe, unlimited as to spars, has great advantage in being able thereby to put all her cloth into one garment, but the past season's experience is that the most successful allround are the two-sail canoes.

The A. C. A. Racing Rules.

KINGSTON, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question of altering the racing regulations, which will come before the executive committee on Oct. 16, is a very important one, but the apparent indifference of the racing men, as indicated by their non-appearance in your columns, may be easily explained. The proposed changes are nearly all in reference to the paddling races, and are of no particular interest to the sailing men; the paddling, this year, was practically all done by the Northern Division members; the Northern Division has decided what changes it considers necessary and, having made its formal proposal to the regatta committee, its members are content to wait the action of the executive.

There was some difficulty experienced by the regatta committee this year in construing the rules, as applied to paddling canoes. This increased the feeling of dissatisfaction with the present regulations which already existed among the racing men of this Division, and the result was that at the annual meeting of the Division a special committee was appointed to look into the matter and propose such changes as they considered best. The committee was composed of men from Toronto, Ottawa, Peterboro and Kingston, who have competed in A. C. A. races, who have had long experience both with the single and double blade, and whose recommendations ought to be worthy of consideration.

When this committee met the members had two objects in view: To increase the interest in racing in the A. C. A. and to encourage a practical, usable canoe, instead of the racing machine, which has been too much in evidence for some years. With these objects in view, they formulated the proposal which has already appeared in your issue of Aug. 28. It was intended that these clauses should be inserted in the Racing Regulations to govern paddling races only. Your proposal is so nearly identical with ours that either one would answer the purpose, and the only other is that published by Mr Schuyler; the dimensions he asks for are the same as those which were in force ten or twelve years ago, except that the minimum of weight was then 40lbs. This amendment would be an improvement on the present rules, because it is definite and concise, but if the intention is to increase the number of entries at the A. C. A. meets, I do not think it would be of any use. Very few men care to bring two canoes to camp, and a boat of this size is of no use except for racing in. In small, quiet streams, a 10in. canoe may be all right, but where the water is at all rough more depth is necessary, and, of course, the same may be said of the beam.

I am sure the executive committee will give this important matter the careful consideration which it deserves.

R. EASTON BURNS, Vice-Com., N. D. A. C. A.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. D., New York.—Kindly let me know if chipmunks are allowed to be shot in the States of New York and New Jersey. Ans. Yes.

H. R., Bay Shore.—Has a person a legal right to pursue and kill wed footed wildfowl on the Great South Bay from a sailboat while sailing during the open season? On page 46 of the *Game Laws in Brief*, "Special Long Island Law," I can find nothing prohibiting shooting from sailboats web-footed wildfowl in the Great South Bay. Ans. The law does not forbid it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Upper South.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE last of the early autumn tours to the historic Upper South via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will leave New York and Philadelphia, Tuesday, Oct. 12.

This tour covers a period of eleven days during the height of the season, when the autumn foliage is most beautiful, and includes the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, the cities of Richmond and Washington and Mt Vernon.

The round trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is $35 from New York, $33 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

The tour will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents. He will be assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be ladies unaccompanied by male escort.

Special train of parlor cars will be provided for the exclusive use of the party, in which the entire round trip from New York is made.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 1,196 Broadway, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Knights of the Golden Eagle Parade, Trenton, Oct. 12, 1897.

FOR this event the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on the United Railroads of New Jersey Division at the very low rate of 1½ cents per mile (minimum rate, 25 cents).

Tickets good only on above-mentioned date.—*Adv.*

New York Day Nashville Exposition.

THE Southern Railway, in connection with the Pennsylvania, is the popular route between New York and Nashville, via Washington, and thence through Asheville, N. C., the "Land of the Sky," Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, etc. Special low rates are made from New York to Nashville and return. For full particulars call or address New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*